

Lynne Rockie "Holding Back The Ocean"

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I packed up my truck an' everything I owned:
I said my goodbye's and threw away my 'phone,
I didn't know where I was goin', so I just drove.
South of Miami, down through the Keys,
Road fin'lly ended when I hit the sea.
Sent a postcard home sayin': "Don't y'all worry 'bout
me."

I'm just holding back the ocean,
Makin' sure the breeze keeps blowin'.
Watchin' over the stars at night,
Till the sun shines bright in the morning.
I ain't worried 'bout a damn thing,
Keep your gold watches and your brass rings.
I'm tired of goin' through the motions:
I'm just holding back the ocean.

String bikinis an' long blonde hair,
An' you can taste the salt in the air.
People laughin' and actin' like they don't have a prayer.
It's twenty-four seven at my new occupation.
Don't even earn a dime but I wouldn't trade it:
I'm workin' overtime on this permanent vacation.

I'm just holding back the ocean,
Makin' sure the breeze keeps blowin'.
Watchin' over the stars at night,
Till the sun shines bright in the morning.
I ain't worried 'bout a damn thing,
Keep your gold watches and your brass rings.
I'm tired of goin' through the motions:
I'm just holding back the ocean.

It's up to you what you do with your life.
I'll be spendin' mine.

I'm just holding back the ocean,
Makin' sure the breeze keeps blowin'.
Watchin' over the stars at night,
Till the sun shines bright in the morning.
I ain't worried 'bout a damn thing,
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