

Tall Glass

Fowler's Bluff

4am, load the boards into the van
Set course for, the coast just south of the bend
'cause we'll never, see surf like this againSoutheast swell, glass lines a mile long
We'll ride them, in our heads we'll sing this song
'cause we'll never, see surf this high againTime won't wait for me
Time won't wait for meThey'll flip you over, as you head out into them
Just past the break now, you'll turn your board to drop-in
They'll pick you up and throw you down their face then this ride will begin

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