

## Sandra's Stuff

Richard Edwards

Sandra's stuff's on the lawn  
People are staring  
The fuzz has been called  
Sandra has lost the plot  
And both her shoes

I was somebody's lover  
Daughter and mother  
Oh, I was somebody's  
I was somebody  
I was somebody's  
I was somebody's  
And now my yellow boot's on the lawn  
Oh, people are staring

Sandra's stuff's on the lawn  
You'd think there'd be memories  
There are some, but mostly a tremble  
A static cling she can't cut free  
Oh, so she swims in it  
That house where his nose wrinkled  
How she wanted out  
How it felt so quickly  
How she still sees his face sometimes in dreams  
Suspended on a silver platter  
Gleaming  
How it's only dust or it's gone  
Oh, but where are you baby?

When I've been floating  
I never know it  
'Til it's long gone  
I had this bad dream  
That somebody loves me for all that rot  
When I'm not  
What I'd hoped to be

But there's a hole in my bucket  
Oh, there's a hole in my bucket, mom  
There's a hole in my bucket  
Can't no monkey fill it  
There's a hole  
Oh, there's a hole  
All of the time  
Tell me you're mine  
Oh, my love  
Oh, my love  
Oh, my love  
Oh, my love