The Beach Boys, Medley: I Get Around/Little Deu

Round round get around
I get around, yes
(*Laughter* *Clap*)
Get around round round, I get around
I get a--
Get around round round, I get around
From town to town
Get around round round, I get around
(Woo!)
I'm a real cool head
Get around round round, I get around
I'm making real good bread
Get around round round, I get a square
(Ow!)
I'm getting awfully mad driving down the street
(Ow!)
I just don't want to be bugged sitting next to my sweets
(*Laughter*)
Bom bom bom ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta
The other guys are pretty tough
So those other gats over there better not get tough
I get around
Get around round round, I get around
From town to town
Get around round round, I get around
I'm a real cool head
(Fake it, come on, Mike! Artistry!)
I'm makin' real good bread
Get around round round, I get a square
I get around
Round
Get around, round round
(Rock out, Carl!)
(Anybody...)
(Come on, baby!)
([...])
We always take my car although it's a heap
And we never get turned down by the chicks we pick up on
Not much...
None of the guys go steady 'cos it wouldn't be Right Guard
To leave their best girls home on a Saturday night
I get around
Get around round round, I get around
From town to town
Get around round round, I get around
I'm a real cool head
Get around round round, I get around
I'm making real good bread
Get around round round, I get around
I get around round woo ooooo oooo ooo ooo ooo oooo
Round round get around, I get around
Square
Get around round round, I get a square
Get around round round, I get around
Get around round round, I get around
(Don't stop!)
Get around round round, I get around
Boop boop boop boop
Get around round round, I get around
I get around
(Oh yeah!)
(Oh, that was really bad.)
(Let's do "Little Deuce Coupe" while [...]. Real fast, obviously.)
(I've got it, Brian. Here, Bruce, do your famous [...].)

(Oh.)
(Bom bom.)
(Like this.)
(Hey, do the--)
(Oh--)
Well I'm not braggin', babe, so don't put me down
Well, I've got the cutest little piece in town
Well, I'm not braggin', babe, oh yeah
([...] Carl [...])
(We lost it.)
She's my little deuce coupe
(Hey, Carl.)
You don't know what I got
Talk to me, baby
Talk to me, baby
Well I'm not braggin', babe, so don't put me down
But I've got the fastest set of wheels in town
When something comes up to me he don't even try
'Cos if I had a set of wings, man, I know she could fly
Hey
My little deuce coupe
You don't know what I--
Little deuce coupe
Yeah
You don't know what I got
She's got a competition clutch with the four on the floor
And she purrs like a kitten (*laugh*) till the lake pipes roar
Ah, bom bom bom bom
And if that ain't enough to make you flip your lid
There's one more thing: I got the pink slip daddy
(*Laughter*)
Oh yeah
Da da dom da da dom ba da
(Oh, let's do "Luau"!)
(Talk to me, baby!)
She comes on like a rose, da da dap
(Do the stroll!)
She's my little deuce coupe
You don't know what I got
(*Laughter*)