

P.O. Box 500

Eric Burdon

Dear Robert, I heard you was back in the slammer
You should have known better than to try it a second time, in the state of Alabama
I'm gonna miss your midnight shows, and miss your early mornin' tokens
Your big buddha face smilin' out across the ocean
You were a good thief, you taught me what to steal
I guess you know by now how much I took from you for real
I'll give it all back to you next parole for sure and we can visit crazy Mary up in Camarillo

Dear Robert, I heard you was back under the hammer
Should have known better than to keep the badge you found from the police on the beach last summer
But while you're freshly shaved and down in weight we'll take that Cevrolet and Blaze all the way down to Mexico
We'll find that long lost valley we talked about so much, we'll disappear in smoke, then we'll emerge from the desert dust
And enter that golden city, with restaurants, running water, and women, oh, so pretty

Dear Robert, when they took you last time I remember
The police light show was bright like the 4th. of July right in the middle of December
As I strolled by your place, unnoticed in the crowd, who stood by in the red lights as they took you down
As you got into the police car, chrome bracelets on your wrist
Which everybody knows can be painful with just a twist
But you just smiled at everybody
The police knew for sure this was not their territory

P.S. Robert, I found the supermarket bag you left me
I'll smoke a little every day, and as the smoke clears away, you come right back into my memory
Yea, Robert, you should have known better...