

Randy Vera

"Crazy Leading The Crazy"

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Waves lap the beach. Wind in the branches,
Fire is crackling, on a steel mooned night.
A distant party is playing Bob Marley "Redemption."
" I don't rate the right. I was born bad,
Then I got worse till I met you. (Angel) I have seen the
light.
Here's to you and me. Crazy leading the Crazy.

Now put all your troubles in my right front pocket
Baby, you know I do, You know I'll do, (Do right by you)
I was born bad, and then I got worse till I met you.
Give me all your heart ache too.
Here's to you and leading the Crazy.

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