

Snowbirds And Townies

Hit the Lights

Fountains and flourescent lights.
When season has come
the snowbirds have crowded the nights.
And old townies are tired
of their beaches and bars
being packed so tight.
And bridges, and traffic, and inlets,
are locked in their fight.

And on these boats,
ride the hopes of working class boys,
dreaming of girls, from far away points.
And better things. Like winter flings.
And longing after spring has sprung.
And they fly north when winter's done.
And we get burned in summer's sun.

Fountains and fluorescent lights.
The season has come,
the snowbirds have taken their flight.
And young townies and tourists
find unlikely love at first sight.
And swear that they're never leaving
and that is their plight.

And on these boats,
ride the hopes of working class boys,
dreaming of girls, from far away points.
And better things. Like winter flings.
And longing after spring has sprung.
And they fly north when winter's done.
And we get burned by summer's sun.

This winter is lasting forever,
at least for tonight.
And I know that you're never leaving,
until your flight,
takes you off,
and out of my arms,
and into the air,
so far from your charms,
that I can not bare,
another year,
in this long forgotten beach town,
we once shared.
This winter is lasting forever,
at least for tonight.
And I know that you're never
leaving me again.
No, not again.