

Be My Beach

Funkadelic

{Bootsy}:

Hello beach, I suppose you know this is those crazios calling,
uh, long distance baby.

I'd just like to be your bridge over troubled waters mama
Dig...while I smoke on it.

Come Saturday night

When all the world is counting sheep I'll count the moments
'Till I have to leave your side

Come Saturday night

When all but the moon is fast asleep I'll watch the sun rise
And leap into your eyes

She's a lot of fun. She likes to come on much too strong

She's a lot of fun. Think that she's the only freak been born

As a matter of fact, she's not the only sand at the beach

Or to be exact, there's a whole lot of beaches

{Bootsy}:

Mama, be my beach

Ahhh...I'd just like to say, baby

Oh, I just feel so good just being able to talk to you for a while, uh

Maybe you remember the last time we was together

And how you rubbed me on my head, uh

Oh baby it felt so good...you make me wanna say oh baby!

Come 4th of July

When all the vultures wait in line I'll wait in limbo

To lay upon your bod

Come 4th of July

When all the vultures wait in line to cop their suntans

And lay upon your bod

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She's a lot of fun. Think that she's the only freak been born

As a matter of fact, she's not the only sand at the beach

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{Bootsy}:

Mama be my beach, beach

Uh...what's in the sand, uh beach?

Uh, maybe seashells of a clover...or something

And maybe a few octo-pupupupupusses-uh

Oh I'm walking over your board