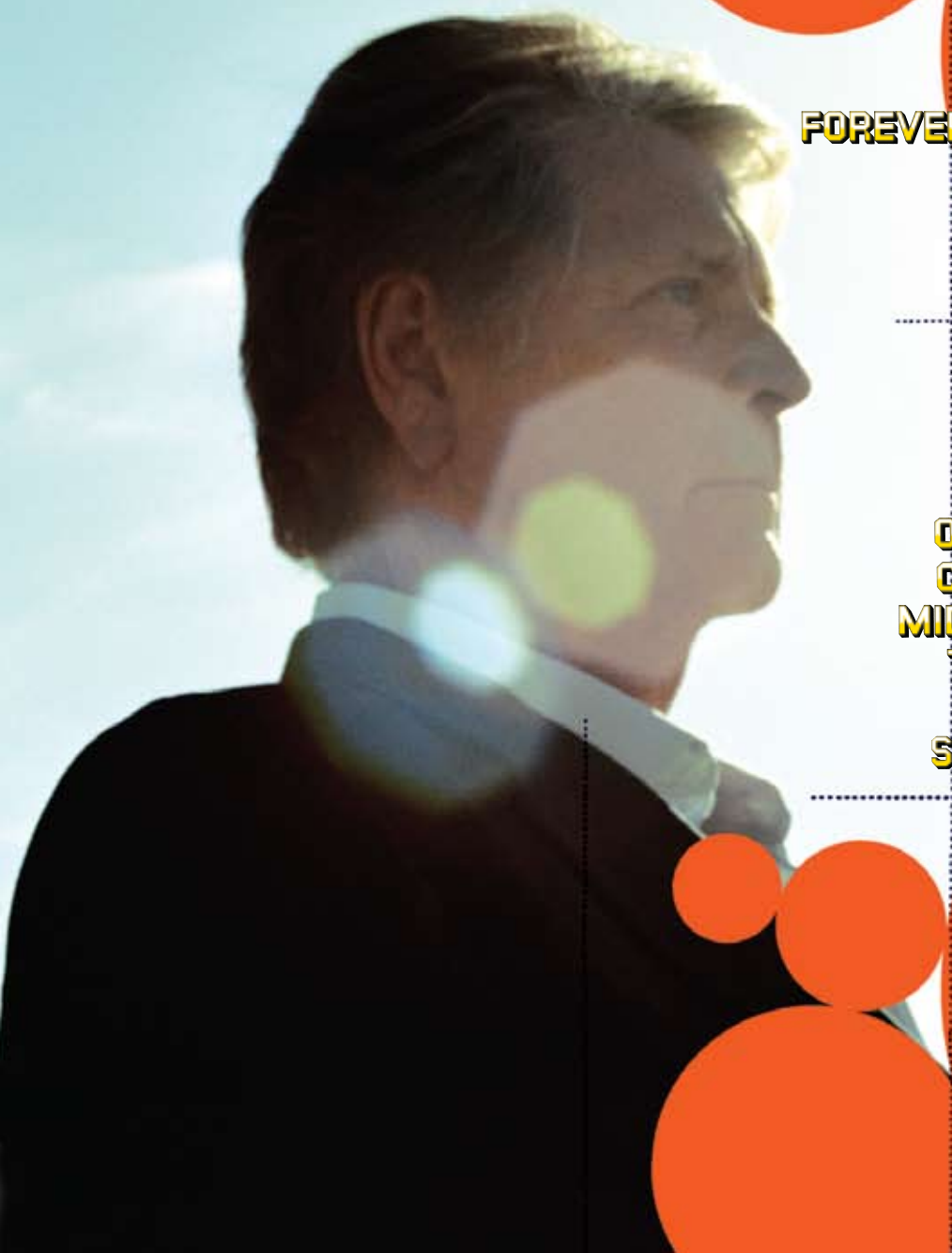




**BRIAN  
WILSON**

**THAT  
LUCKY  
OLD  
SUN**



**THAT LUCKY OLD SUN**  
**MORNING BEAT**

-----NARRATIVE-----

**ROOM WITH A VIEW**  
**GOOD KIND OF LOVE**

**FOREVER SHE'LL BE MY SURFER GIRL**

-----NARRATIVE-----

**VENICE BEACH**  
**LIVE LET LIVE**

**THAT LUCKY OLD SUN (REPRISE)**

**MEXICAN GIRL**

-----NARRATIVE-----

**CINCO DE MAYO**

**CALIFORNIA ROLE /**

**THAT LUCKY OLD SUN (REPRISE)**

-----NARRATIVE-----

**BETWEEN PICTURES**

**OXYGEN TO THE BRAIN**

**CANT WAIT TOO LONG**

**MIDNIGHT'S ANOTHER DAY**

**THAT LUCKY OLD SUN (REPRISE)**

**GOING HOME**

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**

**BONUS AUDIO TRACKS**

**OH MI AMOR**

----- (WILSON) -----

**MESSAGE MAN**

----- (WILSON/BENNETT) -----

**ADDITIONAL MUSICIAN:**  
**DANNY HUTTON ON VOCALS**



**BRIAN  
WILSON**

**THAT  
LUCKY  
OLD  
SUN**



## THAT LUCKY OLD SUN

.....(GILLESPIE / SMITH).....

