

## Swingers The "Hit The Beach"

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Sixth of June, Nineteen Fourty-Four  
We're off the coast, we're off the shore  
Of Normandy!  
We're going to hit the beach  
Men and machines, and ships of war  
Hoping to blast their way through the door  
To liberty - Allied Victory  
la-la-lala la-da-genie, la-la-lala la-da-genie  
Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach!  
oh oh Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach!  
Men around me, men I know  
Got their stomachs in the throats  
But they don't let it show, no-no-no!  
I got my carbine, I got my bayonet, I got my hand  
grenades  
And my steel helmet  
And a picture of my girl, and a picture of my girl  
la-la-lala la-da-genie, la-la-lala la-da-genie  
Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach!  
oh oh Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach!  
And now we're going in, we wanna get blown away  
don't wanna die  
It's too late now, the ramp goes down  
No turning back, we're going in  
All around me I see death and destruction,  
and the sea is red with blood  
Pushing through the waves, through the blinding  
smoke  
God it's raining steel  
Soldier in front of me is terrified, he doesn't want to die  
I don't want to die!  
Three seconds later, shrapnel wipes off his face,  
and it goes floating by  
whoa-oh-oh, oh, oh Hit the Beach!  
oh-oh-oh, oh oh-o Hit the Beach!  
there are bodies and there are bullets  
but they're exploding into little bits  
god I mean it, oh god I mean it  
Hit the Beach!  
I Hit the Beach...

