

# 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

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