

Flea Market Girl

Lazlo Bane

High above her head the light shines down for a brother
Selfless is her brighter smile that fills the room
Now you can see a little better
You find your eyes are open wider to the world
And that's chance that I never
I never had before an accidental stumble find
On empty grow down past the butter farm
It was Sunday when I found flea market girl

For one five-dollar bill, flea market girl
You're an easy sale, flea market girl
You could be my Steinbeck Pearl, flea market girl

Have the Sunday news in a wood-stained box is where I put her
I drove down 101 to have her home by noon
And place her high upon the mantle
I never had the foreseen such a graceful gypsy smile
She plays the tambourine with my guitar
It was Sunday when I found flea market girl

For one five-dollar bill, flea market girl
You're an easy sale, flea market girl
You could be my Steinbeck Pearl, flea market girl