

# To Ramona

Alan Price

Ramona, come closer shut softly your watery eyes  
The pangs of your sadness  
Will pass as your senses will rise  
The flowers of the city  
Though breath like, get deathlike sometimes  
And there's no use in tryin' the deal with the dyin'  
Though I cannot explain that in lines  
Your cracked country lips, I still wish to kiss  
As to be by the strength of your skin  
Your magnetic movements still capture the minutes I'm in  
But it grieves my heart, love to see you tryin' to be a part of  
A world that just don't exist  
It's all just a dream, babe a vacuum, a scheme, babe  
That sucks you into feelin' like this  
I can see that your head has been twisted and fed  
With worthless foam from the mouth  
I can tell you are torn between stayin' and returning  
Back to the south  
You've been fooled into thinkin' that the finishin' end is at hand  
Yet there's no one to beat you, no one to defeat you  
Except the thoughts of yourself feeling bad  
I've heard you say many times that you're better than no one  
And no one is better than you  
If you really believe that you know you have  
Nothing to win and nothing to lose  
From fixtures and forces and friends your sorrow does stem  
That hype you and type you making you feel  
That you gotta be just like them  
I'd forever talk to you but soon my words  
Would turn into a meaningless ring  
For deep in my heart I know there is no help I can bring  
Everything passes, everything changes  
Just do what you think you should do  
And someday maybe, who knows baby  
I'll come and be crying to you

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