Give up what I like for what I love Or don't, maybe now is just enough It's complicated, but when is it not The water will be warmer where it's hot

I won't trade my coffee
But I'll take the palm trees

Why live below the clouds
When the sun shines all year long
And if I'm being honest
I won't miss you when I'm gone
If I'm working for a living
I'll be waiting on a dream
Who knows if it's forever
But I have to go and see

Fins in the living room are cool
But I'm on sitting on the floor to get the view
Giving up the money for the waves
While I'm coughing up the fog in my veins

You keep the wagon And I'll get to packing

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