

Hazards Of Sitting Beneath Palm Trees

Hayden

With your summer hat and smile
You came here to leave there
And as the sun stained your legs and your arms
The men arrive with their one-track minds
You like that they're there when they ask you the time
They say what they do, and they'll do what you say
And they'll tell you some lies if you let them . . . stay

And you laugh, but not too hard
And you look, but not too far
Your eyes drift across the beach
And just before you reach me, he speaks
His face is red, and he's talking to breeze
You get up to leave as the sun hits the trees
And you jump in the water with him at . . . your feet

And I laugh, but not too hard
And I look, but not too far