

Surfin' U.S.A.

The Astronauts

If everybody had an ocean
Across the U.S.A.
Then everybody'd be surfing
Like California You'd see 'em wearin' their baggies
Huarache sandals, too
A bushy, bushy blond hairdo
Surfin' U.S.A. You'd catch 'em surfin' at Del Mar
Ventura County Line
Santa Cruz and Tressels
Australia's Narabine All over Manhattan
And down Doheny way
Everybody's gone surfin'
Surfin' U.S.A. We'll all be planning out a route
We're gonna take real soon
We're waxing down our surfboards
We can't wait for June We'll all be gone for the summer
We're on safari to stay
Tell the teacher we're surfin'
Surfin' U.S.A. At Haggerty's and Swami's
Pacific Palisades
San Onofre and Sunset
Redondo Beach L.A., All over La Jolla
And Waiaimea Bay
Everybody's gone surfin'
Surfin' U.S.A. Everybody's gone surfin'
Surfin' U.S.A.
Everybody's gone surfin'
Surfin' U.S.A. Everybody's gone

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