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“Anti Surfer Blues”

(John Woog Johnson)

Going down the beach tryin’ to talk to babes
Don’t know how to swim or catch no waves
Don’t like the sun cause it’s too damn hot
Don’t try to be what I am not
Don’t know what to do
I’ve got the Anti-surfer blues

Rolling on a bubble past the stratosphere
Away past the ozone where the air is clear
There ain’t no water and there ain’t no wind
A vacuum is the place I’m happiest in
Don’t like sand in my shoes
I’ve got the Anti-surfer blues

I’m gonna go to Malibu or maybe Big Sur
I’m flying to Hawaii I ain’t t takin’ no curves
I want to see waves as big as a giraffe
I’ll paddle round the wading pool if you won’t laugh
I’m not the wet look kind, are you?
I’ve got the Anti-surfer blues

Words and music by:
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