

HIPPIE GIRL

Gregger Botting

She's a new age hippie girl, naive to the real world
Would make it better if she could with a candle and a crystal charm
It's so cute and she is too, sings along to Joni Mitchell tunes
'Carey' it is her song and wears a red maple on her arm

Lights up a room when she smiles, does it all without even tryin'
It's all a mystery that can't be solved
And it's a sweet little song she sings, still a little wild for her wings
When I had her with me I had it all

I romanticize her
Of that I don't grow tired
In her prime like a vintage wine
Taking me higher

Remember one day driving, that highway of diamonds
A summer Sunday morning, It could have stayed that way
Sky of perfect cotton, Sugar Magnolia playin'
Beside me eastbound beauty, and not a thing to change

Sunlight and her lip-gloss dancing, looking so cool in her gold sunglasses
Wind through her fingers that lucky old breeze
Smiling with those sweet old tunes, along into the afternoon
Those hours like the frame around a masterpiece

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In her prime like a vintage wine
Taking me higher

Things come and go and some endure
Hearts can heal but I'm not sure
We broke along the way
First love turned to pieces changed
How did it turn out this way

Not gonna lie it took a while, before a thought of her and I could smile
I can't remember now, why we threw it all away
I close my eyes to see her now, still beautiful I have no doubt
She crosses my mind more than I care to say

I picture all those better times, witty blonde million dollar smile
Why were we so reckless with it all
One thing that's still for sure, about that pretty little hippie girl
She's still the mystery that can't be solved

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