

## **Burlap To Cashmere "Santorini"**

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

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