

A Little Further North

John Denver

The sun sinks behind me in the west, this is the time of day I love best.

Salt breezes murmur through the coconut palm,

as the colors change, they set a scene of tropic calm.

Seagulls headed back to land, over the mangrove and the salt pan.

By a lazy creek with a six pack and a fishing line,

win back some memories and losing track of time.

I head a little further north each year. Leave the cities behind, out of sight out of mind.

Up where my troubles can all disappear I head a little further north each year.

Feeling the night wrap around me, eases my mind's serenity.

Ocean waves are humming on the outer reef,

these balmy days and sultry nights are a welcome relief.

I head a little further north each year, taking my mind to an easier time.

Up where there's silence and the night sky is clear, I head a little further north each year.

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