

Soraya, Manhattan In The Sand

Baby Ive been thinking
we should get a little reckless
not tell a single soul
do something wild
Find a little island
pack a tiny bag
drink colada and mango juice
bronze to a golden tan

Well talk about old movies
philosophize on life
decorate the home that we cant buy

Name our future children
laugh about our lives
revel in the absence of time

You and me and the mysteries of the sea
Itll be you and me sailing away from lifes tragedies

You and me, therell be no postcards from this trip
Its just you and me alone

Baby Ive been thinking
maybe we should get a little crazy
not tell a single soul
and just disappear

Well both call in sick today
get in the car and drive away
hear every old CD we
havent heard in years

Well talk about old movies
philosophize on life
decorate the home that we cant buy
Name our future children
laugh about our lives
revel in the absence of time

You and me and the mysteries of the sea
Itll be you and me sailing away from lifes tragedies

You and me, therell be no postcards from this trip
Its just you and me alone

Well eat some oysters, swim with dolphins and shoot tequila
sing the songs of all the classic bands
dance to reaggae, watch the palms sway
and nap for hours and try to build Manhattan in the sand.