

## Beach Boys, The

### "Medley"

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Round round get around  
I get around, yes  
(\*Laughter\* \*Clap\*)  
Get around round round, I get around  
I get a--

Get around round round, I get around  
From town to town  
Get around round round, I get around  
(Woo!)  
I'm a real cool head  
Get around round round, I get around  
I'm making real good bread  
Get around round round, I get a square  
(Ow!)

I'm getting awfully mad driving down the street  
(Ow!)  
I just don't want to be bugged sitting next to my sweets  
(\*Laughter\*)  
Bom bom bom ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta

The other guys are pretty tough  
So those other gats over there better not get tough

I get around  
Get around round round, I get around  
From town to town  
Get around round round, I get around  
I'm a real cool head  
(Fake it, come on, Mike! Artistry!)  
I'm makin' real good bread  
Get around round round, I get a square  
I get around  
Round  
Get around, round round  
(Rock out, Carl!)

(Anybody...)  
(Come on, baby!)  
([...])

We always take my car although it's a heap  
And we never get turned down by the chicks we pick up  
on  
Not much...  
None of the guys go steady 'cos it wouldn't be Right  
Guard  
To leave their best girls home on a Saturday night

I get around  
Get around round round, I get around  
From town to town  
Get around round round, I get around  
I'm a real cool head  
Get around round round, I get around  
I'm making real good bread  
Get around round round, I get around  
I get around round woo ooooo oooo ooo ooo ooo oooo

Round round get around, I get around  
Square  
Get around round round, I get a square  
Get around round round, I get around  
Get around round round, I get around  
(Don't stop!)  
Get around round round, I get around  
Boop boop boop boop  
Get around round round, I get around  
I get around  
(Oh yeah!)

(Oh, that was really bad.)  
(Let's do "Little Deuce Coupe" while [...]. Real fast,  
obviously.)  
(I've got it, Brian. Here, Bruce, do your famous [...].)  
(Oh.)  
(Bom bom.)  
(Like this.)  
(Hey, do the--)  
(Oh--)

Well I'm not braggin', babe, so don't put me down  
Well, I've got the cutest little piece in town  
Well, I'm not braggin', babe, oh yeah

([...] Carl [...])  
(We lost it.)

She's my little deuce coupe  
(Hey, Carl.)  
You don't know what I got

Talk to me, baby  
Talk to me, baby

Well I'm not braggin', babe, so don't put me down  
But I've got the fastest set of wheels in town  
When something comes up to me he don't even try  
'Cos if I had a set of wings, man, I know she could fly

Hey  
My little deuce coupe  
You don't know what I--  
Little deuce coupe  
Yeah  
You don't know what I got

She's got a competition clutch with the four on the floor  
And she purrs like a kitten (\*laugh\*) till the lake pipes  
roar  
Ah, bom bom bom bom  
And if that ain't enough to make you flip your lid  
There's one more thing: I got the pink slip daddy  
(\*Laughter\*)  
Oh yeah  
Da da dom da da dom ba da  
(Oh, let's do "Luau"!)  
(Talk to me, baby!)

She comes on like a rose, da da dap  
(Do the stroll!)  
She's my little deuce coupe  
You don't know what I got

(\*Laughter\*)

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