

Minus The Bear

"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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