

Saw You At The Eastern Beach

Rolling Blackouts Coastal Fever

Strolling through the motions
Toes grazing the safety rails
Songs of devotion
From down at the Sails Hotel
Oldboys chasing their grails
Just as dogs chase their tails

And the stars are just out of reach
But the petrochemical factory
Glitters like so many precious stones
Even through the bay windows
Of the quarter acre homes
Bathed in the golden glow
Everyone is on their own
Crumbling boardwalk
Cruise ships are beached
Tempers are short, pockets are long
Where did it all go?
So so so
Well, you know

Talk turns to youth
In a two team town

When the child's crying
Old friends keep lying to your face
Mugs are no longer buying
Once touched by heavenly grace
Eyes on the horizon
Cold feet in the sand
Party is dragging on
A lonely guest on borrowed land

But one thing a betting man knows
But one thing a betting man knows
Things can always look up
Things can always look up
Things always can look up
Every once in a while
When the signs align
When you're charging
Feels like birds flying in V
Gliding over glassy black peaks
Smooth as backstroke
Or are you drowning freestyle?
Every once in a while

Saw you at the eastern beach
In the middle of the night
You don't know how to act
No, you don't know how to act
Saw you at the eastern beach
In the middle of the night
You don't know how to act
When the chips are stacked