

In the morning she is waking
With the gold dust in her hair
She is beauty, oh slightly broken
But I love her laying there

Spanish lady, treat her kindly
Feel her warm tenderness
Like Arkansas skies on the Fourth of July
She is painted on the night

And I'm free, free
Free, thank God I'm free

In the morning she is waking
With the gold dust in her hair
She is beauty, oh for just a token
But I can't evade her morning stare

And I'm free, free
Free, thank God I'm free

Won't you please walk down to edit time with me?
And I'm free