

# Hooters, Karla With A K

freedom has its ups and downs  
walk the streets of lonesome town  
try to find some company  
somebody who will talk to me  
well I'm here all alone  
a wind blows home  
we'll find it someday  
there's no reason to cry  
for days gone by  
oh, karla, we can make it if we try  
hurricanes and cadillacs  
they run you down and don't look back  
oh where can my salvation be  
a tender touch to comfort me  
but I'm here all alone...  
no matter how the wind may blow  
you belong to me  
like the mountains to the sky  
and you know when I close my eyes  
you're the one I see  
oh, karla, we can make it if we try  
old man river's on the rise  
wash the circles from my eyes  
hurricane is on its way  
you can call it karla  
karla with a K