

Greg Holland

"Georgia Moon On Fire"

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(Chick Rains)

Got caught in a heat wave
Not a cloud up in the sky
Nobody could remember
When it ever was so hot and dry
Blacktop roads were boiling
Making tar stick to your feet
I'd wait for the sun to go down
Then pick you up
We'd try to outrun the heat

We'd drive down by the river
'Til we found a summer breeze
Soft as a whisper in some old magnolia trees
It was still too hot to handle
A burning desire
We fooled around and we fell in love
And set that Georgia moon on fire

Summer dreams are hard to find
And even harder to hold
Seems like they just fade away

When a cold wind starts to blow
People said we were too young
To know what love's about
I guess that ol' sun was to blame
We lit a flame that we couldn't put out

We'd drive down by the river
'Til we found a summer breeze
Soft as a whisper in some old magnolia trees
It was still too hot to handle
A burning desire
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