

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