

# 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 Tuesdaay  
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.