

# Coach Said Not To, Surf Champion

For what it's worth, I looked back at your shirt and I miss the surf, I still miss the surf.  
But here are my feet, planted firmly on this land-locked state under me.  
And you shoot down the curl, and taste sweet, sweet salt but miss the girl, you still miss the girl.

And it's fine if that's how you like to ride.  
And it's fine if that's how you like to ride

We tread in the seaweeds. It's deep. I can't touch my feet. I wish I could sleep.  
Should I bury my dad in sand soaked through by tides, not one hour late?  
There's a light glowing green. It's a false fluorescence caught up in the waves.

And you can't deny the floating.  
And you can't deny the floating.

I don't like how you wait, the grunion are running.  
And I'm suffering a headache from my day of sunning.  
It's not a real thumb; it's a shell from shotgun.

And there's time to wait, to wait to see exactly where we're going.  
And there's ways to lose, to lose but right now, right now we are mostly winning.  
And I want to stay, to stay with right here with you and re-write our beginning.

I don't like how you wait. The grunion are running.  
And I'm suffering a headache from my day of sunning.  
It's not a real thumb; it's a shell from a shotgun.