

Miami Beach

Michael Johnson

Back in '37, when she first walked down that street
She was such a knockout, she could make your heartbeat skip
Hiding from the winter, living in a pink hotel
In Miami Beach, in Miami Beach

So she lived a long life underneath a pastel sky
She let the ocean bathe her and the trade winds blow her dry
The sun shone on her beauty till it faded clear away
In Miami Beach, in Miami Beach

Now she sits all day in front of her hotel
As if waiting for somebody to arrive
Yes and now the whole wide world has dwindled down
To a single wicker chair on Ocean Drive

Million dollar babies walk right by her everyday
They don't care to know her but if they should ask she'd say
I must be your future cause you surely are my past
In Miami Beach, in Miami Beach