

Jimmy Buffett, Coast Of Carolina

Little roadside restaurant we artfully complain
Groovy tells the waitress that his chicken died in vain
Most every day goes by according to design
I live this dream and still it seems I have you on my mind

[Chorus:]

From the bottom of my heart
Off the coast of Carolina
After one or two false starts
I believe we found our stride
And the walls that won't come down
We can decorate or climb
Or find some way to get around
Cause I'm still on your side
From the bottom of my heart.

I can't see the future
But I know it's coming fast
It's not that hard to wind up knee-deep in the past
There come alot of Mondays
Since that phone booth that first night
Tears and miles and years and smiles
I wanna get it right.

[Chorus]

[Music Bridge]

These days I get up about the time I used to go to bed
Living large was once the deal
Now I watch the stars instead
They're timeless and predictable
Unlike most things that I do
I tell the wind and my old friend
I'm headed home to you.

[Chorus]