

Gin Blossoms, Slave Dealer's Daugther

I've been trying for so long
Trying to forget
The ports of northern Africa and the man I met
He said he had a daughter
Maybe I could meet her
He thought I was a trader
Oh, that was how I met
That slave dealer's daughter
Her eyes were black her hair was raven
Her skin was soft and brown
Eighteen years she looked a woman
I thought she'd been around
She'd never met a jailbird???

I knew that she was lonely
She offered me her body
So I fell in love
With that slave dealer's daughter
Her father's men came after me
Trying to hunt me down
For three long years I've hid my face
And run from town to town
She never met a jailbird
I knew that she was lonely
She offered me her body
So I fell in love
With that slave dealer's daughter