

Mark Eitzel, Southend On Sea

This summer the sun was a shotgun pointed down at me
And I was just another ugly American melting in the heat
Watching the stagnant ocean breathe painfully
It only wants to drag you down by your feet

No one swimming in the water
No sharks, no eels, no little life boats
Just a history lesson and some two bit Victorian ghosts
Who do a turn at the pirate ship
singing, It's A Small World After All
Either you laugh at it, baby
Or you hit a brick wall

You said to me
You're from California
and you laugh too easily
You said to me
You just let things happen
that are killing me

We're like whitefish beached all day on hot parking lots
Waiting for the summer parade to sadly drift by
Melancholy floats filled with suicides and drooping paper flowers
A defeated army and no wind to blow away the smell of surrender

There was '50s nostalgia and horrifying Flintstone characters
Living memorials to wasted days and wasted bitter nights
And everyone on the promenade participates in your silence
Cause I'm always wrong, baby, and you're always right

You said to me
You're from California
and you're as dumb as can be
You said to me
Are you the Scarecrow, the Tin Man
or are you Dorothy
You said to me
I'm beginning to think that you're
a part of the enemy
You said to me
If I was drowning would you save me
from Southend-on-Sea
From Southend-on-Sea

There was a chamber of horrors
and it was packed with onlookers
Wax figured day trippers being tortured
Worse than their crimes deserved
And there I was in a stranglehold spinning out
from your nightmare
And my life with you was a black cloud hanging in the air

And you said to me
You're from California
and you lie too easily
You said to me
Did you really think that this was
going to set my heart free
You said to me
I'm beginning to think that you're
a part of the enemy
Part of the enemy

You said to me,

If I was drowning would you save me
from Southend-on-Sea
From Southend-on-Sea