

July You're A Woman

John Stewart

I can't hold it on the road
When you're sitting right beside me
And I'm drunk out of my mind
Merely from the fact that you are here
And I have not been known
As the Saint of San Joaquin
And I'd just as soon right now
Pull on over to the side of the road
And show you what I mean

La da da da da da
La da da da da da
July, you're a woman
More than anyone I've ever known

And I can't hold my eyes
On the white line out before me
When your hand is on my collar
And you're talking in my ear
And I have been around
With a gypsy girl named Shannon
A daughter of the devil
It is strange that I should mention that to you
I haven't thought of her in years

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