

That Summer by Garth Brooks

Intro - A

Verse 1:

I went to work for her that summer A  
A teenage kid so far from home F#m  
She was a lonely widow woman D  
Hell bent to make it on her own E

We were a thousand miles from nowhere A  
Wheat fields as far as I could see F#m  
Both needing something from each other D  
Not knowing yet what that might be E A  
Till she came to me one evening A  
Hot cup of coffee and a smile F#m  
In a dress that I was certain D  
She hadn't worn in quite a while E

There was a difference in her laughter A  
There was a softness in her eyes F#m  
And on the air there was a hunger D  
Even a boy could recognize E

Chorus 1:

She had a need to feel the thunder E  
To chase the lightning from the sky D A  
To watch the storm and all its wonders D  
Raging in her lovers eyes E  
She had to ride the heat of passion F#m E D  
Like a comet burning bright A  
Rushing headlong in the wind D  
Out where only dreams have been E  
Burning both ends of the night A

Verse 2:

That summer wind was all around me <sup>A</sup>  
Nothing between us but the night <sup>F#m</sup>  
And when I told her that I'd never <sup>D</sup>  
She softly whispered that's alright <sup>E</sup>  
And then I watched her hands of leather <sup>A</sup>  
Turn to velvet in a touch <sup>F#m</sup>  
There's never been another summer <sup>D</sup>  
When I have ever learned so much <sup>E</sup>

Chorus 2:

We had a need to feel the thunder <sup>E</sup>  
To chase the lightning from the sky <sup>D A</sup>  
To watch the storm and all its wonders <sup>D</sup>  
Raging in each other's eyes <sup>E</sup>  
We had to ride the heat of passion <sup>F#m E D</sup>  
Like a comet burning bright <sup>A</sup>  
Rushing headlong in the wind <sup>D</sup>  
Out where only dreams have been <sup>E</sup>  
Burning both ends of the night <sup>A</sup>

Verse 3:

I often think about that summer <sup>A</sup>  
The sweat the moonlight and the lace <sup>F#m</sup>  
And I have rarely held another <sup>D</sup>  
When I haven't seen her face <sup>E</sup>  
And every time I pass a wheat field <sup>A</sup>  
And watch it dancing in the wind <sup>F#m</sup>  
Although I know it isn't real <sup>D</sup>  
I just can't help but feel <sup>E</sup>  
Her hungry arms again <sup>A</sup>

(Repeat Chorus 1 to end)