

Surfin' U.S.A.

Words & Music:
Brian Wilson

On the 2nd & 4th verses, add "Inside, outside, U.S.A." after each half-line.

[n.c.] B7 [n.c.] E
If everybody had an ocean across the U.S.A.
[n.c.] B7 [n.c.] E
Then everybody'd be surfing like California.
[n.c.] A [n.c.] D
You'd see them wearin' their baggies, huarachi sandals, too.
[n.c.] B7 [n.c.] D
A bushy, bushy blond hairdo - surfin' U.S.A.

You'd catch 'em surfin' at Del Mar, Ventura County line,
Santa Cruz and Tressel's, Australia's Narabine,
All over Manhattan and down Doheny way,
Everybody's gone surfin', surfin' U.S.A.

We'll all be planning out a route we're gonna take real soon.
We're waxin' down our surfboards; we can't wait for June.
We'll all be gone for the summer, we're on safari to stay.
Tell the teacher we're surfin', surfin' U.S.A.

At Haggerty's and Swami's, Pacific Palisade,
San Onofre and sunset, Redondo Beach, L.A.,
All over La Jolla, at Waiamea Bay,
Everybody's gone surfin', surfin' U.S.A. *[repeat this line and out]*