Shine

Marc Broussard

Down here it hot ‘round the month of June
I only go out by the light of the moon
Those southern summers they seem to
keep going and going and going

The only relief is the river's flow
It ain't rained in weeks so the waters are low
J.J. says, “Call me the breeze”
on an old time stereo

So let it shine.
Let it shine
There's just something bout the
summertime that eases my mind

Sun setting over the levy slow
Lay down in the grass and I pull you close
The moon and the stars and the
fireflies glowin and glowin and glowin

So let it shine.
Let it shine
There's just something bout the
summertime that eases my mind

When the sun rises it won't be long
The river she always calls me home
Those southern summers they seem to
keep going and going and going

So let it shine.
Let it shine
There's just something bout the
summertime that eases my mind

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Let it shine
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summertime that eases my mind

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