

# He's On The Beach

Kirsty MacColl

He was just a friend of mine  
I'd run in to from time to time  
And long before he moved away  
We used to share a taste for wine Still I never knew that he was sad back then  
He said, the time had come, for him, to take a holiday And he says it's brilliant there  
There's something in the air  
And sunshine everywhere  
He's on the beach I know he's changed somehow, he sends us postcards now  
I'm not sure where he is, but he is out of reach When he called me up one day  
And said that he was going away  
I thought he meant a week in France  
And not 12,000 miles to Sydney Bay Still he had to take his chances  
He said, the time had come for him to make a move away And he says it's brilliant there  
There's something in the air  
And sunshine everywhere  
He's on the beach I know he's changed somehow, he writes us postcards now  
He's on his own again and he is out of reach  
(I bet he gets it on the beach) And I don't blame him  
Leaving was the best thing he could do  
He longed for changes  
I just hope he's happy when he does the things he thinks he has to do And he tries, and he tries, yes he tries  
But he's a little bit hard on himself  
So now he's trying to be someone else And he says, he says, he says it's brilliant there  
There's something in the air  
And sunshine everywhere  
He's on the beach I know he's changed somehow, it's in his postcards now  
He's on his own again, so far out of reach And he says it's brilliant there  
There's something in the air  
And sunshine everywhere  
He's on the beach I know he's changed somehow, it's in his postcards now  
He's in Australia, so far out of reach  
And he says it's brilliant there

Songwriters

KIRSTY MACCOLL, GAVIN POVEY Published by

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