

# The Frames, Santa Maria

Let me off of this boat  
I'm sick of this ride  
The world is heading ever southward  
And I can't stay in here

And you're lying awake  
Away on your side  
The feeling comes in waves and burns us  
And I don't wanna die

From the slippery hands  
To the line of your throat  
The fever now consumes us both  
In a fire now we will go

Santa Maria  
Why did you have to go?  
Santa Maria  
One day we will know

In a bowing of heads and a passing of hands  
And all we thought they'd understand  
Is lost and they won't know  
And what have we left  
It's all that we've got  
There is no 'X' to mark our spot  
What's past is done and gone

Santa Maria  
Why did you have to burn?  
Santa Maria  
One day you will learn