

Dans: Holding Back The Ocean
Artist: Lynne Rockie
Song: Holding Back The Ocean

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.

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Till the sun shines bright in the morning.
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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.

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