

Surf Combat

Naked Raygun

Staring at the lifeguards
Hear mommy scream
I ain't got no morals
It's a bloody way out dream
The noon-day sun makes you want to kill

Mining all beaches
Flying hands and feet
Poison in your Thermos
Is no fun but discreet
Muscle Beach is now Pork Chop Hill

Barbecuring babies
Shish-kabob bikinis
Napalm makes you vomit
As it sizzles off your weenie
Surf combat