

Cannibal Surf Babe

Marillion

Well, she tied me to the headboard with a surf leash
And her wet hair hugged her body like a long lost friend
And I really tried my best to get across to her
But nothing she would say could be defended

Well, her birthday suit, it was her only present
When I looked into her eyes, no history
And I told her eating people wasn't pleasant
But she laughed a snake eye laugh and walked away from me

And I watched her as she walked across the coals
I watched her as she walked across the coals
I watched her as she walked across the coals
I watched her as she walked across the coals

Singing, I was born in nineteen sixty weird
I'm your nightmare surfer babe
Mr. Wilson, where's your sandbox and your beard?
You still looking for the perfect microwave?

So I really try my best to get across to her
I said, "One day every pebble hits the beach"
And I kissed her face and held her like a long lost friend
She was too far out there to be reached
To be reached, she was too far out there

She was singing, I was born in nineteen sixty weird
I'm your nightmare surfer babe
Mr. Wilson, where's your sandbox and your beard?
You still looking for the perfect microwave?

And the sun came up over the mountain
And the waves rolled in across the bay
And the fabulous brightly colored birds
Flew up out of the forest

And she said, "Well, we're all heaven's
Beautiful children living together in paradise
Lie down my dear, you're going to enjoy this"

And she looked like she'd had sex
With a Tyrannosaurus Rex

I was born in nineteen sixty weird
I'm your nightmare surfer babe
Mr. Wilson, where's your sandbox and your beard?
You still looking for that perfect microwave?

I was born in nineteen sixty weird
And I'm your nightmare surfer babe, oh man
Mr. Wilson, where's your sandbox and your beard?
You still looking for that perfect microwave, perfect microwave?