

Moon Over Marin

Dead Kennedys

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

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