

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

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

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

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

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

Oh-o-oh
oh-o-oh
Sand

oh-o-oh
oh-o-oh

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