

## Steve Forde "Sunburn"

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I met her at the bare foot bar where the back deck  
meets the sand, I was working on my third beer, she  
was working on her tan  
She had time off from college a beach house on her  
daddy's dine  
I was fresh in from the country wile and green as it cuts  
too fine  
The minute she walked up and asked my name  
I knew I'd never be the same

I still think of her  
On days like this  
Our first kiss that last touch dancing on the beach  
All those memories, are so bitter sweet  
Makes me smile to think how much I love her  
And it hurts just like the first sunburn of summer

I haven't been back here in years, this place sure has  
changed that old bar got blown away in last years  
hurricane there's a  
High rise hotel going up where her beach house used  
to be  
But when I breathe in that ocean air, I can feel her next  
to me  
I guess part of me just never let her go  
But for what it's worth I'd love to let her know

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