

# The Surfaris, Surfer Joe

Down in Doheny where the surfers all go  
There's a big beach blondie, named Surfer Joe  
He's got a green surfboard and a Woody to match  
And when he's ridin' the freeway's,  
Man, is he hard to catch

Surfer Joe  
Now, look at him go-o-o-o-o-o  
Surfer, Surfer, Surfer Joe-o-o  
Go man go-o-o  
Oh-oh, oh, oh, oh, Surfer Joe

He went down to Huntington Beach one week  
For the annual surfer's convention meet  
Hangin' five and walkin' the nose  
And when the meet was over  
The trophy was Joe's

Surfer Joe  
Now, look at him go-o-o-o-o-o  
Surfer, Surfer, Surfer Joe-o-o  
Go man go-o-o  
Oh-oh, oh, oh, oh, Surfer Joe

Okay let's go!

Surfer Joe joined Uncle Sam's Marines today  
They stationed him at Pendleton, not far away  
They cut off his big blonde locks, I'm told  
And when he went on maneuvers, Joe caught cold

Surfer Joe  
Now, look at him go-o-o-o-o-o  
Surfer, Surfer, Surfer Joe-o-o  
Go man go-o-o  
Oh-oh, oh, oh, oh, Surfer Joe

Ah, ah, oh - ah, ah, oh - ah, ah, oh  
Poor Joe!