

# DAY ON THE BEACH



Maybe it is the memories  
the change of pace that brings us there  
the sense of vacation  
maybe the smell of the place  
the sights of the gulls, the dunes, the grasses  
but oh it is the feel of it,  
the crunch and slide of it  
the feeling of beach sand  
so different from dirt, soil, loam  
no, not earthy, moist, rich,  
but oh so granular and gritty  
even when wet,  
moveable paper spreading under toes  
sliding beneath the soles  
smoothing my skin  
clearing my mind  
unburdening me of the rest  
drawing me to the tactile, the feel  
of beach sand







We are so  
close to the  
beach  
And because  
we live so close  
To the beach  
It take us only ten minutes to



**I LOVE THE  
BEACH**





Sixth of June, Nineteen Forty-Four  
We're off the coast, we're off the shore  
Of Normandy!  
We're going to hit the beach  
Men and machines, and ships of war  
Hoping to blast their way through the door  
To liberty - Allied Victory  
la-la-lala la-da-genie, la-la-lala la-da-genie  
Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach!  
oh oh Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach!  
Men around me, men I know  
Got their stomachs in the throats  
But they don't let it show, no-no-no!  
I got my carbine, I got my bayonet, I got my hand  
grenades  
And my steel helmet  
And a picture of my girl, and a picture of my girl  
la-la-lala la-da-genie, la-la-lala la-da-genie  
Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach!  
oh oh Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach!  
And now we're going in, we wanna get blown away  
don't wanna die  
It's too late now, the ramp goes down  
No turning back, we're going in  
All around me I see death and destruction,  
and the sea is red with blood  
Pushing through the waves, through the blinding  
smoke  
God it's raining steel  
Soldier in front of me is terrified, he doesn't want to  
die  
I don't want to die!  
Three seconds later, shrapnel wipes off his face,  
and it goes floating by  
whoa-oh-oh, oh, oh Hit the Beach!  
oh-oh-oh, oh oh-o Hit the Beach!  
there are bodies and there are bullets  
but they're exploding into little bits  
god I mean it, oh god I mean it  
Hit the Beach!  
I Hit the Beach...

Down to the beach  
Where young lovers closely nestle  
As sand creatures cause the sand to  
bristle  
Seagulls gliding in the air with  
screams and whistles  
Kids picking up shells and building  
stormy sand castles



BENEATH

