

# Eddie From Ohio, Santa Margherita

Maria, in her patterned dress,  
Twirls and snaps her castanets,  
Clutches sorrow to her breast,  
And mourns her lover.  
Swirling color everywhere,  
She cocks her brow and flips her hair  
At all in life that isn't fair  
It's her umbrella

The waves roll in and kiss the sand  
The world spins in God's gentle hands

And the sun sets and the day sighs  
Off the coast of Santa Margherita  
The sun sets and the day sighs  
Off the coast of Santa Margherita

Vespucci sailed across the sea  
He said, "The New World beckons me"  
But freedom never comes for free  
Strong men die  
We think we never have enough  
Of magic things and fancy stuff  
Nations come to fisticuffs  
And young men die.

Imperfect as my love does go,  
This human heart is all I know

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