

Donald Fagen, On The Dunes

Drive along the sea
Far from the city's twitch and smoke
To a misty beach
That's where my life became a joke

On the dunes
On the dunes
(Became a joke on the dunes)
Where rents are high
And seabirds cry
On the dunes

As you spoke you must have known
It was a kind of homicide
I stood and watched my happiness
Drift outwards with the tide

On the dunes
On the dunes
(Homicide on the dunes)
It wasn't fair
It's brutal there
On the dunes

Pretty boats
Sweeping along the shore
In the faltering light
Pretty women
With their lovers by their side
It's like an awful dream
I have most every night

In the summer all the swells
Join in the search for sun and sand
For me it's just a joyless place
Where this loneliness began

On the dunes
On the dunes
(Loneliness on the dunes)
I'm pretty tough
But the wind is rough
On the dunes