

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

