

Musical Heatwave

Dennis Brown

Now listen to my story
And sing a long with me
Its comin, its comin
The musical heatwave, its comin
Its comin, its comin
The musical heatwave, its comin
When summer comes along
You can hear the children sing the song
When summer comes along
You can see the preacher men drinking rum
Its comin, its comin
The musical heatwave, its comin
Its comin, its comin
The musical heatwave, its comin
The breeze starts blowin
You can hear it rustlin through the trees
Youll also hear the [Incomprehensible] sounds
You really, really want to sing along
Its comin, its comin
The musical heatwave, its comin
Its comin, its comin
The musical heatwave, its comin
If youre feeling sad and low
Theres one thing that you should know
That even the birds
Are happy to sing along with me
Its comin, its comin
The musical heatwave, its comin
Its comin, its comin
The musical heatwave, its comin
Its comin, its comin
The musical heatwave, its comin
Its comin, its comin
The musical heatwave, its comin
Its comin, its comin

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>