The Gulf Of Mexico

Clint Black

The Texas coastline hold her, close just like a lady
And in their time they've, weathered a storm or two
The river feed her waters like, I feed your memory
The deeper I go the more I'm turning blue
The sandy beaches drift in time and the changing
Tide I know, won't bring me back to yesterday
And the Gulf of Mexico, the sails out on the water
Will come take you away
When your ship comes in I know it's time to go
And the waves along the seawall
Tell me nothing's here to stay
And no man is an island but I'm still all alone
I'm weighing anchors from the past as the south
Winds start to blow, sailing out of yesterday
And the Gulf of Mexico, I'll be sailing out of yesterday
And the Gulf of Mexico

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