

Sausalito

Grover Washington, Jr.

Hair blowing in the hot wind
Time hanging from a clothespin
There's no sorrow that the sun's not gonna heal
Smell the leather of your new car
Drive through the desert after nightfall
Sleep on the shoulder, keep the stars all to ourselves
The kind of love that makes my back hurt
Wearing nothing but a T-shirt
She's turning over on a mattress made of air
I close my eyes, I see a staircase
Leading upwards into blank space
All of creation makes a sound too soft to hear
So I remain between her legs
Sheltered from all my fears
While bikers glide by highway shrines
Where pilgrims disappear
I know that trouble's been your good friend
Catch your company on the weekends
Catch your company even once your mind was made
You said, it's over and it's finished
Now a headache's all you left with
We're no different, I've got debts I'd like to pay
We should move to Sausalito
Living's easy on a house boat
Let the ocean rock us back and forth to sleep
In the morning when the sun rise
Look in the water, see the blue sky
As if heaven has been laid there at our feet
So we remain between these waves
Sheltered for all our years
While bikers glide by highway shrines
Where pilgrims disappear
Where time takes icebergs
Where fields burn westward
Where pilgrims disappear

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