

# Sand

Paul Romero, Rob King, Steve Baca

The sand is sifting by  
I only know that I will die  
And pay my taxes  
The rest is touch and go  
Wish I could just catch a glimpse  
Of what's in store, I've wanted since  
I can't recall, I never know what to do  
Never had a clue  
I feel the future  
Don't tell me that you don't  
Feel it slip away, slip away  
Feel it slip away  
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