

AN ERA WHEN SARAH WAS THERE

6-25-14
(#67)

- 1. Springs and rings, and little trinket things
and the memories all of it brings.
Through wear & tear on feigned true love and care
in an era when Sarah was there.**
- 2. Wild times and mild times, the latter were few
and the former gave plenty to do.
We never slowed down, till one day we turned around, and found
half a life slipped away — we never knew.**
- 3. Warm sands in strange lands, mystery hanging by strands
while the music played on without end.
Candles, and sandals, and whole summers lost to vandals
breaking into hearts till it re-starts with the latest trend.**

[INSTRUMENTAL, WITH END-TAG:]

**. . . From the embers, who remembers ?
Remember, if we dare,
in an era when Sarah was there.**

- 4. Hearty times, party times, pranks grew into petty crimes,
where dollars, like dimes, couldn't save us.
And all that they gave us, when the sun set on all we bet
only turned out, to turn about, to enslave us.**
- 5. Prodigal son, no longer on the run
having come to our senses, at last.
Some shun to share what was really back there
and choose to lose and bury their past.**

[REPEAT INSTRUMENTAL WITH TAG]

- 6. Light winds prevailing, again it's smooth sailing,
with a soft breeze, to lost seas we're bound.
We never get told, what our future may hold
— only guarantee, is we, can't turn around.**

[INSTRUMENTAL FADEOUT, WITH "LA, LA, LAS" AND NO TAG]

[END]

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