

## Ely Joe "Imagine Houston"

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Imagine Houston in the middle of July  
Hotter than a pistol on a Saturday nite  
Your baby's on the front porch with a bamboo fan  
As you pull up to the curb in your black sedan  
It don't take her long she knew you were comin  
With a slam of the screen she's off and she's runnin  
Now she's sittin there beside you you forget about the  
heat  
You leave your troubles at the curb and take your  
passion to the street

With a steam-heated love  
With a burning desire and a tropical fire in your blood  
With a steam-heated love  
That hurricane feelin it's got you reelin,  
you can't even wait for the flood!

You put your arm around her and you tell her the news  
And the white lines and the freeways they twist like a  
fuse  
While the Pilgrims from the East with their U-Haul  
trailors  
Build cities out of canvas just like shipwrecked sailors  
And the asphalt sweats while the welders weld

And your wheels are hotter than the hinges of hell  
And you better watch your step if you're just standing  
around  
Because the buildings ain't constructed they erupt  
from the ground

Chorus

Outro  
The parking lots are steaming with a street sweepers  
mist  
Just the perfect atmosphere to steal a little kiss  
And you notice that the moon has been coated with  
chrome  
As it begins to rise beside the Astrodome.

