

Los Capitanes

"Surfin'™ Act"

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Without feigning fickle knowledge
We don't go to music college
With a sound ska education and ska sound worth a
mention
We're the worm in your tequila
We're like Santa only real-er
With a big red sack, chock full cool tunes
People in our town, they know who we are:
Los cap ska
LOS CAP SKA!
Los cap ska
LOS CAP SKA!
So subliminal it's criminal
I wanna see the women all wave your hands in the air

Byron doesn't matter to me
Surf's up in the ACT
Bondi don't matter to me
Surf's up in the ACT

I've a hotter disposition than a Swedish sex position
And a 40-ounce to freedom but no pills cause we don't
need em
We're the cheeky little rascals
We deliver like ska parcels
When we rock (rock) this (this) house like the stones
People in our town, they know who we are:
Los cap ska
LOS CAP SKA!
Los cap ska
LOS CAP SKA!
So subliminal it's criminal
I wanna see the women all wave your hands in the air

Bells Beach doesn't matter to me
Surf's up in the ACT
Broulee doesn't matter to me
Surf's up in the ACT

When people come to see us
They just can't hide it
They're like Big Kev except twice as excited

We're 4th wave, but we're not tidal
We're Australian but we're not fucking idle
With a hotter brass section than a lingerie store
And a marketable look they call 'boy next door'
We're something you get high on
Like cupcakes from Byron
Ain't no shoulder to cry on
We're the white boys from Zion

Bronte don't mean nothing to me
Surf's up in the ACT
Coogee don't mean nothing to me
Surf's up in the ACT

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