

Rebecca

Albert Hammond

Get you, brushing your hair with the wind
Riding your bike up on Mulholland Drive
Oh, I got a five-minute rush from you in your faded blue jeans
How many years is it you've been alive?
Oh, I'll take a guess, Rebecca, could it be eighteen, nineteen
or so?
Ooh, Rebecca, will I ever know?

No way, where would I fit in your life?
What would you do with a man without change
Too strange and too poor to be trusted, rusted a couple of time
s
Shaken a bit by the years on the road
And the women I've known? Rebecca, you'd have liked the name I
gave to you
Ooh, Rebecca, if you only knew

Go home
To your father's friends
Straight sons
To your mother's friends
Sweet ones
to those families
Well-to-do and so well-established
And one day you might wake up to a shock, girl

What has it come to this sensible life
The wife of a fool? Rebecca, reading magazines in a chic salon
Ooh, Rebecca. Where's Rebecca gone?