

Summer Breeze

The Isley Brothers

See the curtains hanging in the window
In the evening on a Friday night
A little light a-shining through the window
Lets me know everything's alright

Summer breeze makes me feel fine
Blowing through the jasmine in my mind
Summer breeze makes me feel fine
Blowing through the jasmine in my mind

See the paper lying on the sidewalk
A little music from the house next door
So I walk on up to the door step
Through the screen and across the floor

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Sweet days of summer, the jasmine's in bloom
July is dressed up and playing her tune
When I come home from a hard days work
And you're waiting there, not a care in the world

See the smile a-waiting in the kitchen
Food cooking and the plates for two
Feel the arms that reach out to hold me
In the evening when the day is through

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