Tommy Bolin, Savannah Woman

Savannah woman dressed in white,
Stands out of tropical rains.
She pulls her gin and tonics tight,
And curses her lonely domain.
Brazilian winds blow warm in Rio,
A white estate they call 'The Nada'.
Meant for her soul or so she says,
Hides her sadist gin made eyes.

No one knows but me how she left me so behind.
Savannah woman I could never leave you so unkind.

Snow white and with desire, that vamp from the magazine.
Cold and distant as the moon, why can't she burn like fire?