

Sister Golden Hair

Floorfilla

Well I tried to make it Sunday
But I got so damn depressed
That I set my sights on Monday
And I got myself undressed I ain't ready for the altar
But I do agree there's times
When a woman sure
Can be a friend of mine Well, I keep on thinkin' 'bout you
Sister golden hair surprise
And I just can't live without you
Can't you see it in my eyes? I been one poor correspondent
And I been too, too hard to find
But it doesn't mean
You ain't been on my mind Will you meet me in the middle
Will you meet me in the air?
Will you love me just a little
Just enough to show you care? Well I tried to fake it
I don't mind sayin'
I just can't make it Well, I keep on thinkin' 'bout you
Sister golden hair surprise
And I just can't live without you
Can't you see it in my eyes? Now I been one poor correspondent
And I been too, too hard to find
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