

# Picture

## King's X

She was a white skinned black beauty  
The daughter of an Indian  
Her grandparents raised her in northern Illinois  
I call her mother She was calling love  
(She was young, yeah)  
She was calling love  
(Calling love, oh) He was the son of a hellfire  
Holiness preacher woman  
They say nobody was wilder  
But maybe his brother  
I call him father He was calling love  
(He was young, yeah)  
He was calling love  
(Still in love) She was young  
(Love, love, love)  
Calling love, yeah  
(Love, love, love) She was calling love  
(He was young, oh)  
She was calling love  
(Still in love, oh) We all got together for the first time last September  
I said, "Somebody take a photograph, I've got a camera"  
Now I got me a favorite picture

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