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Bag Of Toys "Roll With The Punches"

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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 diiig 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

playing with the cards from the deck I'm dealt

with myself

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

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