

Jeff Edwards, Blow Away

All over the land, there's a layer of sand.
I let it slip through my hands.
There's too many beaches on too many desert islands.
I think I've learned my lesson.

In every deed there's an unopened seed,
That is waiting for the rains of fate.
When you walk away, the seed begins to grow,
And it turns all that love into hate.

What am I gonna do about you.
What am I gonna do about you.
I wish it would blow away.
I wish it would just blow away,
But you just keep on picking up those handfuls of sand,
And you just keep on thinking about the past.

In every deed there's an unopened seed,
That is waiting on the rains of fate.
When you walk away, that seed begins to grow,
And it turns all that love into hate.

Well what am I gonna do about you.
I said what am I gonna do about you.
I wish it would blow away.
I wish it would just blow away,
But you just keep on picking up those handfuls of sand,
And you just keep on thinking about the past.

All over the land, there are layers of sand.
That have slipped through my hand.
There's too many beaches on too many desert islands.
I think I've learned my lesson.