

## Coast Of Carolina

Jimmy Buffett

Little roadside restaurant, we artfully complain  
Groovy tells the waitress that his chicken died in vain  
Most every day goes by according to design  
I live this dream but still it seems I have you on my mind

From the bottom of my heart, off the coast of Carolina  
After one or two false starts, I believe we've found our stride  
And the walls that won't come down, we can decorate or climb  
Or find some way to get around, 'cause I'm still on your side  
From the bottom of my heart

I can't see the future, but I know it's coming fast  
It's not that hard to wind up knee-deep in the past  
It's come a lot of Mondays since the phone booth that first night  
The years, the miles, the tears and smiles, I wanna get it right

From the bottom of my heart, off the coast of Carolina  
After one or two false starts, I believe we've found our stride  
And the walls that won't come down, we can decorate or climb  
Or find some way to get around, 'cause I'm still on your side  
From the bottom of my heart

These days I'm up about the time I used to go to bed  
Living large was once the deal, now I watch the stars instead  
They're timeless and predictable, unlike most things that I do  
But I'd tell the wind and my old friend, I'm headed home to you

From the bottom of my heart, off the coast of Carolina  
After one or two false starts, I believe we've found our stride  
And the walls that won't come down, hell, we can decorate or climb  
Or find some way to get around, 'cause I'm still on your side  
From the bottom of my heart

From the bottom of my heart