

Roll With The Punches

Bag of Toys

Well I'm a poor man/I feel no pain
Struggled half of my life a going against the grain
But I think I guess I only get a one shot at this
I'm gonna diiiig every single second I've got, I've got to live
Another second/another went by
I killed another second, minute, hour, waisting my life
I'm gonna spend my waking hours doing something with myself
playing with the cards from the deck I'm dealt

gotta roll with the punches/run down the highway
Gonna turn all the pages/Gonna do it my way

I got the surfboard/got the full tank of gas
I'm gonna say goodbye to everyone as I pass
There gonna wonder where I'm going and when I'll be back
As they waist away their lives working for the man

I'll get some shit job/when I need some cash
I can always strum my guitar when I need a stash
I'm gonna check out what we've got on the far west coast
california's great but so is mex-i-co

Ocean Beach, Point Reyes, Waddel Creek, Steamer Lane
Fort Point, Cardiff Reef, Ocean Side, Pacific Beach
Morro Bay, Manhattan Beach, Rockaway, La Jolla Reefs
Todos Santos, Rosarito, Ensenada, Down to Cabo....
Yeah, You might find me there...

I won't pay taxes/I'll pay no rent
I'll never vote again, so fuck the government
well, I'll get myself some piece of shit micro bus
I'm gonna live off the coast, the most of both of us

I won't need TV/Or Girlfriend
I've got a big ol' stack of porn-o that would scare my friends
I think I'll sleep in every morning and I'll surf all day
Maybe strum my guitar, I think I'll live that way