

Flying Burrito Brothers

"To Ramona"

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Ramona, come closer
Shut softly your watery eyes
The pangs of your sadness
Will pass as your senses will rise

Well, the flowers of the city
Though breathlike, get deathlike at times
And there's no use in tryin' to deal with the dyin'
Though I cannot explain that in lines

Your cracked country lips and I still wish to kiss
As to be by the strength of your skin
Your magnetic movements
Still capture the minutes I'm in

But it grieves my heart, love to see you tryin' to be a
part of
A world that just don't exist
It's all just a scheme, babe, a vacuum, a dream, babe
That sucks you into feelin' like this

I can see that your head has been twisted and fed
With worthless foam from the mouth
I can tell you are torn between stayin' and returnin'
On back to the South

You've been fooled into thinking
That the finishin' end is at hand
Yet there's no one to beat you, no one to defeat you
'Cept the thoughts of yourself feeling bad

I've heard you say many times that you're better and
no one
And no one is better than you
If you really believe that you know you got
Nothing to win and nothing to lose

From fixtures and forces and friends
Your sorrow does stem
And they'll hype you and type you, making you feel
That you must be exactly like them

I'd forever talk to you but soon my words
They would turn into a meaningless ring
For deep in my heart
I know there is no help, I can bring

Everything passes, everything changes
Just do what you think you should do
And someday maybe, who knows, baby
I'll come and be cryin' to you

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