

# John Mellencamp, Sweet Evening Breeze

I was loud and a little sad.  
She was visiting from Atlanta, Georgia.  
She had come to spend the summer with her dad.  
I thought she was very pretty.  
We would kiss and hold hands  
Every night by the football field.  
Her body was tan  
From the afternoons by the public swimming pool.

Sweet evening breeze  
Blows around my thoughts and memories.  
As I lie here today  
And drink my tea,  
I can still see  
Sweet evening breeze.

I saw her in a coffee shop  
In a big hotel down in Austin, Texas.  
She had cut her long hair off  
And replaced it with  
Blue eyes of sadness.  
Still acted like we were kids  
And she told me that she had to marry  
And she asked me if I did  
Still remember.

Sweet evening breeze  
Blows around my thoughts and memories.  
As I lie here today  
And drink my tea,  
I can still see  
Sweet evening breeze.

How redundant the future can be.  
These days of old are very, very  
Ridiculous for me to see  
When I think about the real gone stories  
And how time holds the winning hand.  
I can tell by the lines on our faces  
And the young can't understand  
That they look at me  
When they look at themselves.

Oh, sweet evening breeze  
Blows around my thoughts and memories.  
As I lie here today  
And drink my tea,  
I can still see  
Sweet evening breeze.