Summer Evening

Greg Brown

Say this deal's about over, and I guess that's true,

Town used to have twelve stores, now we got two.

Big boys movin' in, small farmers movin' on.

The way may be goin', but the life ain't gone.

On a summer evenin' when the corn's head-high,

And there's more lightnin' bugs than stars in the sky.

Ah, you get the feelin' things may be alright,

On a summer evenin' before the dark of night.

Walked down by the river where my good fields are,

It's a dusty old road, but there ain't many cars.

Think about my wife, my daughter and my son,

If the good Lord's still lookin', the Lord's will be

done.

But on a summer evenin' when the corn's head-high,

And there's more lightnin' bugs than stars in the sky.

Ah, you get the feelin' things may be alright,

On a summer evenin' before the dark of night.

Mmm, on a summer evenin' when the corn's head-high,

And there's more lightnin' bugs than stars in the sky.

Ah you get the feelin' things may be alright,

On a summer evenin' before the dark of night.

On a summer evenin' before the dark of night.

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