

Stereophonics, Lolita

I stepped out off the train at dawn
Walked along an open road
To find you

You made beds at the gold motel
Sold junk at the carousel
To bind you

Lolita
You make my wheel, set me free,
Won't you come home with me?

We used to meet at the waterfall
Pink heather on the falling wall
Nothing to prove

Drank beer from a stolen can
Smoke cigarettes when we can
Because we like to

Lolita
You make my wheel, set me free,
Won't you come home with me?

Memories tangled up the spokes that
Make my wheel,
Make my wheel,
Oh everything has gone wrong!

I left you at the gold motel
Selling junk at the carousel
That bound you down
Can't find you now

Lolita
You make my wheel, set me free,
Won't you come home with me?