

Picture

King's X

She was a white skinned black beauty, the daughter of an Indian
Her grandparents raised her in northern Illinois
I call her mother

(She was calling love)
She was young
(She was calling love)
Calling love

He was the son of a hellfire holiness preacher woman
They say nobody was wilder but maybe his brother
I call him father

(He was calling love)
He was young, yeah
(He was calling love)
Stealing love

She was young
(Love, love)
Calling love
(Love, love)
(She was calling love)
He was young
(She was calling love)
Stealing love

We all got together for the first time last September
I said "Somebody take a photograph I've got a camera"
Now I got me a favorite picture