

# The J. Geils Band, Sanctuary

Times are tough, frustration  
Need relief, medication  
Gone to far, intoxication  
Fight the urge, of temptation  
Miles ago, no destination  
Is a real, hallucination  
Lose the dream, of stagnation  
Feel so lost, despiration  
Sanctuary  
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It's much too close, cantamination  
Love and pain, and deviation  
Just suck it all, ejaculation  
It's much to late, for damnation  
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Sanctuary  
When I was young,  
My mother told me,  
She said "Son,  
Someday everything's gonna be alright.  
There's no excape,  
There's no salvation,  
It's much to dark, for revelation."&quot;  
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