

# Watch The Water Roll Up

The Blow

Dear Mom, Here I am in San Diego  
This is what it's like...  
And you can watch the water roll up on the shore  
See it switch and flow the other way  
And you can spend the entire day  
Sitting on the fence down by the water  
Watching all the girls and boys  
'Cause yeah, Rico's got the moves  
From behind he's nobody's fool  
But I wonder if he'd ever give the goods  
That girl Rita's a locked up box  
I used to know her, but then we got lost  
She's made a home  
Underneath the pounding of the waves  
That's where she stays  
And Felicia  
She's always there  
She's got the sun  
It's in her hair  
Seen her with a picnic lunch  
And I know she'd share  
But I never had the time  
I've got to hold another place in line  
Like to think one day, I'll have the time  
And Marty's selling hot-dogs  
Yeah, Marty's got the fries  
He's always making eyes

But just exactly what's he selling  
With all the stories he is telling?  
He says,  
Everybody's so important  
And he's a rock n'roll star  
And Annabelle she wants it  
Yeah, Annabelle is going for it  
But why are her hands empty  
When in her backpack she's got plenty?  
Well, she's afraid to get too large  
She's on a steady diet of exhaustion  
But I...  
I've seen you  
And I see your shape as you walk away  
And Arturo walks the air  
I've seen him kill with his frozen stare  
But I know he's in there  
And Felicia  
She's always there  
She's got the sun  
It's in her hair  
Seen her with a picnic lunch  
And I know she'd share  
But I never have the time  
I got to hold another place in line  
Like to think someday  
I'll have the time  
Like to think someday  
I'll make the time