

# Rockie Lynne, Holding Back The Ocean

I packed up my truck an' everything I owned:  
I said my goodbye's and threw away my 'phone,  
I didn't know where I was goin', so I just drove.  
South of Miami, down through the Keys,  
Road fin'lly ended when I hit the sea.  
Sent a postcard home sayin': 'Don't y'all worry 'bout me.'

I'm just holding back the ocean,  
Makin' sure the breeze keeps blowin'.  
Watchin' over the stars at night,  
Till the sun shines bright in the morning.  
I ain't worried 'bout a damn thing,  
Keep your gold watches and your brass rings.  
I'm tired of goin' through the motions:  
I'm just holding back the ocean.

String bikinis an' long blonde hair,  
An' you can taste the salt in the air.  
People laughin' and actin' like they don't have a prayer.  
It's twenty-four seven at my new occupation.  
Don't even earn a dime but I wouldn't trade it:  
I'm workin' overtime on this permanent vacation.

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I'm just holding back the ocean.

It's up to you what you do with your life.  
I'll be spendin' mine.

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