

# 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?