

Surf Song

Bag of Toys

Cruising to the beach in my piece of shit
Got my surfboard jammed in and it barely fits
The sun pouring down and it floods the dash
Hula girls sways as I find my stash

Thumping hands tap to the beat of the street
The back sweating hard sticking to the seat
Got the Sublime pumping on the stereo
But my heads still thumping from the night before

But that's Okay, That's okay another day on it's way

Well the window's rolled down and the peddle to the floor
But the fog bank looms just a mile off of shore
It's only 10 am and the beach is packed
The girllies in thongs got my mind all sacked

Well the new swell is here and it's starting to show
Got the offshore winds and they're ready to blow
Pull out the board, wax up the stick
The duct-taped dings seem to do the trick

But that's Okay, That's okay another day on it's way
It's a beautiful day (yeah)
It's a beautiful day

Paddle out and dish it up, pull it back again
Rip it up and pull it up, feel like a friend
Find another day,
Complain another day,
Cuz everything melts away in a wave
Until you pour it out and pull it up, give it what you've got
Jack it up and fill it up, take it to the next notch
Take it all the way it's a beautiful day
Take it all the way, Yeah,
It's a beautiful day (yeah)
It's a beautiful day
Na, na, bla, bla, bla...

Sprinting across the sand, burn off my feet
Hit the surf running and don't miss a beat
Take my place bobbing, out in the swell
Turn and spin and paddle like hell

Feel the wave grabbing and jump to my feet
A bottom carve turn like I've never seen
Six quick snaps and a floater inside
kick out the back, a nice fucking ride

But that's Okay, That's okay another day on it's way
It's a beautiful day (yeah)
It's a beautiful day