

Eddie From Ohio, Santa Margherita

Maria, in her patterned dress,
Twirls and snaps her castanets,
Clutches sorrow to her breast,
And mourns her lover.
Swirling color everywhere,
She cocks her brow and flips her hair
At all in life that isn't fair
It's her umbrella

The waves roll in and kiss the sand
The world spins in God's gentle hands

And the sun sets and the day sighs
Off the coast of Santa Margherita
The sun sets and the day sighs
Off the coast of Santa Margherita

Vespucci sailed across the sea
He said, "The New World beckons me"
But freedom never comes for free
Strong men die
We think we never have enough
Of magic things and fancy stuff
Nations come to fisticuffs
And young men die.

Imperfect as my love does go,
This human heart is all I know

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