

Son Ambulance, Maria In Motion

Maria, Maria, Maria you look so fine to me;
your skin is brown like caramel all sprawled out in the moonlight.
You lie like a lavender twilight, would you still be cloaked in fog?
She used to kneel in bed to hold me like a marionette, but you're not a mother you are
Maria, Maria, Maria she's just a child, who asked me to make her a woman; but I am not
"I am with child, my skin's turned pale, so I am begging you, please just..."
I will honor your request, never travel to Mexico and see silver objects there under a pale moon. But
I am in love with learning the knowledge that I am safe, so I will teach you something called inmotion
Maria, Maria, Maria she's just a child, who asked me to make her a woman; but I am not
I see you in your window sometimes, watching the swirling clouds. I am on a lazy river, where it never