

Santorini

Burlap To Cashmere

I never thought I'd be so free
The children runnin' through the streets of old Thera
Filling my cup with joy and dancing in Hara
The sand was red, the sea was blue
Your eyes were burning in a stained volcano sky
Laoutas sound the horn to guide us, as the ocean seagulls fly

She is an island in the gypsy city night
She, you can hear the music playing as she opens up the sky
She will melt away your sorrow in her santorini eyes

The western shores can be so cruel
I told Maria we would never be the same
We can't afford to play the mule
When debt is like a lion on the hunt for dignity and shame

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You can hear the music playing as she opens up the sky
She will melt away your sadness in her santorini eyes