

St. Augustine At Night

Dawes

The cherry gum would cover up the cigarettes we smoked
The 7-Up would balance out the beer
Mom would make us dinner, and we'd all try not to choke
Dad was working later every year

We'd count the trucks on Highway 1 on their way to Jacksonville
Wonderin' where they headed on from there
My brothers and my sister all stood spiritually still
As if those roads became the answer to their prayers

But I didn't want it any other way
This town was the one thing that felt right
All these tourists could be kings during the day
But not in St. Augustine at night

I was working at the bait shack, supplying all the fishing tours
Pretty soon I was chartering a boat
My dad said I needed dumb luck and a secret stash of Coors
If I stood a chance at keeping things afloat

That's when my girlfriend told me, "There's a baby on the way
And I need to know you're gonna go to bat."
Well, I never put off 'til tomorrow the things I should've done today
No, I've always waited way longer than that

I have never had much say in how I felt
I've been guided by my barroom appetites
So if this world belongs to everybody else
Just leave me St. Augustine at night

The Lord must really love us common folk
'Cause he made so goddamn much
Now, if he'd just point the way to go
If he could just start speaking up

Our oldest brother left this world for leading one too many lives
I guess he settled for none at all
The rest of us just grew apart and blamed our husbands and our wives
When anyone was asked why they don't call

Life became a series of birthdays, cars, and pets
Just anything to look forward to
I don't talk about mistakes. I don't talk about regrets
At this point, I'm not sure what good it would do

And I'm not asking for anybody's help
As I gaze out where the stars dance with the lights
If I'm not sure how I feel about myself
I still got St. Augustine at night
Oh, I still got St. Augustine at night