

This song is dedicated to the sacred beaches of this great nation
Where fifty thousand naked men and women prime their bodies
With intensive care barrier cream and confront the liquid universe
So we're lying around upon hot sand
The health food of a nation's cream
Inside our wet skin and
Here comes the great sun-struck question
Hear it go twisting, twisting
Yeah one little sun-struck question
And it goes twisting, twisting
Oh yeah and yeah again
Well it's a real head song this one
Oh yeah yeah yeah
Well it's a real brain song this one
Now what is this sun-struck object
Inside your ice-cream eyes
Yeah one little sun-struck object and
We won't let it sweat, we won't let it cry
Let it sweat, let it cry
And with some old egg-heart trouble
I say give-me-gas
Give-me-gas
Hear my hard boiled egg-heart beat
We go twisting!