

Beach Song

The Dead Milkmen

Sand is hurting my tender feet
The air smells like rotting fish and solarcaine
I hate the people on the beach
With their towels and umbrellas, they're so insane

I don't want to be on the beach! No!
I don't want to be on the beach! No!
I don't want to be on the beach!
I don't want to be on the beach! No!

I hate my girlfriend, she-she-she
Lies on the beach like a barrier reef
Soaking up the stupid sun
While the radio is blasting fun, fun, fun

I don't want to be on the beach! No fun!
I don't want to be on the beach! No fun!
I don't want to be on the beach!
I don't want to be on the beach! No fun! No!
I don't want to be on the beach! No fun! No!

This is no way to spend a summer
I've got sand caked on my feet
I gave my ice cream to a shark
And now I've got nothing to eat
No fun!

I don't want to be on the beach! No fun!
I don't want to be on the beach! No fun! No!
I don't want to be on the beach!
I don't want to be on the beach! No fun.