

## Joel Plaskett "Lying On A Beach"

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Somebody introduced me  
To a member of the club  
I think that they confused me  
With some other rub-a-dub-a-dub  
Now, I work on the fifth floor  
And nothing is my fault  
I take advice like margueritas  
With a heavy grain of salt  
I always wake up in the night  
Wondering if I'm doing it right  
And if I had my way  
I'd be getting on this flight tonight  
And in the morning I'd be  
Lying on a beach in the sun  
Lying to my family and friends  
Telling them that I have begun  
Trying to find the means to an end  
Lying on a beach in the sun  
Lying just to cover my ass  
Lying in the sun on the beach  
Burning like the girls in the grass

I should be working on my manners  
But I'm working on my website  
All you star-spangled scanners  
Trying to photocopy moonlight  
Staring at the computer screen  
Feeling so alone and obscene  
Getting restless  
Getting randy  
Getting mean  
Lying on a beach in the sun  
Looking for a little romance  
The temperature's a hundred and one  
Everybody take off your pants  
Lying on a beach in the sun  
Trying to figure out what to do  
Lying in the sun on the beach  
I realized I did not have a clue

I'm full of hocus pocus  
And I'm slower than molasses

I'm coming in and out of focus  
Like a magic pair of glasses  
I go down to the staff room at lunchtime  
I'm like a joke but there's never a punch line  
And if you step on my toes I'll blow up just like a  
landmine  
Give me a reason I'll be  
Lying on a beach in the sun  
Nobody but my money and me  
Is this your definition of fun  
I'm bored it's only twenty past three (You  
should go for a swim)  
I'll still be clinging to the company line  
There's sharks out there I think I saw a fin  
Or maybe I'm just losing my mind

Somebody take a memo  
We're all on automatic  
When I get it back together  
We're gonna need a little static  
Somebody check my pulse  
Slap me in the face  
Show me what I'm made of  
Get me out of this place  
It's like a weird technological dream  
Watching buddies turn into machines  
We never get our hands dirty  
But paradise is never this clean  
Come on  
Lying on a beach in the sun  
Don't want to get burned to a crisp  
You want something to remember me by  
You can save it on a floppy disk  
So long  
Farewell  
You can kiss my ass goodbye  
If I don't jump ship right now  
I'll never figure out how to fly

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