

Holyanna

Bobby Kimball

Your hair's a mess, you better put on a dress
And get your feet back on the ground
You fix your eyes for some city guys
Who wouldn't save you if you drowned
You hang on forty-second street
And do your homework in the bar
Saint Helen says you're missin' school
And I'm wonderin' where you are
Holyanna, Holyanna
Girl, what you do to me?
Holyanna, Holyanna
Girl, you're a blue-eyed mystery
You read your books until nobody looks
And then you slip out after dark
You steal my love then say you're sorry
And do your penance in the park
You fooled your mother when you skipped ballet
To paint your face for the midnight show
And in the morning, you knelt beside your bed
And prayed she'd never know
Holyanna, Holyanna
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