

# Dead Kennedys, Moon Over Marin

The crowded future stings my eyes  
I still find time to exercise  
In uniform with two white stripes

Unlock my section of the sand  
It's fenced off to the water's edge  
I clamp a gasmask on my head

Chorus  
On my beach at night  
Bathe in my moonlight

Another tanker's hit the rocks  
Abandoned to spill out its guts  
The sand is laced with sticky glops

O' Shimmering moonlight sheen upon  
The waves and water clogged with oil  
White gases steam up from the soil

Chorus

I squash dead fish between my toes  
Try not to step on any bones  
I turn around and I go home

I slip back through my basement door  
Switch off all that I own below  
Dive in my scalding wooden tub

My own beach at night  
Electric Moonlight

There will always be a moon  
Over Marin