

The Beach

Dr. Dog

There's a hole in the roof and the rain's coming down
The roads are flooded, there's no way back to town
And the ship we came in on has just run aground
You know fate has a funny way of coming around
The memories we've buried have just taken seed
When springtime comes they'll turn into weeds
And they'll creep through your window to smother your dreams
You know fate has a funny way of coming around
Oh, they'll carve our names like scripture to the soles of the
feet
Each footprint that they take it will tell of our feat
'Til the night of the following rain
'Til the low tide comes to swallow the pain
This bottle of bourbon is now dry as a bone
It drank us all up and then it left us alone
Well, we've since switched to skull pot but we can't choke it down
You know fate has a funny way of coming around

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