

## **The Beach Boys**

# **"The Beach Boys Medley"**

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I, I love the colorful clothes she wears  
And the way the sunlight  
Plays upon her hair  
I hear the sound of a gentle word  
On the wind that lifts her  
Perfume through the air

I'm picking up good vibrations  
(Bop bop, good vibrations, bop bop)  
She's giving me the excitations  
(Excitations, bop bop)  
(Good, good, good, good vibrations)  
I'm picking up good vibrations  
She's giving me the excitations  
(Good, good, good, good vibrations)

Help me, Rhonda  
Help, help me, Rhonda  
Help me, Rhonda  
Help, help me, Rhonda  
Help me, Rhonda  
Help, help me, Rhonda  
Help me, Rhonda  
Help, help me, Rhonda  
Help me, Rhonda  
Help, help me, Rhonda  
Help me, Rhonda  
Help, help me, Rhonda  
Help me, Rhonda  
Help, help me, Rhonda  
Help me Rhonda, yeah  
Get her out of my heart

We always take my car  
Cause it's never been beat  
And we've never missed yet  
With the girls we meet

None of the guys go steady  
Cause it wouldn't be right  
To leave their best girl home  
Now on Saturday night

I get around

(Get around, round  
Round, I get around)  
From town to town  
(Get around, round  
Round, I get around)  
I'm a real cool head  
(Get around, round  
Round, I get around)  
I'm making real good bread  
(Get around, round  
Round, I get around)

I get around, round  
Woo woo woo...

Round, round, get around  
I get around  
Yeah, get around, round,  
Round, I get around

It happened on the strip  
Where the road is wide  
Two cool shorts standing side by side  
Yeah, my fuel injected Stingray  
And a four-thirteen  
Revvng up our engines  
And it sounds real mean

Tach it up, tach it up, tach it up  
Buddy, gonna shut you down

Come on (surfing) baby  
Wait and see (surfing safari)  
Yes, I'm gonna (surfing)  
Take you surfing  
(Surfing safari) with me  
Come along (surfing)  
Baby wait and see (surfing safari)  
Yes, I'm gonna (surfing)  
Take you surfing  
(Surfing safari) with me

Let's go surfing now  
Everybody's learning how  
Come on a safari with me

A Bar bar bar bar Barbar Ann  
Bar bar bar bar Barbar Ann  
Oh, Barbara Ann take my hand  
Barbara Ann  
You got me rocking and a rolling

Rocking and a reeling Barbara Ann  
Bar bar bar bar Barbar Ann

If everybody had an ocean across the USA  
Then everybody'd be surfin like California  
You'd see em wearing their baggies  
Huarachi sandals too  
A bushy bushy blonde hairdo  
Surfing USA

Well, she got her daddy's car  
And she cruised through  
The hamburger stand now  
Seems she forgot all about the library  
Like she told her old man now  
And with the radio blasting  
Goes cruising just as  
Fast as she can now

And she'll have fun, fun, fun  
Til her daddy takes the T-Bird away  
Fun, fun, fun, now that daddy  
Took the T-Bird away

Fun, fun now that  
Daddy took the T-Bird away  
Fun, fun now that  
Daddy took the T-Bird away...

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