

James Taylor, Slow Burning Love

It was a hot and sultry day somewhere in early September.
I don't hardly remember the day, just the way the sun beat down upon the bay, baby.
I did not even need to know your name,
it was, oh, so plain to see that you had eyes for me.
Halfway open, halfway closed, half-naked eyes for me, baby.

It was a slow burning love, a fair-weather love affair.
A slow burning, smoldering love for you and I.
And like the sun on the edge of the Western sky, it died.

Oh, the lights of the city were close at hand. I might just as well have been another man.
You might just as well have been another girl.
It might just as well have been another world.

It was a slow burning love, a fair-weather love affair.
A slow burning, smoldering love for you and I.
And like the sun on the edge of the Western sky, it died.

Oh, slow burning love. You were smoking up that day, some kind of hot...
It was a slow burning love, a fair-weather love affair.
A slow burning, smoldering love for you and I.
And like the sun on the edge of the Western sky, it died.