

# Fool's Garden, Sandy

(Freudenthaler)

Sandy came to meet me  
to the secret little bay down by the shore  
Where once a time she told me  
that she couldn't live without me no no more  
There I stood so close beside her  
paralysed by the shining of her face  
It was an unreal imagination  
that really any day  
nothing than words were to say

Don't talk too long  
I can't stand it  
When my soul begins to bleed  
Don't talk too long  
The tide is comin' in  
Just make the fire-engine keep ?away

Wasted words were spoken  
The wind blew all the thoughts out of my head  
I closed my eyes and stumbled  
And she turned pale quiet calm  
There she laid so close beside me  
Her beauty hand in mine  
The sun began to fade  
And my heart began to shine

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