

# Santa Barbara

## Andrew Osenga

Pray for them  
I often loose track  
So I took a drag  
of my first cigarette  
and I found my head  
Roll down the dumps  
of twenty seventh streetI drew a sketch  
with lipstick and sidewalk  
of Newports edge  
Legoblock cliffs  
and an ocean that doesn't  
deserve the sounds of silence  
I'd swear on a dead artists graveI found a spot  
where the drunk never got to  
And it rocks me gently silent, silent  
If I never surface  
then it doesn't matter  
Hold my breath  
It's silent, silent, nowDiligent  
Escape by the water  
Not sick of it  
It only gets harder  
That's no excuse  
to block all the cliches and  
reason for kicksHe strokes her hair  
both sitting on sand  
and her shoulders bare  
nothing to demand of them  
laying back on a lonely stone wall  
and passersby look passed it allI found a spot  
where the drunk never got to  
And it rocks me gently silent, silent  
If I never surface  
then it doesn't matter  
Hold my breath  
It's silent, silent[guitar solo]I found a spot  
where the drunk never got to  
It rocks me gently silent, silent  
If I never surface

then it doesn't matter  
Hold my breath  
It's silent, silent, now

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