

Guy Clark, Watermelon Dream

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

Chorus

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 wat too late
It was a watermelon dream

Chorus

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