

# Easy In The Summertime

Allison Moorer

July nineteen-eighty-one  
Alabama summer sun  
Sissy got her fishing pole  
Went down to the honey hole  
Greasy fiery frying pan  
Viola grabbed it with her hand  
It burned so bad her skin it peeled  
There I saw the truth revealed

Watermelon tastes so good  
Bare feet on the cool hardwood  
Summer dresses Nanny made  
Cut off blue jeans torn and frayed  
Swinging on the barnyard gate  
It don't get dark till after eight  
Run inside a kiss and hug  
Wrapped up in my mama's love

Firefly whispered in my ear  
She said let's get outta here  
Fly down to the creek with me  
There's something you gotta see  
The stars come out and glow so bright  
That's why I don't mess with morning light  
'Cause they're the ones that soothe my soul  
They make me wanna rock 'n roll

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