

## Andalucia

Gary Jules

The rattlesnakes and fireflies  
Are stranded at the border between you and me  
And the static on the radio  
Is preaching to the children of infinity  
We stay up late to speak in tongues  
And redefine the boundaries of sanity  
Swaying to the sound of "Sister Ray"  
But we never knew how vulnerable we were

Andalucia I know you've been around  
You're crazy girl  
Andalucia your hands are on the wheel  
But you're slipping

The greener grass we traded  
For the mysteries of skinny hips and confidence  
And the literary casualties were cool  
Because souls are hewn from vowels and consonants  
Stabbed in the eyes by the spectacle of "Up the Beach"  
And we never knew how vulnerable we were  
No we never knew that

Things get battered  
Things get shaken  
Things get tattered  
And things forsaken  
Things get spent  
And things get spoken  
Things get bent  
And things get broken

Andalucia I know you've been around  
You're crazy girl  
Andalucia I know you've been around  
You're crazy girl  
Andalucia your hands are on the wheel  
But you're slipping, you're slipping  
Andalucia I know you've been around  
You're crazy girl.