

Picture

King's X

She was a white skinned black beauty
The daughter of an Indian
Her grandparents raised her in northern Illinois
I call her mother

She was calling love
(She was young, yeah)
She was calling love
(Calling love, oh)

He was the son of a hellfire
Holiness preacher woman
They say nobody was wilder
But maybe his brother
I call him father

He was calling love
(He was young, yeah)
He was calling love
(Still in love)

She was young
(Love, love, love)
Calling love, yeah
(Love, love, love)

She was calling love
(He was young, oh)
She was calling love
(Still in love, oh)

We all got together for the first time last September
I said, "Somebody take a photograph, I've got a camera"
Now I got me a favorite picture