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before coaches turn into pumpkins

She possesses a beauty so rare
a beauty so fair
light and magic fill the air
she walked out in the mid-morning sun
without an earthly care
lookin' for adventure
lookin' for some rock 'n rythm
to wear
lookin' for some Philly soul
as curls cascade in her auburn hair
jumped the fence
lookin' for romance
ready to take a chance on life once again
have some faith fair young damsel
you'll make it home by midnight
before coaches turn to pumpkins
5 hours before the morning light
a time of hymns and supplication
when promises still mean something
before coaches turn into pumpkins

the apache kid

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