Lucky old sun, THAT LUCKY OLD SUN

Up in the mornin', out on the job  
 Work so hard for my pay  
 But that lucky old sun's got nothin' to do  
 But roll around heaven all day  
 Show me that river, take me across  
 Wash all my troubles away  
 Whilst THAT LUCKY OLD SUN's got nothing  
 to do  
 But roll around heaven all day

## MORNING BEAT

.....(WILSON / BENNETT).....

*(Maumamayama Glory Hallelujah)*

The sun burns a hole through the  
 6 a.m. haze  
 Turns up the volume and shows off its rays  
 Another dodger blue sky is crowning L.A.  
 The city of angels is blessed every day  
 That lucky old sun smiles on me  
 Wanna slide down the mountain into the  
 dancing sea  
 I'm listening to the MORNING BEAT  
 It's rising from star-studded concrete  
 This city has my favorite soundtrack  
 It makes you want to move even  
 though it's laid back  
 Take it in stride, it'll kick-start your feet  
 When you're tuned in to the MORNING BEAT

Driving through the maze of the  
 Hollywood hills  
 Heading to the ocean for a view that  
 could kill  
 Watching from the wheel at Santa Monica  
 pier  
 A million diamonds floating on heavenly  
 tears  
 The gentle wind won't make a sound  
 Even though it's forcing the waves to pound

*(Maumamayama Glory Hallelujah)*

Hear those guitars gently strumming  
 Hear those voices softly humming  
 It's hard to feel down, living in this town  
 But you're so far away  
 It's a long long way from January all the  
 way to December

Even when the sun and I head off to sleep  
 There's an unspoken promise that we keep  
 We'll pilot our light into another day  
 And keep a golden glow warming up L.A.  
 Even when dreams are deep and sweet  
 I'm listening for the rhythm of the

MORNING BEAT

I'll listen for the MORNING BEAT  
 I'll listen for the MORNING BEAT

*(Maumamayama Glory Hallelujah)*

## NARRATIVE ROOM WITH A VIEW

.....(WILSON / PARKS).....

Just now I was thinkin' 'bout another  
 perfect day  
 Wishin' it would come again your way  
 Down below a sparkled city scatters by  
 the bay  
 Tells you your suspicions are at play  
 One by one  
 A carpeted star spangled city sleeps  
 Like so many dancin' diamonds with a beat  
 Each of them a home  
 With walls of stories they could tell  
 Meet the crack of dawn  
 A freeway starts to roll  
 An owl hoots its last goodbye to a coyote  
 on patrol  
 Each day keeps me guessin'  
 Will you take what I'm confessin'  
 Will you find the heart beat in L.A.



## GOOD KIND OF LOVE

.....(WILSON).....

He loves her when she's sleeping  
And all the dreams she's keeping  
She keeps them in a jar, but not too far  
from her heart  
They have the GOOD KIND OF LOVE,  
GOOD KIND OF LOVE  
They have the right kinda thing, right  
kind of thing  
Makes me want to sing it to you  
Just him and her, there so close together  
Now they just met and scored a new found  
treasure  
Oh run to him, run to him, right to his arms  
They have the GOOD KIND OF LOVE  
She finds peace in knowing, knowing he'll  
always be there  
Imagine all the women who'd like a man  
like him  
They have the GOOD KIND OF LOVE,  
GOOD KIND OF LOVE  
They have the right kinda thing, right  
kind of thing  
Just him and her, they're so close together  
Now they just met and scored a new found  
treasure  
Oh run to him, run to him, right to his arms  
They have the GOOD KIND OF LOVE  
The sun keeps on shining  
He rolls 'round heaven above

A little bit of loving and a kissing and  
a hugging

That's how they fell in love  
They have the GOOD KIND OF LOVE

## FOREVER SHE'LL BE MY SURFER GIRL

.....(WILSON / BENNETT).....

