

Sleeping by Her Side

John Mayall

On a warm summer night in Arizona
Saw a girl, Lord, I want her so bad
On a warm summer night in Arizona
I saw a girl, Lord, I want her so bad But I got no chance to tell her
Of the feelings that I have She went back to the hills with the party
She was falling, helpless and stoned
Followed her through the night of the desert
And I waited till she slept alone Then I laid her head on my shoulder
We were sleeping, she was my home Bodies warm wrapped together at a cradle
She was sleeping like a baby child
Bodies warm wrapped together at a cradle
She was sleeping like a baby child And the sun coming up on a desert
So they sleeping by the side

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