

## The Beginning (A Simple Seed)

The Classic Crime

I left my heart in a plastic box  
On the bedside table  
It will be locked 'til I get home  
I've grown feeble and tired of the world  
Tired of constantly missing my girl  
And I long to smell the sea  
And I long to smell the sea  
The sea  
The sea  
The sea  
The sea  
The sea, yeah  
I miss the Pacific Ocean and the northwestern air  
And run each of my fingers  
Through the strands of her hair  
I've been all over this country lately  
But I've been nowhere it seems, nowhere  
Well, I've found the cure for my landlocked blues  
It's coming home to you  
It's coming home to you  
You, oh, you, oh  
You, oh, you, oh  
If a simple seed gets just what it needs  
Then a redwood tree can grow  
Up to a hundred feet for the world to see  
And endure the sleet and the snow  
But if my whole life was wrapped and priced  
I wonder what the tag would show  
'Cause every time I'm close to the Holy Ghost  
I always seem to let her go  
I let her go  
I let her go  
I let her go  
I let her go  
I let her go  
I let her go  
I let her go, go  
I let her go  
I let her go  
I let her go  
I let her go, go  
I left my heart in a plastic box  
On the bedside table  
It will be locked 'til I get home