

## Josh Martinez

### "Bermuda Shorts"

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chorus:

i never quit and i was never fired,  
i made it my goal to be officially retired.  
forget freedom 55 i am free at 23.  
divorced from the workforce i am i be.

long to the throngs that live along the east van  
and i plan to live a long life of vice, strife free.  
i'm always putting in work but i don't got a job,  
and i ain't looking, i ain't trying to be nobody's hooker  
just chilling in a rocker feeling lots of hot flashes  
the sum of my life, soul claps and cymbal crashes.  
i look a little young to be old fashioned and so dashing,  
forget the cigarette, post-sex i need more action  
i take naps and try to cash in on the system,  
it's not like leaching when it's supplying the teaching  
and when i uprock the girls flock and i take them to the  
sock hop  
where they all sit around and watch me rock the foxtrot.

nice to know you here to show you you can do it too.  
send a self addressed six pack care of you know who  
i've got to pull my pants up my belly button's showing  
lint is growing flowing blood is slowing down. bones  
are creaking.  
and i ain't got teeth and i can't speak my vowels.  
i take all these pills to take control of my bowels  
yo. you got some shit to say, i got shit in my pants.  
and i'm deaf anyway with advanced arthritis.  
and a big ol nose and wrinkles and gingivitis,  
and these kids yell shit all night just to spite us  
don't make an old man go and get his shoes on.  
then drool on a futon. put my teeth in get my booze on.  
i'm old and i stink but i do what i wanna,  
sitting in my rocking chair with bag of chips and  
marijuana.  
a mug of full whiskey as i watch the sun set,  
knowing life is for the living and i ain't done yet.

chorus

there's little i can do there's even less i wanna show  
i use vague cryptic statements when the weed starts to  
slow  
the brain and drain the need to socialize and stabilize  
and localize  
the vocals come from hopeful eyes their focal points  
the open skies.  
i've learned a whole lot in my days on this earth  
caught some rays and lazed off of lavish praise i never  
sought  
i pray to god i never let the world get the better of me  
from below it looks so lonely, from above it looks so  
lovely  
and i don't know what to call it, but i hate it, and can't  
control it.  
i can't explain it dude and you can't hold it.  
i've got issues in the fissure that i cover with a layer  
of reverb and echoes but i know it deserves better.  
see i'm a setter of trends that i follow like a flightpath  
i've met enough friends to know i need more guidance.  
and having seen violence still it sickens me to lick  
wounds  
and sit back and not fight still i hold back it's alright.

you want raw feeling and the seesaw of indecision,  
ask an artist why they think of yesterday's opus.  
everyone's a critic with acidic points of view,  
too scared to find love in the hateful things we do.  
see the news has me losing faith in today's youth,  
cause they still don't know how to rock shows and raise  
the roof.  
now i'm old and golden paid the dues i'd been  
withholding  
now i'll never work again cause that's just the life i've  
chosen.

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