

The Classic Crime, The Beginning (A Simple Seed)

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, and
tired of constantly missing my girl
And I long to smell the sea
I long to smell the sea
The sea

I miss the pacific ocean and the northwestern air,
and to run each of my fingers through the strands of her air
I've been all over this country lately,
but I've been no where it seems, no where.
Well I've found the cure for my landlocked blues;

it's coming home to you,
it's coming home to you

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...