

Diesel Boy, Endless Summer Days

It was a sunny summer day of sophomore year
Derek, Marc, and I on highway 55
Surfboards on the rack, ate breakfast on the way
Its days like these that make me glad to be alive
Surfs a crashing, bronze bodies on the sand
This must be heaven where the water meets the land
I love these California ways
I miss those endless summer days
We grabbed our boards and forgot the waves to get outside
The ocean is so powerful, so crystal blue and white
We felt so safe there like the pearl inside the shell
Its days like these that make the stories I love to tell
We watched the tide recede, the sun began to fade
The lifeguards left their stand, another perfect day