

Gregg Allman

"Ocean Awash The Gunwale"

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Our lives are hanging in the balance
Or they're dangling by a thread
A spark of life brought down from an Angel
To raise the stranger from the dead

Once more we're cheating on The Reaper
With all the gypsy, still in our souls
'Cause I know there's a God up in Heaven
Who must love rock and roll

Once again we sail home to Sarasota
As the ocean awash, the gunwale
And she still keeps her head above water
Guess we're all live to tell this tale

And here's to the you for always hangin' in
Without you there's no reason to go
I'd be lying face down in some river
Waiting Angels to take me back home

Once again we sail home to Sarasota
With the ocean awash, the gunwale
She still keeps her head above water
Guess we're all live to tell this tale

Once again we sail home to Sarasota
With the ocean awash, the gunwale
But she still keeps her head above water
Guess we're all live to tell this tale

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