

Locals Only

ERNEST

I wanna go somewhere we can keep it on the left side
And get our heads right over some Mai Tai's
Watching the high tide, sitting fireside under the moon
Honey, I ain't the jealous type
I just sit back and smile and let the sun smooch on you
The weatherman tells us no worries on the tele
And there's nothing that I wouldn't do to be

In a low key, locals only
Little bamboo, run-down rum shack
(It's) you and me baby, nobody can phone me
Yeah, we're way off the grid, no, we don't need a map
'Cause I know this island like I know your curves
I done found myself at the edge of the earth
Where nobody knows me, and we're never lonely
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I wanna pick up a couple cups of coffee on the west side
Bring it back to your bedside
Plant a forehead kiss above your left eye
Waiting on a red sky fire through the dunes
No, you ain't seen a rise till you seen it on an island
And ain't felt freedom till you've taken a dive in
-The crystal blue and that sea foam green
Under a sherbet canopy, you'll find me

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I could use some catch-up time with my creator
Yeah, I got my bags packed, I'll see you later
I'll be

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