

Da Vinci's Notebook, Seaside Lament (Sand)

Uno, dos, tres, quatro, cinco, cinco, seis

Baby always wanted to spend the day at the beach
But I'd be just as happy if the seaside were well out of reach
Sure, I like the sun and the little beach town
And I'm a good enough swimmer that I'll never drown
And I always come back with a tan but wearin' a frown

But I don't like sand
(It's dirty and gritty
It's litter for kitty
I just can't escape it
I don't wanna shape it)
Sand (And worst of all it gets) down my pants

But I don't like sand
(Hop in the shower
Scrub for an hour)
Sand down my pants

My baby complained that we never went to the shore
She finally convinced me to go, but I won't anymore
I stayed in the car and watched a portable T.V.
But my baby got mad and ran on down to the sea
She came back with a bucket and a shovel and she came after me
(Yeah, me!)

And she put sand
(Back from the surf route
To pester my swimsuit
A million pit vipers
In my ocean diapers)
Sand (My baby she put sand) down my pants

My baby put sand
(You know in my pants are
A portable sand bar)
Sand down my pants.

Ooh, it's gritty in Surf City
I just can't shake it until I'm naked
You know it makes my Speedo's crunch like Doritos
I got shifting dunes in my Fruit of the Looms

My baby put sand
(Hop in the shower
Scrub for an hour)
Sand down my

Little Surfer Girl went and found someone new
The lesson is learned; don't let it happen to you
But when I get lonely for her, there's something I do
(it's true!)

I just put sand
(?? kissed her
Whenever I miss her
The sand is my friend now
All's well in the end now)
Sand (A treasure chest of sand) down my pants

I just put sand
((Big heaping handfuls
Remember it's granules)

Sand down my pants