

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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