

# The Gulf of Mexico

## Shawn Mullins

She cooks him ham and hotcakes  
Five thirty every mornin'She does the dishes and  
She irons his uniformsAnd she thinks  
She might have loved him once  
But that was so long agoAnd the rain pours down  
Like a holy waterfall  
Over the gulf of MexicoThe boardwalk's deserted  
And the beach is all closed downAnd the middle school punk rockers  
Ride their skateboards through the townAnd she looks back and she daydreams  
About things an' people she's never seen  
Just to keep from bein' blueAnd she gets home about a quarter to four  
And she drives her brother to the liquor store  
On Ocean Avenue  
MmmI'm parked on the state line  
On this cold November dayPretty soon I'll be a drivin' fool  
Somewhere down this lost highwayThen I hear a voice from my soul's core sayin'  
"Freedom's just a metaphor  
You got nowhere to go"And the rain pours down  
Like a holy waterfall  
Over the gulf of Mexico  
Over the gulf of Mexico, mmm  
Over the gulf of Mexico, mmm

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