

Faces, On The Beach

On the Beach

(Ronnie Lane, Ron Wood)

I don't care who's watching
Don't mind what the surfing heads might say
Although I may not be no Charlie Atlas
I'm gonna take my shirt off anyway
Now skin and bones sinks easy on the high tide
And I'm not one for castles in the sand
I've seen a girl I once knew from the East Side
I think I spy a bottle in her hand
I think I spy a bottle in her hand
I don't need to know your birthday
A fortuneteller I don't claim to be
There's a place I know of called the Tip Top
Won't you come and take a walk with me
Won't you come and take a walk with me
Didn't take too much hard work to get her
Melted like a chocolate in my arms
If (?) had ever seen it better
It never did the scenery no harm
Never did the scenery no harm.