

West Indian Girl, Up The Coast

When I was a young 'boy you have the sad-est face'
One night in Mexico, we chased our memories
It's too late to live it down, lost in another town
Lift myself up off the ground, get back to that northern sound

You're lost, who will find us
Jump back, bring it back, bring it back three

What a lonely smile, child you forgot to live
In America they stare at ya, this is the worst it gets
In a western town, a vista near a metaphor
Come back or stay at home, it's a three day drive up the coast

You're lost, who will find us
Jump back, bring it back. bring it back three

I was looking for an alibi
To find some money to stay alive
There's got to be another way
I still see her waving...goodbye.