

Love in the Hot Afternoon

Mark Chesnutt

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 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 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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