

Surf Punks "The Surfmen"

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Here come the surfmen
Pouring out of vans
Walking on the water
Seaweed in their hands

No one escapes them
Dropping in and out
Clogging up the sea lanes
That's what it's all about

Here come the surfmen

Bottle blondes, perfect bods
Our chix are hot, no doubt
Their straps they keep so tight - alright
So they won't fall out

Waxing up their big stix
To explore green room
Us boys be mooney macho
Sometimes fall down go boom

Here come the surfmen
The surfmen, ride like nobody can

January February
When there is no sun
Meet us at the tanning center
We have tons o' fun

Hanging ten off the lip
Sand between our toes
Even though we're not real brite
We strive to walk the nose

Here come the surfmen
The surfmen, ride like nobody can

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