

Mother Hips "Motorhome"

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The piano scraped a note
On the stage in Idaho
It sounded like your sleepy voice
On the long distance phone

The moon is gone or else he turned his head
And the canyons dark and all eyes are red
But you don't have to worry about finding your way

And I wanna do something sweet for you
And I wanna buy you a Motorhome
Motorhome

Someone has been caring for me
While I'm asleep and on a dream[?]
Was that you oh my far away
Surfer Girl
Caring for me?

And I wanna do something sweet for you
And I wanna buy you a Motorhome
Motorhome

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