

One Hot July

Tony Joe White

The river was a special place
A swimming hole 'round every bend
Summers use to last forever... back then

Running barefoot through the pasture
Sunday evening baseball games
The old men talked about the weather
It never changed... it stayed the same

We need rain... the crops are dry
Gonna be... one hot July

Autumn was the place to be
And through the years it still remains
Always a part of me... September rain

Gonna be one hot July
And it seems like August never ends

No one could see it coming
Nothing can change it now
Shoulders bending in the cold wind
And hearts lay frozen on the ground

April came without a sound
Someone said it must be spring
But I only see the flowers growing... in dreams

All the songs are locked inside
There's nobody here to sing
And I no longer feel that I am a part of anything

Time just goes on by... gonna be one hot July