

Surf

Roddy Frame

Amazing, grace-filled guiding light
See her safely home tonight
The east-side squares've grown cold and loud
Since I lived there with the twilight crowd
The west end lights have lost their wow Trail my thoughts, show me the way to the heart of her
I'm half-lost, wondering if I should follow
Or lay low Sweet, slight arresting bright light smile
Peels back the layered big city style
And reveals me in the mystery of what her world could mean to me
She's an island girl
I'm lost at sea
When I was young the radio played just for me, it saved me
And now I don't want anyone who wants me, baby
Tuning out the darkness
Turning on the dawn
If life was like the songs, I'd surf across the curved horizon
and forget her and be gone So I check my map for tiny signs
Of where she's at and where she's been
But it's made from scraps of stupid lines
From songs and scenes and magazines
It doesn't tell me what it means Take her face out of the start of the day for me
I'm half crazed, wondering if I should follow
Or let it go Can't get straight
Lost my way
I'm overcome by her spell
When I was young the radio played just for me, it saved me
And now I don't want anyone who wants me, baby
Tuning out the darkness
Turning on the dawn
If life was like the songs, I'd surf into the waves
and in a splash of silver she'd be gone
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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