

Gary Jules, Andalucia

The rattlesnakes and fireflies
Are stranded at the border between you and me
And the static on the radio
Is preaching to the children of infinity
We stay up late to speak in tongues
And redefine the boundaries of sanity
Swaying to the sound of Sister Ray
But we never knew how vulnerable we were

Andalucia I know you've been around
You're crazy girl
Andalucia your hands are on the wheel
But you're slipping

The greener grass we traded
For the mysteries of skinny hips and confidence
And the literary casualties were cool
Because souls are hewn from vowels and consonants
Stabbed in the eyes by the spectacle of Up the Beach
And we never knew how vulnerable we were
No we never knew that

Things get battered
Things get shaken
Things get tattered
And things forsaken
Things get spent
And things get spoken
Things get bent
And things get broken

Andalucia I know you've been around
You're crazy girl
Andalucia I know you've been around
You're crazy girl
Andalucia your hands are on the wheel
But you're slipping, you're slipping
Andalucia I know you've been around
You're crazy girl.