

## Minus

### "This Ain't A Surfin Movie"

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When i turned the page  
The coner bent into a perfect dog ear  
As if the words knew i'd need them again  
But at that time i couldn't see it

I would read that page every day  
For the next year

She sang a short tune  
Da, da da da da da  
I came from her soft touch  
And slept

We sat on a shoreline  
Watching wind scalp the white off the waves  
Sitting on a shorline  
And if i could do it  
I'd dog ear this page

We spoke about growning old  
And filling the future's empty stage

She sang a short tune  
Da, da da da da da  
I came from her soft touch  
And slept

When i turn the page  
The corner bent into a perfect dog ear  
As if the words knew i'd need them again

I hope the weather holds  
But you don't need the sun to make you shine  
These island towns don't care for city folk  
But i think we can starve the city from our minds.

I know we won't want for much  
It's just you and me and a bed and a shoreline

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