

Angela Aki**"Santa Fe"**

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He spoke my language in this foreign land
Familiar secrets shared in a sinful bed
Imagination flowing through his ancient hands
He painted just my fantasy in red, bright red

I call him Santa Fe
Someone to dance with on a rainy day
He will bring me all the empty reasons to be
Sure of what I'm only not so sure about
So can he just be my illusion
That I created with confusion?

He wears a tall top-hat filled with secrets of our souls
He'll pull them out as he pulls you in through the secret
hole

I call him Santa Fe
Someone to bleed with on this lovely day
He will bring me all the empty reasons to be
Sure of what I'm only not so sure about
Will he take this grand delusion
Add his love to make his own conclusion?

True or false can you feel his pulse?
The warmth he carries really varies
With the name of the game

He will bring me all the empty reasons to be
Sure of what I'm only not so sure about
In the end it leads to sudden madness when he
Takes these reasons breathes some sanity into them

So can he just be my illusion
I created with confusion
Will he take this grand delusion
Add his love to make his own conclusion

He will paint his own conclusion
In red
With Me
In bed

Does he really love me?
I'll see what I wanna see
And I'll never be free

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