

Tracy Lawrence, Coast Is Clear

Say the weather in Atlanta is foggy and gray your work gets harder everyday
And your new boyfriend is holding on too tight
I got a gig at the beach a room with a view the only thing missing here is you
Some fresh ocean breeze might ease your mind
We could walk barefoot through the warm wet sand
Take a second look at what we had
I been thinkin' a lot since I been here
Past the neon lights and the LA haze I'm a different man these days
So come on out the coast is clear

Got a picture in my wallet from back in '91
That week we spent in the Santa Belle sun
Ridin' the wave of our love those were good times
But somewhere I got lost and let you down
Young and naive I didn't know what I'd found
But I do now and there ain't a cloud in my mind
We could walk barefoot...
Yeah come on out the coast is clear
Oh oh oh the coast is clear oh oh oh the coast is clear the coast is clear