

# Brokop Lisa, That Summer

(Sam Hogin/Phil Barnhart/Sunny Russ)

Love was alive on the telephone line  
Honeysuckle hangin' in the hot sunshine  
Dust piled up on my daddy's combine  
That boy, that girl, that summer  
Thirsty for somethin', they didn't know what  
Tried to control it but they couldn't stop  
She was his rose, and he was her rock  
That moon, that kiss, that summer  
June and July and an August to remember  
Ninety miles an hour straight into September  
Memory still warms me in the dead of winter  
Of love so true that summer  
Two kids from Kansas on a yellow brick road  
Watchin' the world through a magic window  
There wasn't anyplace they couldn't go  
That hope, that dream, that summer  
June and July and an August to remember  
Ninety miles an hour straight into September  
Memory still warms me in the dead of winter  
Of love so true that summer  
June and July and an August to remember  
Ninety miles an hour straight into September  
Memory still warms me in the dead of winter  
Of love so true that summer, that summer  
Love was alive on the telephone line, that summer