The Beginning (A Simple Seed)

The Classic Crime

I left my heart in a plastic box
On the bedside table
It will be locked 'til I get homeI've grown feeble and tired of the world
Tired of constantly missing my girl
And I long to smell the sea
And I long to smell the seaThe sea
The sea
The sea
The sea
The sea, yeahI miss the Pacific Ocean and the northwestern air
And run each of my fingers
Through the strands of her hairI've been all over this country lately
But I've been nowhere it seems, nowhere
Well, I've found the cure for my landlocked bluesIt's coming home to you
It's coming home to you
You, oh, you, oh
You, oh, you, ohIf a simple seed gets just what it needs
Then a redwood tree can grow
Up to a hundred feet for the world to see
And endure the sleet and the snowBut if my whole life was wrapped and priced
I wonder what the tag would show
'Cause every time I'm close to the Holy Ghost
I always seem to let her goI let her go
I let her go
I let her go
I let her goI let her go
I let her go
I let her go
I let her go, goI let her go
I let her go
I let her go
I let her go, goI left my heart in a plastic box
On the bedside table
It will be locked 'til I get home

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