

# Venice Beach (Narrative)

## Brian Wilson

Venice Beach is poppin'  
Like live shrimp dropped on a hot wok  
Hucksters, hustlers and hawkers  
Set up their boardwalk shops  
Home for all the homeless, hopeless, well heeled, and deranged  
Still, nothing here seems out of place or strange.  
There's an old smudge of a Beatnik by the bay  
Lookin' like a dog who's had his day  
Like a dream, he drifts away  
He'd like to go out on the Pier to hear the reedy carousel  
It's got a melody that sets you free, and says  
Let's sit a spell, just to hear the heartbeat in L.A.

Songwriters

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