

If you insist on pictures of shorelines  
then i insist on pages of your lines meant for me,  
to be sent to me.

Remember watching the storms from the lifeguard stand.  
Remember feeling the tingling in my fingertips  
when I touched your lips.

And I recall how you sat on the same side of me,  
it always seemed that you'd always be on my side.  
You're my best side.

And it's early June, so the sand's still dry,  
and you have got the boldest eyes,  
and I can't help but think it's right,  
that inside you it's me I'll find.  
And I'm still waiting.

And it's early June, so the sand's still dry,  
and the storm off shore is not far behind.  
And I'm still waiting.

And sometimes you don't say a thing for a long while.  
And the ships off shore hold stories that we'd make.  
And sometimes we are held at bay by these miles.  
But less of you is more than I can take.

And the moments that we've shared could last a lifetime.  
And the faith I have in us will keep you near.  
And several of these miles placed in between us  
mean several of these words being sent by mail.  
I hope this letter finds you well.