

# Arizona (Re-Recorded)

[Mark Lindsay](#)

She must belong to San Francisco  
She must have lost her way  
Postin' a poster of Poncho and Cisco  
One California day  
She said she believes in Robin Hood and brotherhood  
And colours of green and grey  
And all you can do is laugh at her  
Doesn't anybody know how to pray? Arizona, take off your rainbow shades  
Arizona, have another look at the world  
My myyy  
Arizona, cut off your Indian braids  
Arizona, hey won'tcha go my way Mmmm strip off your pride you're acting like a teeny-bopper run away child  
And scrape off the paint from the face of a little town saint  
Arizona, take off your hobo shoes  
Arizona, hey won'tcha go my way You gotta follow me up to San Francisco  
I will be guide your way  
I'll be the Count of Monte Cristo  
You'll be the Countess May  
And you can believe in Robin Hood and brotherhood and rolling the ball in the hay  
And I will be reading you an Aesop's fable  
Anything to make you stay-ay-ay Arizona, take off your rainbow shades  
Arizona, have another look at the world, my my  
Arizona, cut off your Indian braids  
Arizona, hey won'tcha go my way Hey, Arizona, take off your hobo shoes  
Arizona, have another look at the world, my my  
Arizona, get off your 8-ball blues  
Arizona, hey won'tcha go my way Come on, hey, Arizona, take off your rainbow shades

Songwriters

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