

Pacific Coast Highway

Cannons and Clouds

One, two, three, four.

[singing]

Took the long way to this town.

It wasn't practical, I know, I know.

She said they were open-minded. When I got here, I knew she was right.

All we have are memories with fields of grass from our past lives, from our past lives.

[instrumental music] Never felt lost in any city,

'cause I've always had my friends, my friend.

As my thoughts and mind unwinded, was reminded any wrong could happen. All we see

are memories with rows of trees in our lucid dreams, in our lucid dreams.

[instrumental music]

Ooh,

ooh, ooh. Ooh, ooh.

All we have are memories with fields of grass from our past lives. All we see

are memories with rows of trees in our lucid

dreams. Ooh, ooh, ooh.

Ooh,

ooh.

Lyrics Submitted by Joseph Stratton

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