

## Guyamas Sonora

Beirut

In the hall I heard your faints falling.  
Your trial and my corrections made.

You had all the prayers of my loose heart.  
You had all the prayers of once had gone.

No I was not there on the church stairs.  
The wind in my hair fled through night's air.  
No I was not there on the church stairs.  
The wind in my hair fled through night's air.

Me I wanted, I wanted the right time.  
Me I wanted, I wanted the fire in line.  
Me I wanted, I wanted the right time.  
Me I wanted, I wanted the fire in line.