

Surf Goddess

Screeching Weasel

It could have happened to anyone
But it happened to me
I fell in love with a west coast girl
An amazon in ripped jeans

Looking out at Lake Michigan
Wishing that I was there
She's hanging ten out in Hollywood
Two thousand miles away

There's no doubt
That you're just about
The prettiest girl that I've seen
You look so cool

Hanging by the pool
You're the only girl for me
Surf Goddess I'm in love with you
I can't make all of the clubs with you

I can't make all of your shows
I gotta scrape the ice off the van
I gotta shovel the snow
But if you stop by the Montrose beach

Next time you're in Illinois
I swear I wouldn't tell anyone
Just don't walk away from your boy