Maver

Stone Temple Pilots

Maver with her lucky bonnet
She used to paint her flowers on it
She keeps her memories on a turnstile
'Cause she's superstitious
She thought she'd be famous
And tell me if I'm wrong
But I think she still just likes to play them
Yeah, and maybe you'll be lucky enough
To hear her sing on Sunday
Oh, oh, oh, Maver
Maver and her bonnet
Streaks of life upon it
Betting on the ponies
So things could get easier
Just prayin' on a easy peace for her
Oh, Maver
She was a true blue blooded traveler
She left her home post for the West Coast
With a guitar and a bar of soap
For 'ol San Francisco
And a fool hearted head of hope
Well, she landed in a flat
With some fellas that were lucky to meet her
'Cause she could play the six-string
Better than those macho pendejos
Oh, so Maver
Maver and her bonnet
Streaks of life upon it
Betting on the ponies
So things could get easier
Just prayin' on a easy peace for her
How many nights did you make it without it?
Oh, oh, oh
And how many lines on your face
Have paved your way in stone?
Oh, oh
How many nights did you make it without it?
Oh, oh, oh
How many lines on your face

Have paved your way in stone?
Oh, oh
Maver and her bonnet
Streaks of life upon it
Betting on the ponies
So things could get easier
Just praying on a easy peace for her
Just praying on a easy peace for her
Oh, oh, Maver
Oh, oh, Maver
Oh, oh, Maver

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/