

Sandra

Smoking Papes

I didn't think that I'd be man enough
For Sandra Bernhard
But then I thought I might be
Just that kind of sensitivity
Which appeals to her I know what's going on
Behind those doomed and sultry eyes
Only the one man who understands her
Can fill the hole she has inside All I want is one picture of Sandra
Getting her mail in an old bathrobe
Without any makeup
Without any shoes I'm so close I can almost feel her hand
I wonder if she can feel my eyes
She'd have no right to turn me away
I had no choice but to come here If she could see me now
If she would open her blinds
Would she be afraid to come outside
And look me in the eyes and say? I want you to show me
I want you to open me up
I want you to sing for me
And then I would say Sandra
Sandra
Sandra
Sandra

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