Sierra

Cursive

In the desert, where the cities are made of gold,
There's a girl playing hopscotch with pink ribbon pigtails.
And hermom calls out from an apartment balcony,
"come on, baby! your bath is ready! it's almost time for sleep!"
And I wonder who's the father...
And I wonder what they call her - sierra.Does her mother smoke, or does she jog every morning?
Does she drink when she thinks about me?
Or doesn't she need to drink... does she have a man who works a nine to five?
Does he come home to kiss our young sierra, tuck her in and say goodnight?
(and an extra kiss for mama...)
I want that kiss, that kid, that apartment.I'm ready to settle down now, so get that man out of my bed.
I want my daughter back now, I want to kiss her,
Tuck her in and say, "goodnight, my baby girl, sierra."Sierra, sierra, sierra, sierra,I'll never know who you are, and I don't deserve to.
My little girl, we would've been so... oh, nevermind.
But I'm ready to settle down now - yeah, I'm ready to leave that wrecking ball behind.
I could be your carpenter, and you could be my twinkling north star o'er the desert sky.

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