

Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes "West Of Crazy"

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(Sam HoginPhil BarnhartSunny Russ)
Love was alive on the telephone line
Honeysuckle hangin' in the hot sunshine
Dust piled up on my daddy's combine
That boy, that girl, that summer
Thirsty for somethin', they didn't know what
Tried to control it but they couldn't stop
She was his rose, and he was her rock
That moon, that kiss, that summer
June and July and an August to remember
Ninety miles an hour straight into September
Memory still warms me in the dead of winter
Of love so true that summer
Two kids from Kansas on a yellow brick road
Watchin' the world through a magic window
There wasn't anyplace they couldn't go
That hope, that dream, that summer
June and July and an August to remember
Ninety miles an hour straight into September
Memory still warms me in the dead of winter
Of love so true that summer
June and July and an August to remember
Ninety miles an hour straight into September
Memory still warms me in the dead of winter
Of love so true that summer, that summer
Love was alive on the telephone line, that summer

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