

Rod Steward

"On The Beach"

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(wood, lane)I don?t care who is watchingDon?t mind
what the surfing heads might sayAnd though I may not
be no charlie atlasGonna take my shirt off anywayNow
skin and bones sits easy on the high tideAnd I?m not
one for castles in the sandI?ve seen a girl I once knew
from the east sideI think I spy a bottle in her handI think
I spy a bottle in her handI don?t need to know your
birthday?cause what you tell her I don?t claim to
beThere?s a place I know of called the tick tockWon?t
you come and take a walk with meWon?t you come and
take a walk with meDidn?t take too much hard work to
get herMelted like a chocolate in my armsIf ... had ever
seen it betterIt never did the scenery no harmNever did
the scenery no harm.

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