

The Blood Brothers, Vital beach

i've fallen face first into a painting of hallucinogenic sunset.

vital beach, vital beach, vital beach yeah

vital beach, vital beach.

i'm the boy on the beach with the guitar,

all the shark's beretta's: click-click, click-click, click-click, click.

we're the band on the stage at the wedding by the sea with frozen tidal waves.

alright, she's a concubine turned trophy wife, he's a high profile CEO.

all the seagulls mutter, "what'cha doing with your life?"

and vomit laugh tracks on your lead solos.

brittle, brittle moon!

we're grieving for you.

brittle, brittle moon held together with glue.

and we sing, "everybody's waiting for you to drop!"

then we fall face first into another painting...

i've fallen face first into a painting of hallucinogenic seascape.

vital beach, vital beach, vital beach yeah

vital beach, vital beach.

i'm the boy in the sharkskin tuxedo.

all my fans are screaming, "yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah!!"

my agent said i should chew off my own face.

i have no taste and anything could help.

sing it again, "three cheers for opportunity!"

this is the year of speedboats, summer homes.

still the seagulls mutter, "what'cha doing with your life?"

and vomit laugh tracks on your career goals.