

Classic Crime, The

"The Beginning"

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I left my heart in a plastic box
On the bedside table
It will be locked 'til I get home
I've grown feeble and tired of the world
Tired of constantly missing my girl
And I long to smell the sea
And I long to smell the sea
The sea
The sea
The sea
The sea
The sea, yeah
I miss the Pacific Ocean and the northwestern air
And run each of my fingers
Through the strands of her hair
I've been all over this country lately
But I've been nowhere it seems, nowhere
Well, I've found the cure for my landlocked blues
It's coming home to you
It's coming home to you
You, oh, you, oh
You, oh, you, oh
If a simple seed gets just what it needs
Then a redwood tree can grow
Up to a hundred feet for the world to see
And endure the sleet and the snow
But if my whole life was wrapped and priced
I wonder what the tag would show
'Cause every time I'm close to the Holy Ghost
I always seem to let her go
I let her go
I let her go
I let her go
I let her go
I let her go
I let her go
I let her go
I let her go, go
I let her go
I let her go
I let her go

I let her go, go
I left my heart in a plastic box
On the bedside table
It will be locked 'til I get home

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