

# 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...