Hella

Cayucas

He's no Dora back from Bora Bora
Jumps in head first row, the white washed to the shore
And you saw him cannonball, come crashing down the falls
You saw him somersaulting down to the ocean floorBack to Back got beat down by no shack
He went from swarms to sewers tagging their attack
Without a T-shirt on, phenom-phenomenon
An old white turtleneck leaving SaskatchewanThrough the drug-up empty field of dirt
On leafy branches peeking through
Down the cliffside, dig and drag your feet
Left to dry your soaking socks and shoesHe's a Northern Californian, or so he says
Ended up in Carpenteria 'cause he went the wrong way
Exit Encinitas, in a washed-out seafoam green
T-shirt read, "Jesus Saves" and he was yelling out, "No Valleys"
Hella, hella, hella
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Hella, hella, hellaBoys in poster red shred, hockey equipment 'neath the bed
Swimsuit calendar on the wall, deflated basketball
Limbo says, "You don't know no Jose Conseco"
Got dirty laundry on the floor, got piled up against the doorThrough the drug-up empty field of dirt
On leafy branches peeking through
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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