

# Dolorean, Beachcomber Blues

Can't seem to find  
Anything to take my mind off you.  
There's too much open space,  
There's too much sand in my shoe.

There is no saving grace,  
It's just these crashing waves of truth.  
It's just these beachcomber blues,  
It's just these beachcomber blues.

I watch the weatherman,  
And I follow every pressure change.  
'Cause when the change comes,  
My beach is filled with our debris.

I walk this ocean shore,  
Don't know what I'm looking for, it's true.  
It's just these beachcomber blues,  
It's just these beachcomber blues.

I walk this ocean shore,  
Don't know what I'm looking for, it's true.  
It's just these beachcomber blues,  
It's just these beachcomber blues.

When the sun comes up,  
I step out and meet the day.  
I let the rising tide  
Rinse of this deadened motel haze.

I'll never settle down,  
I guess I'm always passing through.  
It's just these beachcomber blues,  
It's just these beachcomber blues.