

Sandstorm

Queer As Folk

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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