

# Eddie From Ohio, This My Town

Ninety-five degrees on the blacktop  
I hear it's cool on Mars  
Used to be a dirt path behind our house  
Now, just speeding European cars

And it's too hot to play ball  
So we sit and watch the summer fade  
Ninety-five degrees on the blacktop  
Ninety-four in the shade  
Yeah, ninety-four in the shade.

Well, the heat was enormous  
It felt like a gorgeous  
Blanket of Indian clay  
And time, drifting over us  
Stagnant like thunderclouds  
Pregnant and heavy with rain

(Chorus)  
This my town  
Ain't what it used to be  
Everything just seems so much smaller than it was  
This my town  
They're cutting down the tree where  
We carved out our love--  
I can hear the "buzz, buzz";

Should have seen it coming back then  
Always time for change  
They sent [[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pete Rose Hustlin' Pete](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pete_Rose_Hustlin'_Pete)] for a bundle of cash  
And they called it an even trade.  
And it's too hot to play ball  
Leather and wood, frayed at the seams  
And the sweet hot smell of rain drenching the pavement  
Blacktop tore down a field of dreams

(Chorus)

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Now just speeding European cars.