

# 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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