

Turtles

"Rebecca"

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Rebecca
The Turtles
(Hammond/Hazelwood)

D Em A D
I met you, brushing your hair with the wind
Em A D Bm
Riding your bike up on Mulholland Drive
G A D
Oh, I got a five minute rush from
Em A D
You in your faded blue jeans
Em A D Bm
How many years is it you've been alive?
G A
Oh I'll take a guess
G A D Bm
Rebecca, could it be eighteen, nineteen or so
G A D
Ooo, Rebecca, will I ever know?

No way, how will I fit in your life?
How could you live with a man without change?
Too strange and too poor to be trusted
Busted a couple of times
Shaken a bit by the years on the road
And the women I've known

Rebecca, you look like the name I gave to you
Ooo, Rebecca, if you only knew...
G A G
Go home, to your father's friend's straight son
A G
To your mother's friend's sweet boy
A
To the families, well-to-do and so well established and

One day, you might wake up to a shotgun
What has it come to... this sensible life
The wife of a fool...

Rebecca, reading magazines in a chic salon

Ooo, Rebecca... where's Rebecca gone?

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