

# Surfer Girl

## 82nd Airborne Division All-American Chorus

Let me be your guitar strummer  
Catch a wave between your curls  
All I need is one hot summer  
To become my surfer girl  
I don't wanna build a castle of sand without your help  
I don't wanna wade in the water with anyone else  
Let me be your diving partner  
Teach you not to be afraid  
To go deeper for the treasure that was lost one stormy day  
I'd rather be your surfer girl  
Than have all the riches in the world  
And I'd rather lie with you on the beach  
Than suffer admirers at my feet  
Why can't I be your surfer child?  
And catch the stars as they fall from your eyes

Sweep me out in your rip tide  
Ride ride ride  
Let me be your conga player  
Serenade you on the street  
All the natives' gather there  
In the evening by the sea  
I'd rather be your surfer girl  
Than have all the riches in this world  
And I'd rather lie with you on the beach than suffer admirers at my feet  
Why can't I be your surfer child  
And catch the stars as they dull from your eyes  
Sweep me out in your riptide  
Ride ride ride

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