

Third Coast

Brian Burns

He said, "I left California back in '76,
The music died with Jimmy Hendrix,
And things got crazy out in San Francisco.
But thumbin' 'cross the country, man, I thought I would freeze,
So I followed Buffett to the Florida keys
Where I nearly got busted with a load of snow-white cargo.

But I picked up this boat in the illegal deal,
Yeah, you could say I got a helluva steal,
But I couldn't stay there, so I headed for Isla Madule.
But as a sea captain, man, I ain't worth a damn,
And out in the ocean I got all turned around
And I limped into Bolivar with a hole in my hull.

But I said if I ain't sinkin', well I must be swimmin',
If I ain't dead, well I must be livin',
And livin' is the thing that scares me the most.
And if I ain't sleepin', well I better be fishin',
And if I ain't anchored I will be driftin',
But all in all, I think I'm doin' pretty good
Since I hit my third coast.

See, I quit smokin' weed and pokin' holes in my arms,
You gotta stay straight to weather these storms
When they blow in off the gulf in the fall off the year.
And Port Bolivar, it was a blessin' to me,
It gave me the chance to give it back to the sea,
And I thank God every mornin' when I wake up and I'm still here.

See, I ain't sinkin' so I must be swimmin',
And I ain't dead, so I must be livin',
And livin' is the thing that scares me the most.
And if I ain't sleepin', well I better be fishin',
And if I ain't anchored I will be driftin',
But all in all, I'm doin' just fine
Since I found my third coast.

You gotta stand up straight if you wanna make ends meet,
'Cause the rope's too short when you're down on your knees,
You gotta listen for the ring if you wanna answer the call.
Fishin' ain't fishin' if fishin' ain't fun,
And livin' ain't livin' 'less you feel like you won,
And winnin' ain't winnin' if it ain't worth the cost.

See, if you ain't sinkin', well, you're swimmin',
And if you ain't dead, buddy, you're livin',
And livin' is the thing that better scare you the most.
And if you ain't sleepin', well, let's go fishin,
And if you ain't anchored you will be driftin',
But all in all, you'll be doin' pretty good
When you find your third coast."

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The music died with Jimmy Hendrix..."