# Pacific

## Cinerama

And what she gets she doesn't want
And what she gets she doesn't wantWe swam across the bay
A single plane flew across the sky
Then we lay on our backs and made pictures with the clouds
I tasted the ocean when I kissed her fingersAnd what she gets she doesn't want
And what she gets she doesn't wantA warm breeze carried her scent to me
She said, I know Ive hurt you
She took my hand and sighed
But in the middle of the night you will think of me

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