

Coast

Ryan Hurd

Let's take a break, pack a bag, chase a tailwind
It ain't a secret that your heart has sails, let's
Pick a direction, PCH, Destin, I don't care where we end up
Yeah, 'cause, baby, in my mind it's three-to-
five's in the ocean smiling
Just sunny and seventy-fiving the whole damn day away

Laid out on the west one underneath the red sun
You and the sand getting hotter
We'll make our own Pelago, Michigan, Chicago
Baby, dip your toes in the water
One wave at a time, your lips on mine
Baby, take it real slow
Point it where the wind blows and just coast

You sip a little rum runner while I'm
Watching you watching boats go by
I bought a ukulele that I can't even play
But you laugh when I sing you "No Woman, No Cry"
You don't even know I'm taking your photograph, looking almost famous
Sunset in your pink Lennon shades, Penny Lane got nothing on you, baby

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We'll make our own Pelago, Michigan, Chicago
Baby, dip your toes in the water
One wave at a time, your lips on mine
Baby, take it real slow
Point it where the wind blows and just coast

Wave on wave

We could slow dance in the full moon
Sleep in this cabana if you want to
Red, red wine, baby, I just want you
And I don't need nothing as long as I got you

Laid out on the west one underneath the red sun
You and the sand getting hotter
We'll make our own Pelago, Michigan, Chicago
Baby, dip your toes in the water
One wave at a time, your lips on mine
Baby, take it real slow
Point it where the wind blows and just coast

Oh, wave on wave