

# Big Sur

Jack Johnson

Behind the wheel against the road  
Next to you the central coast  
The central thought within my mind  
Is how to stay within these lines, but still be free

Beneath the ground the giants sleep  
And maybe we're just in their dreams  
The setting sun with every turn  
Above the ground the oak trees burn  
And they weep for rain  
And for this endless conversation  
Instigated by the stars

A pocket knife, an old guitar  
Coffee cup, a deck of cards  
Corre corre dashboard feet  
Flashlight children by the stream

A box of books, a book of rocks  
One for the birds, one for the knots  
That I will learn how to tie  
Around this day to keep my life  
From sliding away

From this endless conversation  
Instigated by the stars  
A little wood to keep it burning  
Fascinated by it all

The first awake will stoke the coals  
The early morning river rolls  
The last one in the swing will break  
Stones will stack, the kids will make  
Those lines

Roxaboxen by the creek  
Candle lights began to speak  
Words are broken, smoke signals that will leads us into the light  
Into it all  
And always

Always endless conversations  
Implicated by the stars  
A little wood to keep it burning  
Fascinated by it all  
And always