Seanchai, Do It Again

do it again, take me back in the day to that land of milk and honey, californi-ay. wheels doin' spins down a tree-lined boulevard hot rods and bronze gods and no-one actin' hard friday nights on the box, everybody had it made there was the bradys, pete wilson, and ruben kincaid and when the winter winds blew cold and bit up at my face i'd reach out for brian wilson to take me to a better place sweet chords and surf boards palm trees and calm seas a blonde in just a suntan layin' in the white sand i quickly get the notion, lend a hand with her lotion but just like the ocean, she's gone but that's alright, on a snowy sunday night that's the best trip i ever been on...

it's automatic when i talk to old friends the conversation turns to girls we knew and their hair was soft and long and the beach was the place to go their suntanned bodies and the waves of sunshine the california girls and the beautiful coastline with warmed-up weather let's get together and do it again...

and with a girl the lonely sea looks gold in moon light makes your night times warm and outta sight...

well i been thinkin' bout all the places we surfed and danced and all the faces we missed so let's get back together and do it again...