

## **Patty Griffin "Florida"**

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A couple of young girls went  
Sailing down A1A  
Into the arms of Florida  
Sailing down a highway  
Singing their heads off  
Protected by the holy ghosts  
Flying in from the ocean  
Driving with their eyes closed

The night wants to kiss you deep  
And be on his way  
Pretend he don't know you the very next day  
Isn't it hard sometimes  
Isn't it lonely?  
How I still hang around here  
And there's nothing to hold me

You slide down into the seat  
From twelve hours on your feet  
And get the tide to wash you away  
For thousands and thousands of days  
And someone you never meet  
Signs a check you get every week  
You try and still can't forget  
All the strangers that you have met

The night never owed you nothing anyway  
Makes promises that he never intends to keep every  
day

Isn't it hard sometimes  
Isn't lonely?  
How I still hang around here  
And there's nothing to hold me

Every time, every year  
The travelers come and go  
You see them landing with their pale wings  
And flying back to the snow  
And the summer comes marching in  
With his heavy boots on  
Kicking along the blacktop

Sidewalks of A1A  
The young girls in their bare feet  
Cigarettes smoking  
Looking every which way  
Wishing and hoping

And you want the night just to let you sleep  
And be on his way  
Wrap you up in some cool sheets  
And have nothing to say

Isn't hard sometimes  
Isn't it lonely?  
How I still hang around here  
And there's nothing to hold me

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