

# NOFX, August 8th

Birds sing, theres not a cloud in the sky, august 8th is a beautiful day,  
I see, a bunch of hippies crying, yeah august 8th is a beautiful day.

Like waking up from a real bad dream, suddenly everything is ok,  
The storm has passed, the sun is shining, yeah august 8th is a beautiful day.  
What's going on? What's going on? Is something bummin your scene?  
There's something wrong, there's something wrong, im not trying to be mean.

The air is sweet, the summer flowers blooming, nowhere in sight is there anything grey,  
Feelings of joy, are filling the street, yeah august 8th is a beautiful day.

Like waking up from a fucked up dream, suddenly everything's looking good,  
There's been no permanent damage done, yeah august 8th came right when it should.  
What's going on? What's going on? Is something bummin your scene?  
There's something wrong, there's something wrong, im not trying to be mean.

Poor Jeff, poor little Timmy Turtle, staying home on such a beautiful day.