

Joe Ely, Imagine Houston

Imagine Houston in the middle of July
Hotter than a pistol on a Saturday night
Your baby's on the front porch with a bamboo fan
As you pull up to the curb in your black sedan
It don't take her long she knew you were comin'
With a slam of the screen she's off and she's runnin'
Now she's sittin' there beside you you forget about the heat
You leave your troubles at the curb and take your passion to the street

With a steam-heated love
With a burning desire and a tropical fire in your blood
With a steam-heated love
That hurricane feelin' it's got you reelin',
you can't even wait for the flood!

You put your arm around her and you tell her the news
And the white lines and the freeways they twist like a fuse
While the Pilgrims from the East with their U-Haul trailers
Build cities out of canvas just like shipwrecked sailors
And the asphalt sweats while the welders weld
And your wheels are hotter than the hinges of hell
And you better watch your step if you're just standing around
Because the buildings ain't constructed they erupt from the ground

Chorus

Outro

The parking lots are steaming with a street sweepers mist
Just the perfect atmosphere to steal a little kiss
And you notice that the moon has been coated with chrome
As it begins to rise beside the Astrodome.