

Jane Siberry "Mimi On The Beach"

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I scan the horizon for you, Mimi
I scan for the both of us
I scan the horizon for you, Mimi
I stand and scan on the strand of sand
Stand and scan on the strand of sand

But first I'm sitting over here
See that gaggle of guys and girls
A typical day at the beach
Well, typical 'til I make my speech

There is a girl out on the sea
Floating on a pink surfboard
With a picnic lunch and parasol
Sitting there like a typical girl

This is not a locker room
And that's a surfboard --- not a yacht
The arrangement's not --- quite --- quite there

One girl laughs at skinny guys
Someone else points out a queer
They're all jocks --- both guys and girls
Press the button --- take your cue

And see the girl with perfect teeth
She picks up lonely guys in bars
Then she takes off when they've bought her drinks
Don't you have money? I ask
Of course I do...

This is not a locker room
And that's a surfboard --- not a yacht
The arrangement's not --- quite --- quite there

But the day was faultless in beauty
Pitched on tropical scenery
Stretched from white sand
Up to the open sky
Down to the shining sea again
And then back to me
And Mimi on the beach

Mimi on the beach
Mimi and me...

I'm still sitting over there
One guy just got up and brayed
They wag their words --- they're all in heat
I can ignore it --- just don't steam up the view

Mimi's still out on the sea
Floating on a pink surfboard
She's checking out her arms and legs
In case her casing's getting burnt

This is not a locker room
And that's a surfboard --- not a yacht
The arrangement's not --- quite --- quite there

But the day was faultless in beauty
Pitched on tropical scenery
Stretched from white sand
Up to the open sky
Down to the shining sea again
And then back to me
And Mimi on the beach
Mimi on the beach
Mimi and me...

You don't know me but I've been watching you all day
And I've come to the edge of the water now to have my
say
The picnic lunch is off
Throw your parasol away
Put your belly to the board, Mimi, and paddle out to sea
Then turn the board around, Mimi, until you're facing
me
Then you wait for the waves to start building
For the valleys to deepen
And the mountains to increase in height
And when the right times comes, Mimi
You grab the edges of the board with your hands
Lift yourself up and stand there
And see as far as you can see
Stand up, Mimi
STAND UP

I scan the horizon for you, Mimi
I scan for the both of us
I scan the horizon for you, Mimi
I stand and scan on the strand of sand
Stand and scan on the strand of sand

The great leveller is coming
And he's not going to stop to take your pulse
And he's not going to ask you why you're the way you
are
And I think that's the worst part
You never get a chance to explain yourself
And he's going to take those mountains
And shove them into the valleys
Until there's nothing left except a vast expanse
And you'll float there, Mimi
On the flat Sargasso Sea of your soul
And if they pull you away from your bleaching pink
surfboard
And stretch you across the wind
You'll make no sound
Wet leaves on a dry map
Nothing, nobody
The great leveller or the great escape?

But the day was faultless in beauty
Pitched on tropical scenery
Stretched from white sand
Up to the open sky
Down to the shining sea again
And then back to me
And Mimi on the beach
Mimi on the beach
Mimi and me...

There is a girl out on the sea
Floating on a pink surfboard
A parasol floats nearby
The arrangement's not --- quite --- quite there

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