Vital Beach

The Blood Brothers

I've fallen face first into a painting
of hallucinogenic sunset.
at vital beach, vital beach, vital beach, yeah!
vital beach, vital beachwell i'm the boy on the beach with the guitar,
all sharks' Beretta's:
click-click, click-click, click-click, click!
we're the band on the stage at the wedding
by the sea with frozen t-t-t-t-tidal waves.alright, she's a concubine turned trophy wife,
he's a high profile CEO.
all the seagulls mutter,
"What'cha doing with your life?"
and vomit laugh tracks on your lead solos.Brittle, brittle moon!
We're grieving for you
Brittle, brittle moon!
held together with glue
and we sing,
"Everybody's waiting for you to drop!"
Then we fall face first into another painting...I've fallen face first into a painting
of a hallucinogenic seascape.
at vital beach, vital beach, vital beach, yeah!
vital beach, vital beachI'm the boy in the sharkskin tuxedo
all my fans are screaming,
"Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah!!"
my agent said i should chew off my own face
I have no taste and anything could helpSing it again, "Three cheers for opportunity!"
This is the year of speedboats, summer homes.
Still the seagulls mutter,
"What'cha doing with your life?"
And vomit laugh tracks on your career goals.Brittle, brittle moon!
We're grieving for you
Brittle, brittle moon!
held together with glue
and we sing,
"Everybody's waiting for you to drop!"
Then we fall face first into another painting...at vital beach, vital beach, vital beach, yeah!
vital beach, vital beachat vital beach, vital beach, vital beach, yeah!
vital beach, vital beachat vital beach, vital beach, vital beach, yeah!
vital beach, vital beachat vital beach, vital beach, vital beach, yeah!
vital beach, vital beachat vital beach, vital beach, vital beach, yeah!

vital beach, vital beach

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/