

Cannon Beach

David Kushner

One, two, one, two, three-

Our lives will come to an end
So don't die with a bunch of regrets
When it's all set and stone
And you're nothing but bones
Can you live with the things that you did
Or the things that you didn't?
The things that you didn't

Just write down your plans
On the back of your hands
Until you feel the sand on your toes
Keep drivin' west to the coast

I don't know where you're from
But I would take the long way home
You need to go with your mom
So pack your stuff and drive alone
To Cannon Beach, Cannon Beach
Cannon Beach, Cannon Beach

Whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh

The sky looks bluer out here
Watch the tide slowly disappear
You know the waves have so much to say
But it's something that you'll never hear
If you don't stop and listen
Maybe you'll miss it

Write down your plans
On the back of your hands
Until you feel the sand on your toes
Keep drivin' west to the coast
Ooh-ooh

I don't know where you're from
But I would take the long way home
You need to go with your mom
And pack your stuff and drive alone
To Cannon Beach, Cannon Beach
Cannon Beach, Cannon Beach

Whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh
Whoa-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh

I don't know where you're from
But I would take the long way home
You need to go with your mom
Pack your stuff and drive along

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