

Clint Black, The Gulf Of Mexico

The Texas coastline hold her close
Just like a lady
And in their time they've
Weathered a storm or two.
The river feed her waters
Like I feed your memory.
The deeper I go the more I'm turning blue.

The sandy beaches drift in time
And the changing tide I know
Won't bring me back to yesterday
And the Gulf of Mexico.

The sails out on the water
Will come take you away.
When your ship comes in
I know its time to go
And the waves along the seawall
Tell me nothings here to stay
And no man is an island
But I'm still all alone.

I'm weighing anchors from the past
As the south winds start to blow
Sailing out of yesterday
And the Gulf of Mexico.

I'll be sailing out of yesterday
And the Gulf of Mexico...