

# Garth Brooks, Snow In July

Love was burning like the summer  
We were lost in one another  
Holding on, holding on  
We could not escape the heat  
Love was dangerous but sweet  
And it was strong

Now you're talking 'bout your freedom  
What is that you say  
You suddenly declared to me  
Your independence day

Caught me by surprise  
Fog turning to ice

Well it ain't even cold, baby,  
How could it snow in July

Well, you led me to believe that  
You found everything you needed  
In my arms, for so long  
I thought everything was fine  
Now you're turning on a dime  
And moving on, moving on  
Now I should have brought my sweater  
For a chill is in the air  
There's a sudden change of weather  
For which I am not prepared

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