

Hazell Dean

"Sandy"

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I fumble in my pockets for the keys to your fickle heart.
I drop them on the ground and then surprise, surprise
you pick 'em up.

So i stand in the doorway wearing my patented foolish
grin.

'til finally you take pity on my poor soul and you let me
in.

The time has come. soon the ramparts will be overrun

I hang my hurt in the hallway and follow you up the
stairs.

You leave a scattered trail of clothes straight up to your
room.

For a couple of hours the planets from their paths they
stray,

And every sense is filled with your sweet perfume.

And when you come, it's with such power, i am
overcome.

Sandy, won't you ever make up your mind?

The love you're trying so hard find

Is standing right in front of you.

Don't you see that what you're searching for

Is waiting right outside this door?

All you have to do is listen to your love.

You sit up and turn on the tv with the remote control,

You flip through fifty seven channels but nothing's on.

And so you head into the kitchen and come back with a
box of oreos,

And arrange them on the bed like checkers all in a row.

And one by one, you make sure and sample everyone.

Sandy, won't you ever make up your mind?

The love you're trying so hard find

Is standing right in front of you.

Don't you see that what you're searching for

Is waiting right outside this door?

All you have to do is listen to your love.

