Warmth Of The Sand

Dashboard Confessional

Relax and stand in the warmth of the sand
The day is long and here for us to take for granted
We find ourselves to our knees
Water clear, a tender breeze upon our faces
As we bask in our good graces
Yeah, we all are golden here
And summer, and summer
Where night belongs to lust and lovers
And summer, and summer
And I am here to win you over
You will be mine this year
This year, this year, this year
The sun is set and the moon is high
The night is long and here for you and I to capture
(It's for us)
And flood ourselves to the gills with icy drinks
With bolstering wills and we are braver for the moment
Yeah, we all are golden here
And summer, and summer
Where all the girls bare olive shoulders
And summer, and summer
And I am here to win you over
You will be mine
(This year, this year, this year, this year)
The courtyard where the garden stands
Behind the beach, in crystal and sands, we shed our clothes
And felt romantic, tinted by the moon fantastic
Bright and warm, and hours alone
Absolve us of the sins we own
And from one year into another I think of you when I feel summer
And summer, and summer
Where all the girls bear olive shoulders
And summer, and summer
Where all you hope for is another
And summer, and summer
Where night belongs to lust and lovers
And summer, and summer
And I am here to win you over
You will be mine

(This year, this year, this year, this year)
(This year, this year, this year, this year)

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