

# 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.

