

Saltwater Heart

Switchfoot

Talking with myself in a land-locked parking lot
Cough drop tipping from my mouth like a love shot
My writer's block ink, oh oh oh Sick of all the small talk, tripping non-stop
From the open-mouthed graves of the faux-hawk
Cinderblock mall, my blood clot pen, oh oh oh
Oh maybe I could break clean Yeah, maybe I could break clean
When I'm on your shore again
I can feel the ocean
I can feel your open arms
That pure emotion
I'm finally free again
Like my own explosion
When I'm on your shore again
I can feel the ocean
Saltwater running through my veins like a blind spot
Like I got caught, saltwater like your teardrop With this saltwater heart, oh way oh
Now it's an abstract thought, but I've been thinking non-stop
'Bout the fact that my body's made most out of raindrops
With this saltwater heart oh oh oh Oh maybe I could wash clean
Yeah maybe I could believe
When I'm on your shore again
I can feel the ocean
I can feel your open arms
That pure emotion I'm finally free again
Like my own explosion
When I'm on your shore again
I can feel the ocean
Woah-oh-oh (repeats)
Oh maybe I could wash clean
Yeah maybe I could wash clean
All my land-locked dreams
And maybe I could believe When I'm on your shore again
I can feel the ocean
I can feel your open arms
That pure emotion
I'm finally free again
Like my own explosion
When I'm on your shore again
I can feel the ocean
Woah-oh-oh (repeats)
I can feel the ocean

Woah-oh-oh (repeats)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>