

Deborah Allen, Blame It On The Heat

The air was so thick, well. you could cut with a knife,
And the night stood still.
Never felt like this in all of my life.
It never felt so real.
I can't believe,
The way my heart melts with every beat.

Blame it on the heat.
It happens when we meet.
Blame it on the sweet southern nights.
Blame it on the heat.

Baby, when we touch, uncontrollable fire,
Comes over us.
Why we create such a burning desire,
Is mysterious.
We go out of our minds,
As the temperature climbs by degrees.

Blame it on the heat.
It happens when we meet.
Blame it on the sweet southern nights.
Blame it on the heat.
Blame it on the heat.

Instrumental break.

We go out of our minds,
As the temperature climbs by degrees.

Blame it on the heat.
It happens when we meet.
Blame it on the sweet southern night.
Blame it on the heat.
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