

Where'd my Surfers Go Groove Atlantic-O

C am C am em G

C F C am G
Down at the beach last night all her surfer boys were gone

C F C am G
Walked little black dog up Pacific coast in dense fog

C F C am G
As kid she'd twirl baton guys chased her all around

C F C am G
Nowadays on Atlantic East quiet time can't last too long

dm G dm G
Used to ride waves on central coast Cally was the scene

dm G dm C G
Trying to catch up on memory mighta hit every salty dream

C F C am G
Back in the day guys cut her off sweet wave but she'd just peel

C F C am G
Rolled tight down coastline cool buzz over those wheels

C F C am G
Hit bars round sunset called shots every guy she met

C F C am G
No score card for memory lane every surfer under her heel

dm G dm G
Used to ride waves on central coast Cally was the scene

dm G dm C G C F C F C F
Trying to catch up on memory mighta hit every salty dream