

Marlango, Gran Sol

He walks out each morning
He knows where he's going
It will take ten days to get to the desert in the sea
And she'll stay home waiting
And she'll stay home praying
That the sand turned liquid won't take him away

I, I suppose that's normal
I, I suppose that's average
But I, I refuse to think that's life for me

She walks out at night
She knows where she's at
And she'll take her dress off if anyone thinks
She's worths twenty-five or more
That's how it goes

I, I suppose that's normal
I, I suppose that's average
And I, I refuse to think that's life for me

And she'll stay home waiting
And he'll stay home praying
That the streets will bring her back
Safe and sound

I, I suppose that's normal
I, I suppose that's average
But I, I refuse to think that's life for me
Life for me