

# Smoking Popes, Sandra

I didn't think that I'd be man enough  
For Sandra Bernhard  
But then I thought I might be  
Just that kind of sensitivity  
Which appeals to her

I know what's going on  
Behind those doomed and sultry eyes  
Only the one man who understands her  
Can fill the hole she has inside

All I want is one picture of Sandra  
Getting her mail  
In an old bathrobe  
Without any makeup  
Without any shoes

I'm so close I can almost  
Feel her hand  
I wonder if she can  
Feel my eyes  
She'd have no right to turn me away  
I had no choice but to come here

If she could see me now  
If she would open her blinds  
Would she be afraid to come outside  
And look me in the eyes and say:

"I want you to show me  
I want you to open me up  
I want you to sing for me"

And then I would say:

"Sandra" [repeat four more times]