

Surfin' New Jersey

Dog Slaughter Beach

Not a poet not even close
Surfin' New Jersey
The one I know isn't here
They look at me funny he-he-he

Get in with our suits zipped up
Bobbin' a while
I try but I don't catch much
Driving home on the turnpike

Shirtless in a silver sedan
Air rollin' in
Angry rock 'n' roll slips out
Into the Pine Barrens

Falling asleep in the sun
Bow to the green
Burnin' through the black of our shades
Makin' toast of our dreams
Bearing the image of Christ