## Josh Abbott Band "Matagorda Bay"

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I've been walking Matagorda Bay, thinking about you the whole day

Hot Texas sand under my feet and the waves of the gulf crush the beach

This hot sun has got a way of making my beer cold Just like sun burnt children have got a way of making me feel old

And all these honeymooners, man I'm feeling alone So I'm picking up seashells, waiting on you to come back home

I've been walking Matagorda Bay, thinking about you the whole day

Hot Texas sand under my feet and the waves of the gulf crush the beach

Well the sun is glaring and the people are staring and the seagulls are singing along And I don't know when I'm gonna see you, but I know I'm waiting way too long I've been walking Matagorda Bay, thinking about you the whole day

Jump in my boat, I'm heading out to the flats I've got my fly rod in hand, wading through the cool sea grass

I've got not luck, spottin' tail and reds I've got no damn luck, getting you out of my head

I've been walking Matagorda Bay, thinking about you the whole day

Hot Texas sand under my feet and the waves of the gulf crush the beach

Well the sun is glaring and the people are staring and the seagulls are singing along
And I don't know when I'm gonna see you, but I know I'm waiting way too long
I've been walking Matagorda Bay, thinking about you the whole day

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