

# Sand

Greg Bates

Oh-o-oh  
oh-o-oh  
oh-o-oh  
oh-o-oh

Sand  
We couldn't wait to get down on that beach  
We had a football and some fake ID's  
A place to crash, a hundred feet from  
Sand  
Mapco cooler and a radio  
Natty Light and a pack of smokes  
yeah, we were on a roll and  
I keep Thinking bout, bout it  
Can't stop Thinking bout, bout it

We had the world in the palm of our hands  
Chasing the moon with aluminum cans  
We lit it up, blew it out,  
Yeah, livin' for the here and now  
That summer slid by so fast,  
like grains through an hour glass  
Sand

I said "hi" to her on a double dare  
We walked and talked and grew up underneath that pier  
Then she disappeared and I keep Thinking bout, bout it  
I Can't stop Thinking bout, bout it

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Every time I sink my feet in this white powder  
I can't help but think about it and think about her

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Oh-o-oh  
I keep thinkin bout, thinking 'bout  
oh-o-oh  
oh-o-oh  
I can't stop thinkin' bout, thinkin' bout it  
oh-o-oh