

# Bette Midler, Summer (The First Time)

It was a hot afternoon  
the last day of June,  
and the sun was a demon.  
The clouds were afraid.  
One ten in the shade,  
and the pavement was steamin'.

I told Billy Ray  
in his red chevrolet  
I needed time for some thinkin'.  
He was just passing by  
when I caught that boy's eye,  
and I swore it was winkin'.

I was thirty-one,  
he was seventeen.  
He knew nothing about love.  
I knew everything.  
But he sat right down  
on the front porch swing,  
and I wondered what the  
coming night would bring.

Sun closed my eyes,  
climbed to the skies.  
It was starting to swelter.  
The sweat trickled down  
the front of my gown.  
I thought it would melt me.

I threw back my hair  
like he wasn't there  
and I sipped, ooh, something coolin'.  
My shoulders bare,  
he tried not to stare,  
whoa, but I knew I wasn't foolin'.

I looked deep into those eyes of blue,  
I said, "Boy, I know you're young,  
don't know what to say or do.  
But stay with me 'til the sun goes away  
and I will chase the boy in you away!"

Guess you know why  
that kid caught my eyes,  
ooh, and why the memory still lingers.  
Go back in my mind  
to the very first time,  
ooh-ooh-ooh, I felt the touch of somebody's fingers.  
I go back in my mind  
to the very first time  
oh, I felt the touch of somebody's fingers.  
And go, I go back in my mind  
to the very first time I felt . . .

I go back in my mind  
to the very first time  
I felt the touch  
of somebody's fingers.  
The first time.  
The first time.