

# Watermelon Dream

Guy Clark

The sun was hot and the dust rose up like smoke  
So we hid beneath the elm tree and watched the watermelons float  
There in a big 'ol tub of ice  
And we'd split em open with a kitchen knife  
And everybody had a slice it was a watermelon dream

Ain't nothin' sweeter than a watermelon dream  
'Cept sittin on the front porch eatin' that peach ice cream  
When life is really sweeter than it seems  
That's what you've got to call a watermelon dream

With sticky hands and and faces we fought the yellow-jackets to a draw  
Then we used the rind for second base and played a little hard ball  
I don't know how much we ate  
But we all got the belly-ache  
And everybody stayed up what too late  
It was a watermelon dream

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Then a little after sundown we'd be runnin out of steam  
So we'd light a roman candle and try to hold on tho the dream  
Maybe slip out behind a car  
Take a little tastes from a jar  
Then just lay back and count the stars  
That's called a watermelon dream