There’s a girl down on Sandpit Lane

And her hair’s like the sun at each end o the day

And she lives in a room made of glass to pass the time

And she fires through a book every day

She’s stuck in a cell but her mind’s far away

And I wonder which island she’s on today

And I place her deliveries outside the door

But my heart longs to give her a little bit more

But I’m destined to know her forever more

As the girl down Sandpit Lane

There’s a girl with a curious eye

She stares from the window surveying her realm

But the end of the path is as far as she can see

And she dreams of the world outside

Her smile is a story that lightens the shade

But there’s nobody there to see it but me

And I place her deliveries outside the door

But my heart longs to give her a little bit more

But I’m destined to know her forever more

As the girl down Sandpit Lane

La la la la la

The girl down Sandpit Lane

La la la la la

The girl down Sandpit Lane

And I place her deliveries outside the door

But my heart longs to give her a little bit more

But I’m destined to know her forever more

As the girl down the road

And I leave her commodities outside her place

Then slip through the turnstile without any trace

And one day I might put a name to the face

Of the girl down Sandpit Lane

La la la la la

The girl down Sandpit Lane

La la la la la

The girl down Sandpit Lane

La la la la la

She’s the girl down Sandpit Lane

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