

OCEAN GIRL

By Bobby Brennan

The fisherman casts his nets to the ocean.
I watch the sun set from a cafe by the pier.
With castanets, her body sways to the motion of imaginary music only she can hear.

She loves the feel of sand between her toes.
She listens to the waves like she's listening to a radio.
Can't remember the last time she put on a pair of shoes.
Gonna let the sea-breeze blow away all of her blues.

My, my, my, my little ocean girl.

She's living in her little ocean world.

She paints her lips the same color as her fingertips.
She dances in the sun, says why walk when you can run.
She reminds me of the days before it came to this.
The innocence of love, the timing of a kiss.

She talks in circles and seldom makes sense.
Says a love lost is better than a friendship misspent.
Never worries about what tomorrow may bring.
She once had a lover, she still wears his ring.

My, my, my, my little ocean girl.
She's living in her own little world.
She's living in her little ocean world.
She walks the edge, where the ocean greets the land.
My, my, my, my little ocean girl.

My, my, my, my little ocean girl.
She walks the edge where the ocean greets the land.
She's living in her little ocean world.
She's the rhythm of the waves kissing the sand.

We've never had the pleasure of a formal introduction.
Still, she nods and she smiles, whenever she passes my way.
If I were twenty years younger,
I'd be thinkin' 'bout some kind of seduction.
Sometimes, imagination speaks louder than the words we say.
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My, my, my, my little ocean girl.
She's living in her own little world.
She's living in her little ocean world.
She walks the edge, where the ocean greets the land.
My, my, my, my, my ocean girl.

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*She's the rhythm of the waves, kissing the sand.
She's living in her little ocean world.*

My, my, my, my, my ocean girl.

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