

Seance

"Do It Again"

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do it again, take me back in the day
to that land of milk and honey, californi-ay.
wheels doin' spins down a tree-lined boulevard
hot rods and bronze gods and no-one actin' hard
friday nights on the box, everybody had it made
there was the bradys, pete wilson, and ruben kincaid
and when the winter winds blew cold and bit up at my
face
i'd reach out for brian wilson to take me to a better
place
sweet chords and surf boards
palm trees and calm seas
a blonde in just a suntan layin' in the white sand
i quickly get the notion, lend a hand with her lotion
but just like the ocean, she's gone
but that's alright, on a snowy sunday night
that's the best trip i ever been on...

it's automatic when i talk to old friends
the conversation turns to girls we knew
and their hair was soft and long
and the beach was the place to go
their suntanned bodies and the waves of sunshine
the california girls and the beautiful coastline
with warmed-up weather let's get together and
do it again...

and with a girl the lonely sea looks gold in moon light
makes your night times warm and outta sight...

well i been thinkin' bout all the places we
surfed and danced and all the faces we
missed so let's get back together and do it again...

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