

## 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 girlies 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