

Open Seas

Nada Surf

There's no record, there's no trace
There's nothing that anyone can see left on your face
There's no method, there's no crime
To get from there to here was never a straight line

But I dream of the open seas
They're waiting for me
They're waiting patiently

I draw outside the lines
Like a fraud sometimes
With cans of paint
It comes in waves
Another night between
Debating wants and needs
But no complaint

The shower runs into a river
The river runs into the sea
Up to clouds that bring it back
And it's raining down on me

Some feelings they follow through hot and through cold
Attached like a kite that I don't want to hold
It took ages to learn it's ok
Can't let go, just get out of the way

I dream of the open seas
They're waiting for me
They're waiting patiently

I stopped reading about Jesus
Started reading about Elvis
Pre-army days like a parable
Hiding out with Juanico
Time is on our heels
Is on our heels
Is on our heels
The phone on my chest plays Jimmy Webb
And I feel myself out on the line
Wanting you for all time