

## Kevin Cochran "Southport Street"

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3:34, this late night blending into morn,  
This empty bed, not cozy anymore  
I had this dream, we were breaking and taking some  
time  
It didn't seem right, to leave my partner in  
this crime  
My eyes are heavy, I am all worn out of grief  
There's just room for you, at least that is  
my belief

Baby love, let's go take a drive down on  
Southport street,  
Find some perfect place, we'll find some  
perfect place  
Baby love, we should get drunk on the North Ave  
Beach,  
It's not my fault, I miss you  
Such a shame, shame that our time now had to come to  
this,  
Know I never wanted to, but I got to let you  
Go find your place, and find me when your search the  
through  
We'll tear these pages out, and go begin a  
new

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Southport street,  
Find some perfect place, we'll find some  
perfect place  
Baby love, we should get drunk on the North Ave  
Beach,  
It's not my fault, I miss you

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