





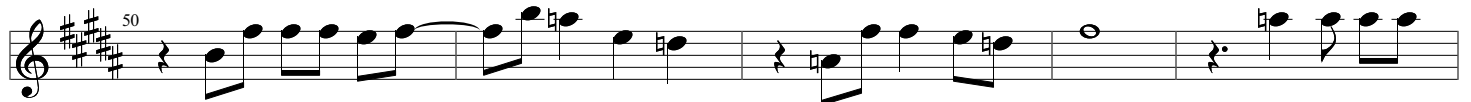
The wind blows across the sand and there's a sleepy haze



and it seems like it always has and I think of better days oh



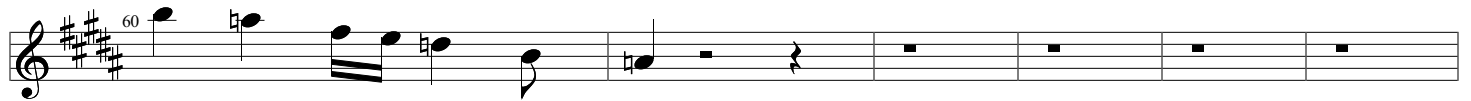
a last year about this time I got myself a name



the island that I was looking for was just a dream away keep thinking that



I shook it off and that I ran away oh slide on over baby oh don't you



know

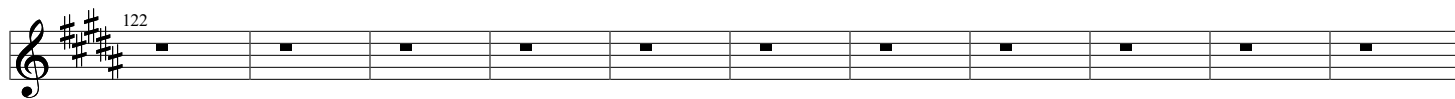


There's no reason to deceive there's no reason to lie put our hearts in your



hand you want to learn how to finally





130 *rall.*

