

# St. Augustine At Night

Dawes

The cherry gum would cover up the cigarettes we smoked  
The 7-Up would balance out the beer  
Mom would make us dinner, and we'd all try not to choke  
Dad was working later every year

We'd count the trucks on Highway 1 on their way to Jacksonville  
Wonderin' where they headed on from there  
My brothers and my sister all stood spiritually still  
As if those roads became the answer to their prayers

But I didn't want it any other way  
This town was the one thing that felt right  
All these tourists could be kings during the day  
But not in St. Augustine at night

I was working at the bait shack, supplying all the fishing tours  
Pretty soon I was chartering a boat  
My dad said I needed dumb luck and a secret stash of Coors  
If I stood a chance at keeping things afloat

That's when my girlfriend told me, "There's a baby on the way  
And I need to know you're gonna go to bat."  
Well, I never put off 'til tomorrow the things I should've done today  
No, I've always waited way longer than that

I have never had much say in how I felt  
I've been guided by my barroom appetites  
So if this world belongs to everybody else  
Just leave me St. Augustine at night

The Lord must really love us common folk  
'Cause he made so goddamn much  
Now, if he'd just point the way to go  
If he could just start speaking up

Our oldest brother left this world for leading one too many lives  
I guess he settled for none at all  
The rest of us just grew apart and blamed our husbands and our wives  
When anyone was asked why they don't call

Life became a series of birthdays, cars, and pets  
Just anything to look forward to  
I don't talk about mistakes. I don't talk about regrets  
At this point, I'm not sure what good it would do

And I'm not asking for anybody's help  
As I gaze out where the stars dance with the lights  
If I'm not sure how I feel about myself  
I still got St. Augustine at night  
Oh, I still got St. Augustine at night