

Arizona (Re-Recorded / Remastered)

[Mark Lindsay](#)

She must belong to San Francisco
She must have lost her way
Postin' a poster of Poncho and Cisco
One California day
She said she believes in Robin Hood and brotherhood
And colours of green and grey
And all you can do is laugh at her
Doesn't anybody know how to pray? Arizona, take off your rainbow shades
Arizona, have another look at the world
My myyy
Arizona, cut off your Indian braids
Arizona, hey won'tcha go my way Mmmm strip off your pride you're acting like a teeny-bopper run away child
And scrape off the paint from the face of a little town saint
Arizona, take off your hobo shoes
Arizona, hey won'tcha go my way You gotta follow me up to San Francisco
I will be guide your way
I'll be the Count of Monte Cristo
You'll be the Countess May
And you can believe in Robin Hood and brotherhood and rolling the ball in the hay
And I will be reading you an Aesop's fable
Anything to make you stay-ay-ay Arizona, take off your rainbow shades
Arizona, have another look at the world, my my
Arizona, cut off your Indian braids
Arizona, hey won'tcha go my way Hey, Arizona, take off your hobo shoes
Arizona, have another look at the world, my my
Arizona, get off your 8-ball blues
Arizona, hey won'tcha go my way Come on, hey, Arizona, take off your rainbow shades

Songwriters

KENNY YOUNG Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>