

Little Arabella (Live At Fillmore East)

The Nice

Little Arabella, she's always out of her head.
She lives in a daydream, she never understands what she said.
She carries a flower, long after everyone said it's dead.
And if you see her, you'll never believe, her head. Little Arabella, she giggles away into bed.
A skirt around her ankles, smoke comin' out of her head.
She wakes in the morning, looks and there's nobody in her bed.
And if you meet her, you'll never believe, her head. Talks in riddles, talks in rhymes.
She reads the stars and looks for signs.
She is a problem of the times.
I'm rather glad she isn't mine. Little Arabella, she giggles away into bed.
A skirt around her ankles, smoke comin' out of her head.
She wakes in the morning, looks and there's nobody to be found.
And if you meet her, you're sure to be, her next ground.
Arabella, that's Arabella.
Arabella out of her head.
Arabella out of her head.
Arabella out of her head.
Arabella out of her head.
Have you ever met a bird, quite like little Arabella?
Course you have, she's sitting right next to you.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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