

Your friends they said to me
That you were talking in your sleep
About the promises you keep

I know you drifted through the early years
You confined to pass the time
When they found you, you were dealing with it fine

Ought to tell you what it proves to
Oughta give back, holding on to
So long what's great, what we made, made me blue
All the things you do

What's up with waves out on the coast?
You say they're so damn natural
I think there's something they're not saying

When you survive it all the same
You're so impressed they know your name
And you're in love with how they say it

Ought to tell you what it proves to
Oughta give back, holding on to
So long what's great, what we made, made me blue
All the things you do

When they find you lying wide awake
Your friends have gone away
I overheard you say

I see some waves out on the surf
And now you've finally found your nerve
And now they're away for you can say it