

Sweet Evening Breeze

John Mellencamp

I was loud and a little sad.
She was visiting from Atlanta, Georgia.
She had come to spend the summer with her dad.
I thought she was very pretty.
We would kiss and hold hands
Every night by the football field.
Her body was tan
From the afternoons by the public swimming pool.

Sweet evening breeze
Blows around my thoughts and memories.
As I lie here today
And drink my tea,
I can still see
Sweet evening breeze.

I saw her in a coffee shop
In a big hotel down in Austin, Texas.
She had cut her long hair off
And replaced it with
Blue eyes of sadness.
Still acted like we were kids
And she told me that she had to marry
And she asked me if I did
Still remember.

Sweet evening breeze
Blows around my thoughts and memories.
As I lie here today
And drink my tea,
I can still see
Sweet evening breeze.

How redundant the future can be.
These days of old are very, very
Ridiculous for me to see
When I think about the real gone stories
And how time holds the winning hand.
I can tell by the lines on our faces
And the young can't understand
That they look at me
When they look at themselves.

Oh, sweet evening breeze
Blows around my thoughts and memories.
As I lie here today
And drink my tea,
I can still see
Sweet evening breeze.