

## Roll With The Punches

Bag of Toys

Well I'm a poor man/I feel no pain  
Struggled half of my life a going against the grain  
But I think I guess I only get a one shot at this  
I'm gonna diiig every single second I've got, I've got to live  
Another second/another went by  
I killed another second, minute, hour, waisting my life  
I'm gonna spend my waking hours doing something with myself  
playing with the cards from the deck I'm dealt

gotta roll with the punches/run down the highway  
Gonna turn all the pages/Gonna do it my way

I got the surfboard/got the full tank of gas  
I'm gonna say goodbye to everyone as I pass  
There gonna wonder where I'm going and when I'll be back  
As they waist away their lives working for the man

I'll get some shit job/when I need some cash  
I can always strum my guitar when I need a stash  
I'm gonna check out what we've got on the far west coast  
california's great but so is mex-i-co

Ocean Beach, Point Reyes, Waddel Creek, Steamer Lane  
Fort Point, Cardiff Reef, Ocean Side, Pacific Beach  
Morro Bay, Manhattan Beach, Rockaway, La Jolla Reefs  
Todos Santos, Rosarito, Ensenada, Down to Cabo....  
Yeah, You might find me there...

I won't pay taxes/I'll pay no rent  
I'll never vote again, so fuck the government  
well, I'll get myself some piece of shit micro bus  
I'm gonna live off the coast, the most of both of us

I won't need TV/Or Girlfriend  
I've got a big ol' stack of porn-o that would scare my friends  
I think I'll sleep in every morning and I'll surf all day  
Maybe strum my guitar, I think I'll live that way