

## Hazards Of Sitting Beneath Palm Trees

Hayden

With your summer hat and smile  
You came here to leave there  
And as the sun stained your legs and your arms  
The men arrive with their one-track minds  
You like that they're there when they ask you the time  
They say what they do, and they'll do what you say  
And they'll tell you some lies if you let them . . . stay

And you laugh, but not too hard  
And you look, but not too far  
Your eyes drift across the beach  
And just before you reach me, he speaks  
His face is red, and he's talking to breeze  
You get up to leave as the sun hits the trees  
And you jump in the water with him at . . . your feet

And I laugh, but not too hard  
And I look, but not too far