

Florida

Bertie Higgins

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

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