

Mark Chesnutt

"Love In The Hot Afternoon"

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From somewhere outside I hear the street vendor cry
file' 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 sheet 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 and fully of mystery but now I know
That she's just a girl and I'm just a guy in the room
For love in the hot afternoon

We got high 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 breathe she hummed to herself a
tune
Of love in the hot afternoon

Now the bourbon street lady sleeps like a baby in the
shadows
She was new to me and fully of mystery but now I know
That she's just a girl and I'm just a guy in the room
For love in the hot afternoon

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