

John and I worked at the Chinese restaurant
Washin' dishes and drivin' the truck
We'd listen to Sabbath so loud, folks complained
In the back, we never gave a fuck
We'd drive down the river with catpoles and livers
Tallboy highlives and cigs
John'd roll a doobie and we'd talk about movies
And dream about makin' it big

On the summer night
Under the bigstar lite
Dreamin'
Over my head

John had a Nissan we'd tie a canoe on
And drive it on down to the stream
We'd paddle around and then pull into town
Just to see what we could see
We'd hang out and talk alot out in the parking lot
John met her out under the lights
They went steady through winter, November, December
And made it through the spring alright

Into the summer nights
Under the bigstar lites
Dreamin'
Over my head

John and his lady broke up for some shady shit
She left 'em one night after shoutin':
"You never loved me", but we figured he must've
When he drove his old truck off the mountain
Now I can't go fishin' without kinda wishin'
John was there to talk
He left us in wonder and stole all our thunder
I'll never get over the shock

Of the summer night
Under the bigstar lite
Dreamin'
Over my head

Summer nights
Under the bigstar lites
Dreamin'
If it were me instead