Moon Over Marin

Dead Kennedys

The crowded future stings my eyes
I still find time to exercise
In uniform with two white stripes
Unlock my section of the sand
It's fenced off to the water's edge
I clamp a gas mask on my head
On my beach at night
Bathe in my moonlight
Another tanker's hit the rocks
Abandoned to spill out it's guts
The sand is laced with sticky glops
O' shimmering moonlight sheen upon
The waves and water clogged with oil
White gases steam up from the soil
On my beach at night
Bathe in my moonlight
I squash dead fish between my toes
Try not to step on any bones
I turn around and I go home
I slip back through my basement door
Switch off all that I own below
Dive in my scalding wooden tub
My own beach at night
Electric moonlight
There will always be a moon
Over Marin

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