

Baby July

Suzy Bogguss

Baby July, born on the hottest day since 1939
Singing cicadas, summer lullaby
She sleeps right through the afternoon
And wakes just when the air is cool enough
To smell the jasmine when it opens up and blooms

Baby July, you are golden
You are every summertime
How you always seem to find
The smallest path to sun

Baby July, bare feet running
Just to feel the earth below
Got no special place to go
The world is shining just beause she does

Baby July leaves a scent of fresh-cut grass to linger
Polishing rocks with her fingertips
She's the sound of distant firecrackers
The taste of homemade candied apples
Buy a box of cherries from her stand along the road

Baby July, you are golden
You are every summertime
How you always seem to find
The smallest path to sun

Baby July, bare feet running
Just to feel the earth below
Got no special place to go
The world is shining just beause she does

When the days grow shorter
If you close your eyes
You may see her laughing
And it'll make you smile

Baby July, you are golden
You are every summertime
How you always seem to find
The smallest path to sun

Baby July, bare feet running
Just to feel the earth below
Got no special place to go
The world is shining just beause she does

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