

Surf's Up

Brian Wilson

A diamond necklace played the pawn.
Hand in hand, some drummed along
To a handsome mannered baton.

A blind class aristocracy.
Back through the opera glass you see
The pit and the pendulum drawn.

Columnated ruins domino!
Canvas the town and brush the back-drop.
Are you sleeping?

Hung velvet over taking me.
Dim chandelier awaken me.
To a song dissolved in the dawn.

The music hall, a costly bow.
The must all is lost for now,
To a muted trumpeter swan.

Columnated ruins domino!

Canvas the town and brush the back-drop.
Are you sleeping? Brother John?

Dove nested towers,
The hour was strike the street, quicksilver moon.

Carriage across the fog-two-step to
Lampight cellar tune.

The laughs come hard
In Auld Lang Syne.

The glass was raised, the fired-roast.
The fullness of the wine.
A dim last toasting.
While at Port, adieu or die.

A choke of grief, heart-hardened eye,
Beyond belief, a broken man too tough to cry.

Surf's Up! Aboard a tidal wave.
Come about hard and join the young
And often spring you gave.

I heard the word.
Wonderful thing!
A children's song.
A children's song, have you listened as they play?
Their song is love and the children know the way.