

Beach Pockets

© Mark Jackson July 12 2008

Verse chords

F Dm F Dm Gsus4 G

F Dm F Dm Gsus4 G Gm Gsus2

Chorus chords

Bb C F x2

Bb C F A7

Bb C F

Verse 1

My heart

Was a fossil

Entombed on the abyssal plain

I was dark, with no seasons

Too afraid to ever love again

Verse 2

But in time

I float upwards

To feel the spit of the rain

Blow around, wake my senses

Cause you can feel no love, if you can feel no pain

This is my ideal girl to help me love again

Chorus

I want a surfing, singing, salsa-ing

Scientific sexy sweetheart

Who can cook and can clean

And loves everything marine

Can fill her beach pockets up with my heart

Verse 3

Became beached

On an island

Lonely, only succour the sea

By the palms, how I liked it

No-one to love, just little old me

Verse 4

Then return, like Macarthur

To my own little Corregidor

Came a girl, hot bikini

Scuba diving scientific torreador

Picked my heart up from my sullen sea floor

Chorus

I want a surfing, singing, salsaing

Scientific sexy sweetheart

Who can cook and can clean

And loves everything marine

Can fill her beach pockets up with my heart

Verse 5

Scientist

Turned me gently

I got emotional identity again

We swoon down, we fly upwards

She's the love of my life, she's my sun and my rain

Verse 6

And we live

In a bure

Ensnared in domestic bliss

But one thing

I should tell you

The kitchen's disaster, the bedroom's a mess

Her heart is the focus, so I must confess

Chorus

She's my...

Surfing, singing, salsa-ing

Scientific sexy sweetheart

She can't cook, she can't clean, but she loves everything marine

Her beach pockets filled with my heart

Outro

(Amongst the seaweed and shells, my heart is ringing bells)

I love her bivalve and yes, I cannot tell you the rest

But her beach pockets filled with my heart

Count the days, surf the waves, we love in all ways

In her beach pockets filled with my heart

Only dissected on a pillow

Picked up on the beach by the scruff of my neck
Examined and cast aside
So many times, so many times

They say I'm deformed
Not worth of a study
Say I am fossilised

Sciencegirl plucked me
Both pelagic and abyss-mal
Tumbled me in lapidary
Sampled my sample
We skiied near Maindample
Thrust me in acid
Tasted me for alkalinity – I like this line.....

I could feel no pain

I transcended

She's my
Surfing, singing, salsaing
Scientific Sex sweetheart
She's all I imagined a woman should ever be.

I wormed my way into her bivalve

float along, with the jetsam till I floated to a beach
to begin again

She can't cook, she can't clean, she ain't no prim
and proper queen,
but she has all that I need

Surfing, singing, salsaing
Scientific Sex sweetheart

a rock can float when he feels warm again

A diver, equally demented
Descended to the depths of my world
And plucked my existence
Back into the spirit of a boy meets a girl

I met her on the Achille Lauro
The research ship built for tomorrow
Quest for global warming aversion
It doesn't stand a hope in hell

But well
She kept me in sick bay
For a month of ocean lovesick spell

The limpet test conducted
The results finely deducted
Searching for girls ,
Finding oysters and pearls
Never discussed at a conference

This woman of my dreams
A dolphin, with lungs built for an expressive
stream
Of human existence.

Sex surf and a sitar
You and me girl we can go very far
Up and down the coast
Just wasting water, fuel and days

We can just go and fucking laze

Love comes quickly
Snatched from the bottom of the sea

Heart it was empty

the abyss, it was empty

filled to the top from a foreign cup of tea

JUNK

lightened by the warmth of the sun again
I thawed out some (I healed gently)
Floated up to the sea's surface again

blown by the whim of the sea

I raise upwards, searching for light on the surface
of the sea?
A rock can float if it can transcend the pain