

'72 Winnebago

Steve Moakler

Well, we picked it up in Kentucky
Hitched it to my old Tacoma
Silver and white with a long red stripe
A little home away from home where
You sewed the curtains and I patched the floor
You hung up your dresses and I fixed the door
We had to keep it under 55
Any faster, it'd rock from side to side

We were tumbleweeds in Texas
Carolina in the rain
Didn't know where we were going
And we liked it better that way
We were boardwalk birds in Jersey
We were Kansas fields of gold
When I think about me and you
I see us in a '72 Winnebago
Oh, yeah

You were campfire lit, red wine lips
Laughing in the face of a dream
I was broke as a joke, heart full of hope
Just glad to have you next to me
You cut my hair on the side of the road
You took me right where I wanted to go
We were burning love at both ends

Two hands out the window in the wind

We were tumbleweeds in Texas
Carolina in the rain
Didn't know where we were going
And we liked it better that way
We were boardwalk birds in Jersey
We were Kansas fields of gold
When I think about me and you
I see us in a '72 Winnebago
Alright, yeah

We were dirt roads in Minnesota
Desert skies in Santa Fe
The real world tried to sink in
We weren't even phased
In our Winnebago
Oh, yeah

We were tumbleweeds in Texas
Carolina in the rain
Didn't know where we were going
And we liked it better that way
We were boardwalk birds in Jersey
We were Kansas fields of gold
When I think about me and you
I see us in a '72 Winnebago

When I think about me and you
When I think about me and you

Oh