Sandy

Dean Friedman

By dean friedmanI fumble in my pockets for the keys to your fickle heart.
I drop them on the ground and then surprise, surprise you pick 'em up.
So I stand in the doorway wearing my patented foolish grin.
'til finally you take pity on my poor soul and you let me in.
The time has come. soon the ramparts will be overrunI hang my hurt in the hallway and follow you up the stairs.
You leave a scattered trail of clothes straight up to your room.
For a couple of hours the planets from their paths they stray,
And every sense is filled with your sweet perfume.
And when you come, it's with such power, I am overcome.Sandy, won't you ever make up your mind?
The love you're trying so hard find
Is standing right in front of you.
Don't you see that what you're searching for
Is waiting right outside this door?
All you have to do is listen to your love.You sit up and turn on the tv with the remote control,
You flip through fifty seven channels but nothing's on.
And so you head into the kitchen and come back with a box of oreos,
And arrange them on the bed like checkers all in a row.
And one by one, you make sure and sample everyone.Sandy, won't you ever make up your mind?
The love you're trying so hard find
Is standing right in front of you.
Don't you see that what you're searching for
Is waiting right outside this door?
All you have to do is listen to your love.

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