

# Dr. Dog, The Beach

There's a hole in the roof, and the rain's comin' down,  
The roads are all flooded, there's no way back to town,  
And this ship we came in on, has just run aground,  
You know fate has a funny way of comin' around

The memories we've buried, have now taken seed,  
When spring time comes they'll turn into weeds,  
And they'll creep through your window to smother your dreams,  
you know fate has a funny way of comin' around

Oh they'll carve our names like scripture,  
To the souls of their feet,  
Every footprint that they take,  
It will tell of our deed,

Drowning lies, oh they're following me,  
Till the flow tide comes, to swallow,  
the beach,

This bottle of bourbon's now dry as a bone,  
It drank us all up and then it left us alone,  
Well we sense whats to come, but we can't choke it down,  
you know fate has a funny way of coming around