

Lucas Mayer - Black Sand

tom: Hands on the wheel My old lady would say Of course they are Of course they are not on you Mountains form a wall Along the way The moss covers the fields Where once lava drained away And from where I stand Black is the color of the sand And that?s where your footprints Where stamped yesterday (A Gb) Eyes of the road My old lady would say Of course they are Of course they are not on you Waterfalls look like bridges and their veils A lighthouse and some spouses

Welcome home those who sailed away And from where I stand Black is the color of the sand And that?s where your footprints Where stamped yesterday Hands on the wheel My old lady would say Of course they are Of course they are not on you And from where I stand Black is the color of the sand And that?s where your footprints Where stamped yesterday And that?s where your footprints Where stamped yesterday And from where I stand Black is the color of the sand And that?s where your footprints Where stamped yesterday And that?s where your footprints Where stamped yesterday

Acordes













