

# 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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