

A couple of young girls went
Sailing down A1A
Into the arms of Florida
Sailing down a highway
Singing their heads off
Protected by the holy ghosts
Flying in the ocean
Driving with their eyes close

The night wants to kiss you deep
And be on his way
Pretend he don't know you the very next day
Isn't it hard sometimes
Isn't it lonely?
How I still hang around here
And there's nothing to hold me

You slide down into the seat
From twelve hours on your feet
And get the tide to wash you away
For thousands and thousands of days
And someone you never meet
Signs a check you get every week
You try and you still can't forget
All the strangers that you have met

The night never owed you nothing anyway
Makes promises that he never intends to keep every day
Isn't it hard sometimes
Isn't it lonely?
How I still hang around here
And there's nothing to hold me

Every time, every year
The travelers come and go
You see them landing with their pale wings
And flying back to the snow
And the summer comes marching in
With his heavy boots on
Kicking along the blacktop
Sidewalks of A1A
The young girls in their bare feet
Cigarettes smoking
Looking every which way
Wishing and hoping

And you want the night just to let you sleep
And be on his way
Wrap you up in some cool sheets
And have nothing to say

Isn't hard sometimes
Isn't it lonely?
How I still hang around here
And there's nothing to hold me