

# Flashlight, Sonia Bianchi

Sonia Bianchi never knew my name  
I wrote her notes I called her home and then she left me all alone  
Sonia Bianchi never knew my name  
I asked her out she shot me down and then she left me on the ground

But now I know that when I'm old and rich and grey  
You will still be with that tool  
You'll be the one they know that let me get away  
You could have been there with me too

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Sonia Bianchi never knew my name  
I want her back she won't come back why won't she cut me any slack?

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You will still be with that tool  
You'll be the one they know that let me get away  
You could have been there with me too

Those days were living hell but I survived them  
Still strut with my hero  
They won, but in the end I still denied them  
Long live no tomorrow

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