

Saltwater Heart

Switchfoot

Talking with myself in the middle of
Talking a cough drop tipping from my mouth like a love shot
My writer's blocking oh oh oh
Sick of all the small talk, tipping non-stop
In the open mouth crazy before we hug
So we got more, a blood clot pen oh oh oh

Oh maybe I could be clean
Yea, maybe I could be clean

We're on your shore again
I can feel the ocean
I can feel your open arms
That pure emotion
I'm finally free again
Like my own explosion
We're on your shore again
I can feel the ocean

Saltwater running through my veins like a run spot
Like I got caught, saltwater like your teardrop
With this saltwater heart oh oh oh
Now it's a non-stop thought but I've been thinking non-stop
At the fact that my body's made most out of raindrops
With this saltwater heart oh oh oh

Oh maybe I could wash clean
Yea maybe I could believe

We're on your shore again
I can feel the ocean
I can feel your open arms
That pure emotion
I'm finally free again
Like my own explosion
We're on your shore again
I can feel the ocean

Maybe I could wash clean
Yea maybe I could wash clean
On my land of dreams
And maybe I could believe

We're on your shore again
I can feel the ocean
I can feel your open arms
That pure emotion
I'm finally free again
Like my own explosion
We're on your shore again
I can feel the ocean

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