Walk On The Ocean

Toad The Wet Sprocket

We spotted the ocean at the head of the trail
Where are we going, so far away?
Somebody told me this is the place
Where every thing's better and every thing's safeWalk on the ocean, step on the stones
Flesh becomes water, wood becomes boneHalf and hour later, packed up our things
Said, we'd send letters and all of those little things
And they knew we were lying but they smiled just the same
Seemed they'd already forgotten we'd cameWalk on the ocean, step on the stones
Flesh becomes water, wood becomes boneWalk on the ocean, step on the stones
Flesh becomes water, wood becomes boneNow back at the homestead, where the air makes you choke
People don't know you, trust is a joke
Don't even have pictures, just memories to hold
Grows sweeter each season, as we slowly grow old

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