

# Cannibal Surf Babe

## Marillion

Well, she tied me to the headboard with a surf leash  
And her wet hair hugged her body like a long lost friend  
And I really tried my best to get across to her  
But nothing she would say could be defended Well, her birthday suit, it was her only present  
When I looked into her eyes, no history  
And I told her eating people wasn't pleasant  
But she laughed a snake eye laugh and walked away from me And I watched her as she walked across the coals  
I watched her as she walked across the coals  
I watched her as she walked across the coals  
I watched her as she walked across the coals Singing, I was born in nineteen sixty weird  
I'm your nightmare surfer babe  
Mr. Wilson, where's your sandbox and your beard?  
You still looking for the perfect microwave? So I really try my best to get across to her  
I said, "One day every pebble hits the beach"  
And I kissed her face and held her like a long lost friend  
She was too far out there to be reached  
To be reached, she was too far out there She was singing, I was born in nineteen sixty weird  
I'm your nightmare surfer babe  
Mr. Wilson, where's your sandbox and your beard?  
You still looking for the perfect microwave? And the sun came up over the mountain  
And the waves rolled in across the bay  
And the fabulous brightly colored birds  
Flew up out of the forest And she said, "Well, we're all heaven's  
Beautiful children living together in paradise  
Lie down my dear, you're going to enjoy this" And she looked like she'd had sex  
With a Tyrannosaurus Rex I was born in nineteen sixty weird  
I'm your nightmare surfer babe  
Mr. Wilson, where's your sandbox and your beard?  
You still looking for that perfect microwave? I was born in nineteen sixty weird  
And I'm your nightmare surfer babe, oh man  
Mr. Wilson, where's your sandbox and your beard?  
You still looking for that perfect microwave, perfect microwave?

Lyrics provided by

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