

Ronnie Day "Half Moon Bay"

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Get the move on, Iâ€™ll pack a lunch.
Tell my mom that we can fit a bunch
more in her car.
See if sheâ€™s cool using my car.

I can drive so fast
I turn hands into airplane wings,
oh the things that lifeâ€™s made of--
they seem so made up.

Everything seems better by the seaside,
with the sand and sun in your eyes
youâ€™re blinded dumb.
And the fire hits the water
and the sky turns red
and it doesnâ€™t matter what was said
when days are done.
Well, letâ€™s have some fun.

Iâ€™ve been thinking about the day,
but youâ€™ve been
chasing the thoughts away.
Well not together
all of those thoughts will stay
out on a beach in the half moon bay.

The old familiar 84,
it still drives like it did before,
when weâ€™d come out here in the summer--
when weâ€™d come back through with a sunburn
and Iâ€™d kiss you while Scott took the wheel
because I knew just how itâ€™d make you feel.
Our wonder years ring like thunder
across other years. Itâ€™s no wonder
that
everything seems better by the seaside on a beach in
the Half Moon Bay

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