

Sandy Eyes

Theresa Sokyrka

Woke up this morning with my head in my hands
and my sandy eyes.
Poured myself some coffee,
faded off to bed never get ahead.

And when I hear you call my name.
Well I fear that my life will never be the same.
And when I hear you call my name,
well I'll be okay again.

Living changed back when you said goodbye,
I didn't want to cry.
Memories of who I was when you were around
just get me down.

And when my thoughts are of you
I feel I'm living in the past.
All the traits I've borrowed from you,
seem to be real at last.

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And when I hear you call my name,
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and my sandy eyes.