

## **Tony Joe White** **"Homemade Ice Cream"**

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Summer nights, and the living is high  
And wouldn't you know it, there's big old full moon  
risin' up in the sky.  
And you know it's right the perfect night for homemade  
ice-cream  
I can see those lightning buzz and the river flow  
There's an old harmonica playing soft and low

And folks back home out on the front porch  
Eating homemade ice-cream  
But it's a shame that it's only in my mind  
'Cause I'm stuck up here in the city, don't you know it's  
a pity  
I'm grounded in making homemade ice-cream.

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