

Hot

Mark Chesnutt

Air ain't moving, not a hint of a breeze
Lord, it must be a hundred degrees
Bad part is, it's only ten o'clock
Man, it's hot

Think I'll go down to the store and get a cold drink
Scald my legs on that black vinyl seat
You can see the heat rising off the parking lot
It's flat out hot

It's hot, and I ain't just talking
Saw a dog chasing a cat
And they were both walking
They'll blame it on El Niño, but it's not
It's just plain old hot

Bare foot kids on a blacktop road
Tip-toeing like they're walking on coals
Little feet are frying like tater-tots
Have mercy, it's hot

Talk about drought, man it ain't rained a lick
Caught a catfish this morning, it was covered in ticks
September's all the hope we got
And I'm here to tell you, it's hot

It's hot, and I ain't just talking
Saw a dog chasing a cat
And they were both walking
They'll blame it on El Niño, but it's not
We know it's not
No, it's just plain old...

Hotter than a biscuit in a cast-iron skillet
It's just plain old
Hotter than Cindy Crawford in a cedar wood sauna
It's just plain old hot