

# Perry Blake, Sandriam

Sandriam, leave on the lights  
Sandriam, maybe tonight

Never win, never lose, never love, never listen to the wind  
That ill fill every dream, every waking, every sleep,  
Every taste, every graze  
And these seasons in your hand  
And the things that well never understand  
Never win, never lose, never ever understand  
Understand

Sandriam, leave on the lights  
Sandriam, maybe tonight

I was born to be loved, to be held  
And those heroes in the sun will become nothing more  
Than the shadows on your grave  
Than the crossroads on your face. On your face

Sandriam, leave on the lights  
Sandriam, maybe tonight

Where does it go? Why does it go?  
I know now, I know you now

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