

Thomas Brun "Long Beach"

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Longbeach

Just a bit late at the end of Summer
You feel like you need a push
You call up some friends let's make things better
Lalalala Lalala Lalala

Well we started out in Nashville, Indiana
Where the doc recommenced neither milk nor honey
We started up a band try to make some money
Lalalala Lalala Lalala

Long beach, the sea and the sand
Be taking you by the hand
Long Beach, nothing else to dream
If I'd a'made it there I'd be living like a king

So we ended up in Colorado
With nothing to eat but Burritos
The breaks of our car were singing songs
Just a lonesome melody on the run

CHORUS

We were young
We were lost
We were gone and we were heading the wrong way

Then we tried to tape that song
With a cheap 4-track and a nice sing a long
But our axes were broken and so was my voice
We were going nowhere and we had to make a choice

CHORUS

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