

Fool's Garden, Sandy

(Freudenthaler)

Sandy came to meet me
to the secret little bay down by the shore
Where once a time she told me
that she couldn't live without me no no more
There I stood so close beside her
paralysed by the shining of her face
It was an unreal imagination
that really any day
nothing than words were to say

Don't talk too long
I can't stand it
When my soul begins to bleed
Don't talk too long
The tide is comin' in
Just make the fire-engine keep ?away

Wasted words were spoken
The wind blew all the thoughts out of my head
I closed my eyes and stumbled
And she turned pale quiet calm
There she laid so close beside me
Her beauty hand in mine
The sun began to fade
And my heart began to shine

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