

Guyamas Sonora

Beirut

In the hall I heard your faints falling.
Your trial and my corrections made.

You had all the prayers of my loose heart.
You had all the prayers of once had gone.

No I was not there on the church stairs.
The wind in my hair fled through night's air.
No I was not there on the church stairs.
The wind in my hair fled through night's air.

Me I wanted, I wanted the right time.
Me I wanted, I wanted the fire in line.
Me I wanted, I wanted the right time.
Me I wanted, I wanted the fire in line.