Pacific

Granger Smith

Cold brass doorknob turns in my hand
I step off the deck worn smooth from the sand
The sun hits my face on the breeze I can taste the salt

The sky disappears in the blue of the sea
The beach like snow but it's hot on my feet
I'm so far from there but I don't care I can see it all

Oh why are these memories picking me?
That pretty cotton dress and sand on your feet
There's waves in my heart and I can't even start to forget it
That memory is very pacific

You slip from your dress, and I change from my tux
We ran through the rice, waved goodbye, wished us luck
We're finally alone and we've barely slept at all

I remember your hair in my hands on your face
Your head in my lap in the seat on the plane
And I woke you up to show you the blue ocean

Oh why are these memories picking me?
That pretty cotton dress and sand on your feet
There's waves in my heart and I can't even start to forget it
That memory is very pacific

We agreed to disagree
We agreed that I should leave
Blame it all on love gone wrong
And Mexico and being young
But now I know, that I never let go

Oh why are these memories picking me?
That pretty cotton dress and sand on your feet
There's waves in my heart and I can't even start to forget it

Ohhh why are these memories picking me?
That pretty cotton dress and sand on your feet
There's waves in my heart and I can't even start to forget it
That memory is very pacific
Oh my memory is very pacific
Yeah, pacific
Ohhh
Ooooo

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