

Kennedys Dead

"Moon Over Marin"

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The crowded future stings my eyes

I still find time to exercise

In uniform with two white stripes

Unlock my section of the sand

It's fenced off to the waters edge

I clamp a gasmask on my head

(chorus)

On my beach at night

Bathe in my moonlight

Another tanker's hit the rocks

Abandoned to spill out its guts

The sand is laced with sticky glops

O' Shimmering moonlight sheen upon

The waves and water clogged with oil

White gases steam up from the soil

(chorus)

I squish dead fish between my toes

Try not to step on any bones

I turn around and I go home

I slip back through my basement door

Switch off all that I own below

Dive in my scalding wooden tub

My own beach at night

Electric moonlight

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