

## **Wild Light "Surf Generation"**

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C'mon Eliza, we've got nothing left to lose  
We're still young, but we know how to sing the blues  
There's a world of heartbreak outside, and I want to be  
a part of it  
So drag me down the road.

This old town, all sleepin' in our heads  
Could Jesus Christ have ever raised these dead?  
Is there a miracle? Is there some tragedy?  
You know I'd believe if either one could carry me away.

We'll throw our sleeping bags in the backseat of the car  
Because I'm too tired to even lift up my guitar  
All the days pilin' up on the scale,  
Trying to become what they already are  
I'll clear an open way

(We found some blueprints  
Appalachian Surfboard  
A King James Bible  
And pennies from the war)

I'll clear an open way...

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