

Saltwater Heart

Switchfoot

Talking with myself in a land-locked parking lot
Cough drop dripping from my mouth like a long shot
My writer's blocking oh oh oh
Sick of all the small talk, dripping non-stop
From the open-mouth graves of the faux hawk cinder block malls
My blood clot pen oh oh oh Oh maybe I could break clean
Yeah, maybe I could break clean We're on your shore again
I can feel the ocean
I can feel your open arms
That pure emotion
I'm finally free again
By my own explosion
We're on your shore again
I can feel the ocean Saltwater running through my veins like a blind spot
Like I got caught, saltwater like a teardrop
With a saltwater heart oh oh oh
Now it's an abstract thought but I've been thinking non-stop
'Bout the fact that my body's made most out of raindrops
With a saltwater heart oh oh oh Oh maybe I could wash clean
Yeah maybe I could believe We're on your shore again
I can feel the ocean
I can feel your open arms
That pure emotion
I'm finally free again
By my own explosion
We're on your shore again
I can feel the ocean Woah, oh
Woah, oh
Woah, oh
Woah, oh
Woah, oh
Woah, oh
Woah, oh
Woah, oh Maybe I could wash clean
Yeah maybe I could wash clean
All my land-locked dreams
And maybe I could believe We're on your shore again
I can feel the ocean
I can feel your open arms

That pure emotion
I'm finally free again
Like my own explosion
We're on your shore again
I can feel the ocean, yeahWoah, oh
Woah, oh
Woah, oh
I can feel the ocean, oh
Woah, oh
Woah, oh
Woah, oh

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