

Florida

Patty Griffin

Couple of young girls
Went sailing down on A1A
To the arms of Florida
Sailing down the highway
Singing their heads off
Protected by the Holy Ghost
Flying in from the ocean
Driving with their eyes closed
The night wants to kiss you
Deep and be on his way
Pretend that he don't know you
The very next day
Isn't it hard sometimes?
Isn't it lonely?
I'll still hang around here
There's nothing to hold me
You slide down into the sea
Twelve hours on you feet
Get the tide to wash away
Thousands and thousands of days
Someone you never meet
Signs the check you get every week
He tries to but can't forget
All the strangers you met
Every night never holds you
Nothing anyway
Makes promises that he never intends
To keep every day
Isn't it hard sometimes?
Isn't it lonely?
I'll still hang around here
There's nothing to hold me
Every time, every year
Travellers come and go
You seem landing with their pale wings
And flying back to the snow
Summer comes marching in
With its heavy boots on
Kicking along the backtop
Sidewalks of A1A
The young girls in their bare feet
Cigarette smoking
Looking every which way
Wishing and hoping
And you want the night just to let you sleep
And be on his way

Wrap you up in some cool sheets
And have nothing to say
Isn't it hard sometimes?
Isn't it lonely?
I'll still hang around here
There's nothing to hold me
Nothing to hold me

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