

# Mimi On The Beach

Jane Siberry

I scan the horizon for you, Mimi  
I scan for the both of us  
I scan the horizon for you, Mimi  
I stand and scan on the strand of sand  
I stand and scan on the strand of sand

But first I'm sitting over here  
See that giggle of guys and girls  
A typical day at the beach  
Well, typical 'til I make my speech

There is a girl out on the sea  
Floating on a pink surfboard  
With a picnic lunch and parasol  
Sitting there like a typical girl

Well, this is not a locker room  
And that's a surfboard, not a yacht  
The arrangement's not quite, quite there

One girl laughs at skinny guys  
Someone else points out a queer  
Oh, they're all jocks, both guys and girls  
Press the button, take your cue

And see the girl with perfect teeth  
She picks up lonely guys in bars  
Then she takes off when they've bought her drinks  
Don't you have money? I ask  
Of course I do

This is not a locker room here  
And that's a surfboard, not a yacht  
The arrangement's not quite, quite there

But the day was faultless in beauty pitched on tropical scenery  
Stretched from white sand up to the open sky  
Down to the shining sea again and then back to me  
And Mimi on the beach, Mimi on the beach, Mimi on the beach  
Mimi on the beach, Mimi on the beach, Mimi and me

Well, I'm still sitting over there  
One guy just got up and brayed  
They wag their words, they're all in heat  
Well, I can ignore it, just don't steam up the view

And Mimi's still out on the sea  
Floating on a pink surfboard  
She's checking out her arms and legs  
In case her casing's getting burnt

Well, this is not a locker room here  
And that's a surfboard not a yacht  
The arrangement's not quite, quite there

But the day was faultless in beauty pitched on tropical scenery  
Stretched from white sand up to the open sky

Down to the shining sea again and then back to me  
And Mimi on the beach, Mimi on the beach, Mimi on the beach  
Mimi on the beach, Mimi on the beach, Mimi and me

You don't know me but I've been watching you all day  
And I've come to the edge of the water now to have my say  
The picnic lunch is off, Mimi, throw your parasol away  
Put your belly to the board, Mimi and paddle out to sea  
Then turn the board around, Mimi until you're facing me

Wait for the waves to start building, for the valleys to deepen  
And the mountains to increase in height  
When the right times comes, Mimi  
You lift yourself up and stand there, Mimi  
And see as far as you can see  
Stand up, Mimi, stand up Mimi, stand up

I scan the horizon for you, Mimi  
I scan for the both of us  
I scan the horizon for you, Mimi  
I stand and scan on the strand of sand  
I stand and scan on the strand of sand

The great leveler is coming Mimi  
And he's not going to stop to take your pulse  
And he's not going to ask you why you're the way you are  
And I think that's the worst part  
You never get a chance to explain yourself

And he's going to take those mountains  
And shove them into the valleys  
Till there's nothing left except a vast expanse  
And you'll float there, Mimi on the flat Sargasso Sea of your soul

And if they pull you away from your bleaching pink surfboard  
And stretch you across the wind, you'll make no sound  
Wet leaves on a dry map, nothing, nobody  
The great leveler or the great escape?

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Mimi on the beach, Mimi on the beach, Mimi on the beach  
Mimi on the beach, Mimi on the beach, Mimi and me

There is a girl out on the sea  
Floating on a pink surfboard  
A parasol floats nearby  
The arrangement's not quite, quite there