

## 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

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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So things could get easier  
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Oh Maver  
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