Love In the Hot Afternoon

Gene Watson

From somewhere outside, I hear a
Street vendor cry "filet gumbo"
From my window I see him, going
Down the street and he don't know
That we fell right to sleep
In the damp tangled sheets so soon
After love in the hot afternoonNow the bourbon street lady,
Sleeps like a baby in the shadows
(in the shadows)
She was new to me, full of mystery,
But now I know (but know I know)
That she's just a girl,
And I'm just a guy, in a room
Full of love in the hot afternoonWe got high in the park,
This morning and we sat, without talkin'
Then she came back here,
In the heat of the day, tired of walkin'
Where under her breath,
She hummed to herself a tune
Of love in the hot afternoon

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