SANTA MARIA

Bobby Prins

Let me off of this boat
I'm sick of this ride
The world is heading ever southward
And I can't stay in here

And you're lying awake
Away on your side
The feeling comes in waves and burns us
And I don't want to die

From the slippery hands
To the line of your throat
The fever now consumes us both
In a fire now we will go

Santa Maria
Why did you have to go?
Santa Maria
One day we will know

In a bowing of heads and a passing of hands
And all we thought they'd understand
Is lost and they won't know
And what have we left
It's all that we've got
There is no 'X' to mark our spot
What's past is done and gone

Santa Maria
Why did you have to burn?
Santa Maria
One day you will learn

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