Back to the Beach

Ken Battista

I threw a bag in my car today
With a new bathing suit and my favorite shades
The Sun is hot and I'm feeling good
Gonna take the New Jersey Turnpike to Wildwood
But now that wise ass GPS says you better turn around cause the traffic's a mess
I got to find me another way cause nothings gonna keep me from the beach today

Beer bellies from fishing trips
The boardwalk Pizza that I can't resist
Yeah there's something in the air, or maybe the sand
That makes you feel like a kid again
It's a life preserver, for this blue collar worker

Sailing on a Cat-a-ma-ran, it beats my 1985 Dodge Caravan
And I can keep working on my tan
With a sausage and pepper sandwich in my hand

We're headed down to old Cape May
We'll do some fishing on the dock of the bay
Now I don't care much for what they say
I think I just might quit my job today (at least till labor day)

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The boardwalk fries that I can't resist
Yeah there's something in the air, or maybe the sand
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'Cause I love the ritual
The audio and the visual
Listening to the "Boss" on the radio
Making everything sound like it's ready to blow
It's my life preserver
Look at all the surfers

Wave runner's and the boogie boards
Salt water taffy's and a whole lot more
Amusement rides like the Pirate Ship
You better hold on baby get a real good grip

When life gets the best of you and your getting older just won't do
You can remember those summers
Those days gone by, you'll start to laugh, but you'll never cry

'Cause there's no denying
You can't get younger what's the use in trying
So keep on riding back to the beach where the sun keeps shining

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