

Linda Ronstadt

"Hobo's Meditation"

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I can't quit her
She got a hold on me
She got her hand on my soul
I can't quit her
'Cause I see her face everywhere I go

In the city streets, in the country field
In the back of my mind
I know it can't be real
For a woman to possess
All the tenderness she had

But the hands of time
Keep tickin' on my back
'Cause it's been so long
Since I had her back beside me
Yea, I know

I can't quit her
'Cause in my darkest night
Come on like a light
I can't quite her
Try as I may, with all my might

She had a woman's touch
Young girl's eyes
In seconds flat I was pros'lytized
Turned around
And made to feel sweet love

But the hands of time
Keep tickin' on my back
'Cause it's been so long
Since I had her back beside me

True love is somethin' every young boy knows about
And he fights his whole soul all the best to find some
I was a young boy till I held her in my arms
Now I find that I'm strung out behind some

I can't quit her
She got her hand on me

She got a hold on my soul
I can't quit her
'Cause I see her face, everywhere I go
I can't quit her
I know, you know I see your face
Everywhere I go
I need her, I need the little girl

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