

Surf's Up

Brian Wilson

A diamond necklace played the pawn
Hand in hand some drummed along, oh
To a handsome man and baton (My God, my God)
A blind class aristocracy
Back through the opera glass you see
The pit and the pendulum drawn (My God, my God)
Columnated ruins domino Canvass the town and brush the backdrop
Are you sleeping? Hung velvet overtaken me
Dim chandelier awaken me
To a song dissolved in the dawn (My God, my God)
The music hall, a costly bow
The music, all is lost for now
To a muted trumpeter swan (My God, my God)
Columnated ruins domino
Canvass the town and brush the backdrop
Are you sleeping, Brother John? Dove-nested towers the hour was
Strike the street quicksilver moon
Carriage across the fog
Two-step to lamp lights cellar tune
The laughs come hard in auld lang syne The glass was raised, the fired rose
The fullness of the wine, the dim last toasting
While at port, adieu or die A choke of grief hard hardened I
Beyond belief, a broken man too tough to cry Surf's up, mm-mm, mm-mm, mm-mm
Aboard a tidal wave
Come about hard and join
The young and often spring you gave
I heard the word
Wonderful thing
A children's song
A children's song (Child, child, child, the child is father of the man)
Have you listened as they played? (Child, child, child, the child is father of the man)
Their song is love (Child, child, child, the child is father of the man)
And the children know the way (Child, child, child, the child is father of the man) A children's
song (Child, child, child, the child is father of the man)
Have you listened as they played? (That's why the child is father of the man)
Their song is love (Child, child, child, the child is father of the man)
And the children know the way (Child, child, child, the child is father of the man)
A child
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

