

# Sandstorm

## Level 42

I've got a sandstorm blowin' in my head  
I'm seein' many colors but  
The only one that's coming through is red And it's stoppin' me dead tryin' to make some tracks  
But my feet are feeling like lead  
Stop being bled, stop being lead Oh, my things aren't the same  
Anyone could see that  
If I stayed much longer, I'd be tamed We stopped playing games  
I'm not pointing fingers  
But I'm not gonna take the blame  
Playin' all your games, taking all your blames I said oh, no, I don't even care  
I guess I'll be seein' you  
I guess I'll be leaving you today  
We're just not a pair I know you've been trying  
But I just can't bear to tell a lie  
Stop tellin' me all your lies  
Stop tellin' me all your lies Let me take you by the hand  
Try to understand, walk me to a land  
Try to understand  
But I ain't nothing but a man I've got a sandstorm blowin' in my head  
I'm seein' many colors but  
The only one that's coming through is red You know how we feel, we can't go on pretending  
And we've just got to fix the deal  
Gotta make it real, gotta make it real

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