Florida

Luftwaffe

A couple of young girls went sailing down A1A
Into the arms of Florida, sailing down the highway
Singing their heads off, protected by the holy ghost
Flying in from the ocean, driving with their eyes closed
The night wants to kiss you deep, and be on his way
Pretend he don't know you the very next day
Isn't it hard sometimes? Isn't it lonely?
How I still hang around here, and there's nothing to hold me
You slide down into the sea from twelve hours on your feet
And get the tide to wash you away, thousands and thousands of days
And someone you never meet, signs a check you get every week
You try and still can't forget all the strangers that you have met
The night never owed you nothing anyway
Makes promises that he never intends to keep every day
Isn't it hard sometimes? Isn't it lonely?

How I still hang around here, and there's nothing to hold me
Every time, every year, travelers come and go
You see them landing with their pale wings and flying back to the snow
And the summer comes marching in with his heavy boots on
Kicking along the blacktopped sidewalks of A1A
The young girls in their bare feet, cigarettes smoking
Looking every which way, wishing and hoping
And you want the night just to let you sleep and be on his way
Wrap you up in some cool sheets and have nothing to say
Isn't it hard sometimes? Isn't it lonely?
How I still hang around here, and there's nothing to hold me
Isn't it hard sometimes? Isn't it lonely?
How I still hang around here, and there's nothing to hold me

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