

You say the weather in Atlanta  
Is Foggy and Gray  
Your work gets harder everyday  
And your new boyfriend is holding on too tight  
I got a gig at the beach  
A room with a view  
The only thing missin' here is you  
Some fresh ocean breeze might ease your mind

Chorus

We could walk barefoot through the warm wet sand  
Take a second look at what we had  
I been thinkin' a lot since I been here  
Past the neon lights and the L.A. Haze  
I'm a different man these days  
So come on out, The Coast is Clear

I got a picture in my wallet from back in 91  
That week we spent in the Santa Belle Sun  
Ridin the wave of our love, those were good times  
But somewhere I got lost and let you down  
Young and naive I didn't know what I'd found  
But I do now and there ain't a cloud in my mind

Repeat Chorus