

# Love In The Hot Afternoon

Mark Chesnutt

From somewhere outside I hear the street vendor cry file' gumbo  
Through my window I see him going down the street and he don't  
know

That she fell right to sleep in the damp  
Tangled sheet so soon  
After love in the hot afternoon

Now the bourbon street lady sleeps like a baby in the shadows  
She was new to me and fully of mystery but now I know  
That she's just a girl and I'm just a guy in the room  
For love in the hot afternoon

We got high in the park this morning and we sat without talking  
Then we came back here in the heat of the day tired of walking  
Where under her breathe she hummed to herself a tune  
Of love in the hot afternoon

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She was new to me and fully of mystery but now I know  
That she's just a girl and I'm just a guy in the room  
For love in the hot afternoon