

# Long Walks On the Beach: Song

*by* Jerry Ratch

I don't like long walks on the beach  
Or sand between my toes  
Jellyfish stinging my butt  
Saltwater up my nose

I don't like long lingering glances  
But I sure like fancy pantses  
And yes, a bum without a bottle  
Is like a car without a throttle

You are the author  
Of your own body  
But you are the riddle  
Of my soul

You are the author  
Of your body  
But the riddle  
Of my soul

I thought I'd take a long walk  
Down Memory Lane for luck  
But I got run down in the crosswalk  
By a hopped-up pick-up truck

When the driver of that truck  
Got out to help me to my feet  
I could tell by the lines on his face  
That he could be kinda sweet

And right after I got home from the doctor's  
He took me out to eat  
He swept up my apartment  
Then swept me off my feet

You are the author  
Of your own body  
But you are the riddle  
Of my soul

Yes, you are the author  
Of my body  
And the riddle  
Of my soul

