

# Jimmy Buffett, Coast Of Carolina

Little roadside restaurant we artfully complain  
Groovy tells the waitress that his chicken died in vain  
Most every day goes by according to design  
I live this dream and still it seems I have you on my mind

[Chorus:]

From the bottom of my heart  
Off the coast of Carolina  
After one or two false starts  
I believe we found our stride  
And the walls that won't come down  
We can decorate or climb  
Or find some way to get around  
Cause I'm still on your side  
From the bottom of my heart.

I can't see the future  
But I know it's coming fast  
It's not that hard to wind up knee-deep in the past  
There come alot of Mondays  
Since that phone booth that first night  
Tears and miles and years and smiles  
I wanna get it right.

[Chorus]

[Music Bridge]

These days I get up about the time I used to go to bed  
Living large was once the deal  
Now I watch the stars instead  
They're timeless and predictable  
Unlike most things that I do  
I tell the wind and my old friend  
I'm headed home to you.

[Chorus]