

Blow, The "Watch the Water Roll Up"

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Dear Mom,
Here I am in San Diego
This is what it's like...

And you can watch the water roll up on the shore
See it switch and flow the other way
And you can spend the entire day
Sitting on the fence down by the water
Watching all the girls and boys

'Cause yeah, Rico's got the moves
From behind he's nobody's fool
But I wonder if he'd ever give the goods

That girl Rita's a locked up box
I used to know her, but then we got lost
She's made a home
Underneath the pounding of the waves
That's where she stays

And Felicia
She's always there
She's got the sun
It's in her hair
Seen her with a picnic lunch
And I know she'd share
But I never had the time
I've got to hold another place in line
Like to think one day, I'll have the time

And Marty's selling hot-dogs
Yeah, Marty's got the fries
He's always making eyes
But just exactly what's he selling
With all the stories he is telling?

He says,
Everybody's so important
And he's a rock n'roll star

And Annabelle she wants it

Yeah, Annabelle is going for it
But why are her hands empty
When in her backpack she's got plenty?
Well, she's afraid to get too large
She's on a steady diet of exhaustion

But I...
I've seen you
And I see your shape as you walk away

And Arturo walks the air
I've seen him kill with his frozen stare
But I know he's in there

And Felicia
She's always there
She's got the sun
It's in her hair
Seen her with a picnic lunch
And I know she'd share
But I never have the time
I got to hold another place in line
Like to think someday
I'll have the time
Like to think someday
I'll make the time

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