Juanita

Natural Child

I rode in on the wind on an eagle made of tin
About a dollar in my pocket and a couple of broken ribs
And my mind was on some shit that had sent my friends home again
When all we'd come to do was pick and grinJuanita had a car and she liked the way I played guitar
She gave me little white pills and pushed a little too hard
Well my memory ain't too exact but I saw some things that I can't take back
Thirty days on the road is thirty days of livin hardWell we done what we did acting like a couple kids
And the only time it hurt was in the end
So I'll roll another one up take another drink from your loving cup
Honey you can go all night I can keep it upIn the end I blew my pay just getting back to the USA
That's the only place a man like me can stay
Well I tell myself I'm free but that's a line I just don't believe
Juanita you're the only home for me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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