

Maver

Stone Temple Pilots

Maver with her lucky bonnet
She used to paint her flowers on it
She keeps her memories on a turnstile
'Cause she's superstitious
She thought she'd be famous
And tell me if I'm wrong
But I think she still just likes to play them
Yeah and maybe you'll be lucky enough
To hear her sing on Sunday
Oh Maver

Maver and her bonnet
Streaks of life upon it
Betting on the ponies
So things could get easier
Just praying on a easy peace for her
Oh Maver

She was a true blue blooded traveler
She left her home post for the West Coast
With a guitar and a bar of soap for 'ol San Francisco
And a fool hearted head of hope
Well she landed in a flat
With some fellas that were lucky to meet her
'Cause she could play the six-string better than
Those macho pendejos
Oh Maver

Maver and her bonnet
Streaks of life upon it
Betting on the ponies
So things could get easier
Just praying on a easy peace for her

How many nights did you make it without it?
Oh
How many lines on your face have paved your way in stone?
Oh

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Oh
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