

Monterey

Dean Brody

Summer nights by the old marina in a seaside town south of Mendocino

We were college bound kids getting all untied we'd sleep all day and be up all night spent our time numbin our minds on nirvana and fireball

Ain't it funny how time flies and those nights get harder and harder to recall

Oh I miss, I miss sweet Monterey fast boats and hot lazy days
You up on my shoulders with the fireworks raining down
We couldn't wait to get out of there
But now I know what I had back there
In Monterey

Police lights flashin on the girls of summer, dumping beer on a beach man what a bummer

We were Frat house camping, we were beer bong kings, didn't have twenty dollars but we had everything

Football by truck light, guitars and fist fights, talking round fires till dawn

Smell of sunrise coffee and holdin sweet Maggie as she nodded off in my arms

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