

Love In the Afterlife

Mark Mathis

Northern hemisphere returns to Fall.
Springtime South America starts to call.
Theres a place I can stay.

I don't have much but still no debt is owed.
I'm on track, can't pack a heavy load.
Save my back for the road this time.

After all, I 've never seen the gulf of Panama.
Watch the tide roll in 'round dusk at Looneo Bay
I will find my way through.
The sun will be my compass when I hit the road.
Steering me on my way down that Panamericana highway.

Called a friend who said he would go
Walk the western shores of Jalisco
Travel down to see the mountains in San Jose.

Two more feet to stroll the sand and clay.
Two good hands to use along the way.
Still no one to betray this time.

After all, I 've never seen the gulf of Panama.
Watch the tide roll in 'round dusk at Looneo Bay
I will find my way through.
The sun will be my compass when I hit the road.
Steering me on my way down that Panamericana highway.

Back at home the rain may turn to snow,
but December's always beautiful in Santiago.
La vista sonando yo para que pasando.

Lyrics submitted by David Richer.

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