

Sandra From Scranton

Craig Finn

She comes out on Sundays
She moves after midnight
When everything is secret and sacred. Shes' got medical reasons
For all these prescriptions.
I suppose that's enough explanation. She's done playing music.
She's bored of the tunes.
She don't go to shows anymore. She asked where I'm living these days.
I decided to tell her the truth. She don't go out to shows anymore
But she still knows the boys and the blues.
Shake off the shadows.
Bash through the borders.
Wipe the grime from the windows
Look out over the corners
Sandra from Scranton.
All dressed up and dancing. We were poised to make moves
We shined up our shoes
Expectations were major. We posed for the pictures
All shiny and shattered
Your sister went off with some actor. So we scattered like spores
Trying to find purchase in dirt. She once met a boy and she thought it might work
The boy that she met wasn't sure
Shake off the shadows.
Bash through the borders.
Wipe the grime from the windows
Look out over the corners
Sandra from Scranton.
All dressed up and dancing. We aren't going to split any atoms tonight.
The future is only uncertain.
The guys on the bikes got whatever you like and
A bird in the hand is worth something.
I didn't go to work on Monday or Tuesday
No, that's not how I planned it.
Blew out the first few days of the week
On Sunday with Sandra from Scranton.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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