

No More Summer

Brown Floyd

well in the middle of the afternoon
I wanna take you on a drunken binge cruise
Driving country roads with the dust and the breeze
sun beatin down hey would you pass me a cool one pleaseyeah no time to lose when you got no boozethere's no
more wind in your hair
there's no more days at the fair
there's no more summer left anymore....well down in the bayou south of New Orleans
there lives a man who likes to do as he pleases
he was raised in the country now the city he calls home
and when he plays his guitar the girls start to groanyeah no booze is bad news when you got the blues
there's
more days at the beach
there's no more waves out of reach
there's no more summer left anymore.....

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