

The 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
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

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