

# Heatwave

## Wild Ones

Oh, signs are lit  
Down on front street  
I see the women they're thinking  
On the clock how they wanna pack it up  
They wanna get in touch  
They wanna leave Oh, stop  
I can't take no more, this heat won't let me  
Think straight for even a minute  
Oh, stop  
Fever dreaming nights, too hot to get sleep  
But it wouldn't make any difference  
Oh oh, heatwave  
Oh oh, again  
Outside, there's a blinding light  
Salt in your wide blue eyes  
Sand of Miami  
At night, men ride on their motorbikes  
They wink as girls pass by  
They wanna see  
Oh, stop  
I can't take no more, this heat won't let me  
Think straight for even a minute  
Oh, stop  
Fever dreaming nights, too hot to get sleep  
You know it wouldn't make any difference  
Oh oh, heatwave  
Oh oh, again

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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