Karla With a K

The Hooters

Freedom has its ups and downs
Walk the streets of lonesome town
Try to find some company
Somebody who will talk to me

Well IÂ´m here all alone
A wind blows home
WeÂ´ll find it someday
ThereÂ´s no reason to cry
For days gone by
Oh, karla, we can make it if we try

Hurricanes and cadillacs
They run you down and donÂ´t look back
Oh where can my salvation be
A tender touch to comfort me

But IÂ´m here all alone...
No matter how the wind may blow
You belong to me
Like the mountains to the sky
And you know when I close my eyes
YouÂ´re the one I see
Oh, karla, we can make it if we try

Old man riverÂ´s on the rise
Wash the circles from my eyes
Hurricane is on its way
You can call it karla
Karla with a K

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