

Sam Roberts, Sundance

I've been dragged from the deep
Out of my restless slumber
And told to fight to keep my world from going under
And time won't stop when the land is torn apart
If you want to run, it's too late
And with the guns came the sound of thunder

And even the Sundance Kid would find it hard
To shoot his way out of this hole I'm in
Yeah, even the Sundance Kid would find it hard
To shoot his way out of this hole I'm in

And there are no straight lines in any human designs
We live the same lives
In different times
And I thank the supreme being
For giving me my eyes
And the days that I had for living
And now I'm laughing
Cause I can't find tears to cry

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To shoot his way out of this hole I'm in
Yeah, even the Sundance Kid would find it hard
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You can rise above yourself
But never the times that you live in
You can escape from your chains
But never the days that you're given

No I never robbed a bank in an Andean town
And I have no one to thank for any happiness that I have found
And guns blaze
They burn as bright as the sun
Any eye can see that there are many
But in the end, well, it only takes one

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