

# J. Geils Band, Sanctuary

Times are tough, frustration  
Need relief, medication  
Gone to far, intoxication  
Fight the urge, of temptation  
Miles ago, no destination  
Is a real, hallucination  
Lose the dream, of stagnation  
Feel so lost, despiration  
Sanctuary  
Sanctuary  
Sanctuary  
Sanctuary  
It's much too close, cantamination  
Love and pain, and deviation  
Just suck it all, ejaculation  
It's much to late, for damnation  
Sanctuary  
Sanctuary  
Sanctuary  
Sanctuary  
When I was young,  
My mother told me,  
She said &quot;Son,  
Someday everything's gonna be alright.  
There's no excape,  
There's no salvation,  
It's much to dark, for revelation.&quot;  
Sanctuary  
Sanctuary  
Sanctuary  
Sanctuary  
Sanctuary  
Sanctuary  
Sanctuary  
Sanctuary