

Iris Dement

"Hotter Than Mojave In My Heart"

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Well, I've heard 'em say there's one for everybody,
And I just knew somehow that you'd be the one for me.
'Cause making love with you's not just a hobby:
No, it's the flame that burnt the forest down in me.

And darling was it day or was it night-time
Were them whippoorwills a-moaning through the trees?
Through the trees?
I don't remember just what you said but ooh, right from
the start,
You made me hotter than Mojave in my heart.

Well baby, I could stay this way forever,
Just passing time at ninety-nine degrees.
'Cause loving you's my favorite kind of weather.
Oh, forever let the flame burn down in me.

And I'll not prepare my heart for the change of season.
And I'll whip old Winter Wind there if she blows, if she
blows.
Well, God bless the day that you came along and you
tipped my apple cart.

And you made me hotter than Mojave in my heart.

Instrumental break.

And I'll not prepare my heart for the change of season.
And I'm a-gonna whip old Winter Wind there if she
blows, if she blows.
Well, God bless the day that you came along and you
tipped my apple cart.
An' you made me hotter than Mojave in my heart.
Now it's hotter than Mojave in my heart.

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