

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

Sandriam, leave on the lights
Sandriam, maybe tonight