

Fort Lean

"Beach Holiday"

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Caught a fish with my hands
And I put it on the grill
I'm goin back down to the beach
To find somethin else to kill

I grabbed fruit from the trees
And I put it in the sauce
I don't have to go to work
I said I'm fired to my boss

Drank til I was sick
I slept til I woke up
Had a glass of wine
Went outside to throw it up

Yelled at some kids
I took off all my clothes
They hit me in the face
The blood was pouring out my nose

What a beach holiday
What a beach holiday
What a beach holiday
What a beach holiday

Blood ran down my face
I caught it with my hands
I took a stick to mark the place
Dug a hole in the sand

Covered it back up
Just as soon as it got full
All the blood turned into eggs
And all the eggs turned into gold

What a perfect way

What a picture perfect way to spend
Every waking hour
Perfect, beach holiday.

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