

Adam Green, Broadcast Beach

Let me take you down to broadcast beach
Where the cigarettes are nice and cheap, oh yeah
I want to hear you say it (saay it)
Always wanted them to do it, oh yeah (oh yeah)

Of the age before the rhinestone bands
There was a strangulation fallen on these cold hands
They sold the kids to science (science)
Baby, cancel my complience, oh yes (oh yes)

Broadcast beach is the place to meet
Any old time you want a little sun
The moon don't flop, the phases don't cop
-unknown-

Hepititus caught me off my guard
Like Adam Vegas with my ragtop Diner's Club card
I'll follow you forever (forever)
Baby, casually surrender, oh yes (oh yes)

Movie fantasies ignite our love
With ellocutions of a broadcast funeral sludge
We're turning into liars (liars)
Only fading our desires, oh yes (oh yes)

Broadcast beach is the place to meet
The wait is over-staffed and the stock is under-sold.
The moon don't flop, the phases don't cop
-unknown-

Woah x 2 (Boardcast beach, -cast beach x 3)