

Eric Burdon, P.O. Box 500

(Eric Burdon & Zoot Money:)

DEAR ROBERT, I heard you was back in the slammer, you should havn known better
Than to try it a second time, in the state of Alabama. I'm gonna miss your
Midnight shows, and miss your early mornin' tokes, your big buddha face smilin'
Out across the ocean. You were a good thief, you taught me what to steal, I
Guess you know by now how much I took from you for real. I'll give it all back
To you next parole for sure, and we can visit crazy Mary up in Camarillo.

DEAR ROBERT, I heard you was back under the hammer, should have known better
Than to keep the badge you found from the police on the beach last summer,
But while you're freshly shaved and down in weight we'll take that Cevrolet and
Blaze all the way down to Mexico, we'll find that long lost valley we talked
About so much, we'll disappear in smoke, then we'll emerge from the desert
Dust, and enter that golden city, with restaurants, running water, and women oh
So pretty.

DEAR ROBERT, when they took you last time I remember, the police light show was
Bright like the 4th. of July, right in the middle of December, as I strolled by
Your place, unnoticed in the crowd, who stood by in the red lights as they took
You down. As you got into the police car, chrome bracelets on your wrist, wich
Everybody knows can be painful with just a twist, but you just smiled at
Everybody, the police knew for sure this was not their territory.

P.S. Robert I found the supermarket bag you left me, I'll smoke a little every
Day, and as the smoke clears away, you come right back into my memory, yea,
Robert, you should have known better.