

Jim Ed Brown

"Love In The Hot Afternoon"

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From somewhere outside I hear the street vendor cry
filet gumbo
Through my window I see him going down the street
and he don't know
That she fell right to sleep in the damp tangled sheets
so soon
After love in the hot afternoon
Now the Bourbon Street lady sleeps like a baby in the
shadows
She was new to me full of mystery but now I know
She's much more to me than just a girl in the room for
love in the hot afternoon
[ac.guitar]
We met in the park this morning and we sat without
talking
Then we came back here in the heat of the day tired of
walking

Where under her breath she hummed to herself a tune
of love in the hot afternoon
Now the Bourbon Street lady...
For love in the hot afternoon

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