

## Pacific

Cinerama

And what she gets she doesn't want  
And what she gets she doesn't want

We swam across the bay  
A single plane flew across the sky  
Then we lay on our backs and made pictures with the clouds  
I tasted the ocean when I kissed her fingers

And what she gets she doesn't want  
And what she gets she doesn't want

A warm breeze carried her scent to me  
She said: I know I've hurt you  
She took my hand and sighed  
But in the middle of the night you will think of me