

Coast

Shane Smith & The Saints

Way down South where the highland fades
There's a poor man working in a rice filled maze
And a barefoot boy, on a jetty plank
As he walks into the gulf
And a lighthouse shining out to the sea
To the shrimper staring in disbelief
At the mermaid saying he's gotta believe
That light will take him home

And by the Mississippi River
There's a Southbound train
And it's headed for the gulf
Gonna buy my ticket and hold it tight
'Til I know I'm getting close
See me running down the alleyway
Looking for the jetties
Searching for my soul
You know
Oh oh
I'm headed for the coast
For the coast

Too many young people trying to run their lives
Too many rich folks trying to change their mind
I'm tired of the hustle
Get out of the bustle
Every time I see the light
Tell me baby, can you feel my soul?
I'm rolling with the rhythm on cruise control
I got three chords and I speak the truth
To Willie Nelson, that's a country song

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