

Stephen Kellogg

"Maria"

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Like a brown-eyed tornado coming through the
Midwest
She walked into my scene and you know the rest
I heard she never got the letters that I sent
I got a few from her, wondered how she'd been

She said "babe I always kind of like the way you talk,
How you give away the gold like it was any other rock."

Maria how you come around and throw your bad advice
at me
You're up on a pedestal, sparks and electricity
Maria I would settle down and I need to desperately
But I will never get enough of these things that are
killing me

Once upon an idea I loved the girls like you
Sleepless nights and blowout fights they were funny
too
Eventually the charm, it always would wear off
The price I paid always outweighed any of the costs

Yeah but "babe I always kind of like the way you talk,
How you give away the gold like it was any other rock."

Though she's just a little girl
She's an undertow to me
The harder that you swim against her
The further you end up out at sea

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