

This Ain't a Surfin' Movie

Minus the Bear

When I turned the page
The corner bent into a perfect dog ear
As if the words knew I'd need them again
But at that time I couldn't see it
I would read that page every day for the next year

She sang a short tune
And I came from her soft touch and slept

We sat on a shoreline watching wind scalp the white off the waves
Sitting on a shoreline, and if I could do it, I'd dog ear this page
We spoke about growing old and filling the future's empty stage

I hope the weather holds
But you don't need the sun to make you shine
These island towns don't care for city folk
But I think we can starve the city from our minds

I know we won't want for much
It's just me and you and a bed and a shoreline