

# 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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