

Terry Reid **"Erica"**

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Erica would much prefer to hide behind her hair
Conveniently you cannot see her face
Though she keeps her mind wide open
To the affluent society
And the mystery's still kept up in her hair

Why don't you just stop and say
One word or two or maybe more
With a face like yours right away I'm sure
One day I caught you running with the wind
I can smell the perfume in the garden of her hair
Mirrors and reflections I can see
Though I never get quite close enough
Because I stop and stare
And the mystery's still kept up in her hair

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