

Sanctuary

The J. Geils Band

Times are tough, frustration
Need relief, medication
Gone to far, intoxication
Fight the urge, of temptation
Miles ago, no destination
Is a real, hallucination
Lose the dream, of stagnation
Feel so lost, despiration
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It's much too close, cantamination
Love and pain, and deviation
Just suck it all, ejaculation
It's much to late, for damnation
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When I was young,
My mother told me,
She said "Son,
Someday everything's gonna be alright.
There's no excape,
There's no salvation,
It's much to dark, for revelation."
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