

ARIZONA

Words: Mike Appel / Music: Ken Rose © 2003

I dream about you walkin' barefoot in the sand
The softness of your skin, your face between my hands
Every airport looks the same, got a ticket in my hand
This beat-up guitar's all I need, don't expect you to understand

I follow the road to my destiny
Sometimes I wonder why
But baby don't cry

Arizona, this time the road leads home
To see your Cheyenne eyes
Under painted, desert skies
Arizona, for those nights you slept alone
I'll make love to you wrapped in your buckskin blues
Arizona, Arizona, Arizona

With Phoenix in my rearview
I look across the plain
Those thunder clouds are rollin' in
The wind cries out your name

Stopped to drink some water
At those sacred Indian wells
I felt your hot breath on my neck
And the magic of your spells

I wanna know all your secrets
As I hold you here in bed
I want inside your head

Arizona, forget about the past
It's here and now, just you and me
let's make the moment last
Arizona, I love you, this I swear
So shake my red bandana from your silky jet-black hair, Arizona

Rap Part:

This Medicine Wheel's turnin' round and round
And this Harley knows how to cover ground
And you wanna know, will I stick around?
These years I wear like a crown of thorns
Like this black leather jacket, my soul's been torn
Though a Gypsy's heart can't be wrong
Sometimes I wish I was never born

Instrumental:

Arizona, as the Eagle flies
Let's face it I can't stay forever
So no more long goodbyes
Arizona, until we meet again
vaya con dios my love, just one last kiss 'til then