Summer, '61  
A goddess became my song  
I fell in her ocean eyes  
As endless as the sky  
FOREVER SHE'LL BE MY SURFER GIRL  
My little one  
First love is the moment  
You can't repeat, but you'll always own it  
The gift she gave to me  
Her timeless melody

FOREVER SHE'LL BE MY SURFER GIRL  
My little one . . . so sweet

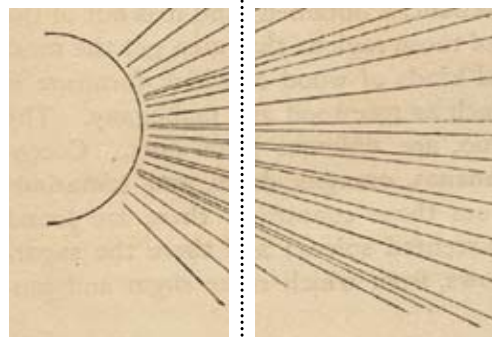
Now there's all kinds of music  
And don't you know the truth is  
You were my special lover  
You were my baby grand  
Such a sweet ballad and  
Sweet voices right from heaven,  
radio seven

FOREVER SHE'LL BE MY SURFER GIRL  
My little one

## NARRATIVE VENICE BEACH

.....(WILSON / PARKS).....

VENICE BEACH is poppin'  
Like live shrimp dropped on a hot wok  
Hucksters, hustlers and hawkers  
Set up their boardwalk shops  
Home for all the homeless, hopeless  
Well heeled and deranged  
Still, nothin' here seems out of place or  
strange  
There's an old smudge of a beatnik by  
the bay  
Lookin' like a dog who's had his day  
Like a dream he drifts away  
He'd like to go out on the pier  
To hear the reedy carousel  
It's got a melody that sets you free  
And says, "Let's set a spell"  
Just to hear the heart beat in L.A.



## LIVE LET LIVE / THAT LUCKY OLD SUN (REPRISE)

.....(WILSON / PARKS) / (GILLESPIE / SMITH).....

I've got a notion we come from the ocean  
And God all mighty passed his hand on the  
waters  
Blue pacific, as azure as the sky  
Perfect for fish, making a wish  
Just like a tear drop to fall  
Whale passin' me by wonderin' why  
LIVE LET LIVE not die  
I am a diver a long line survivor  
And man's small whale's all  
Body gravity zero  
Play the hero, don't mean nothing you see  
Man passin' by, caught in the eye  
Ponderin wherefore and why  
God help me for whale babies who cry  
LIVE LET LIVE not die  
My heart beats so fast  
Our hearts meet at last  
Feature creatures of God  
Let them abound, where they are found  
Let's get the hell outta there

## MEXICAN GIRL

.....(WILSON / BENNETT).....

Hey, MEXICAN GIRL, a dahlia in your hair  
The soul of Los Feliz, where laughter fills  
the air

Won't you make me smile

Light up my sun dial

Girl, you cast a net

On the day we met

Mexican, Mexican, MEXICAN GIRL

Danced her way into my world

Hey, MEXICAN GIRL, with eyes of burning  
fire

Heal me with your passion

Inspire me to inspire

Loyal and strong, yet tender as a song  
Help me understand, make me a better  
man

Mexican, Mexican, MEXICAN GIRL

Danced her way into my world

Hey, bonita muchacha,  
Don't you know that I want ya?

Hey, bonita muchacha,

Let me know that I got ya

You have my sacred heart

We'll finish at the start

Can you picture me in your family tree?

Mexican, Mexican, MEXICAN GIRL

## NARRATIVE CINCO DE MAYO

.....(WILSON / PARKS).....

Down on Olvera Street, a Mexicano cry

A Grito

Te Quiero Te Quiero

Te'adoro

This is where the Anglo gets his Latin  
lover's sigh

Adios muchachas y boleros, and good bye

Salsa rumbles rafters

In a chop shop filled with cars

Custom chopped and channeled

With a drag race in their stars

City of Angels

Be all you can be

Be movies

Be A-list

Be seen just to see

Your part

Repeat

The heart beat in L.A.



## CALIFORNIA ROLE/ THAT LUCKY OLD SUN (REPRISE)

.....(WILSON / BENNETT) / (GILLESPIE / SMITH).....

You broke your hand punching the clock

So you could heal your heart

Took a Greyhound all the way west,  
to where the

Streets are paved with stars

It's never too late to find your

CALIFORNIA ROLE

The Hollywood sign burns through the  
smog

And reawakens your dreams

Living under this sun, disappointment is  
not as bad as it seems

It's never too late to find your

CALIFORNIA ROLE

Every girl's the next Marilyn

Every guy, Errol Flynn

Sometimes you've got to edit your dreams

And find the spotlight behind the scenes

Here in California, man I got to warn ya,

Find your CALIFORNIA ROLE

You don't have to climb the Capitol tower

Or play the Hollywood Bowl

If there's a roll in your heart, and a rock  
in your soul

If you miss your shot

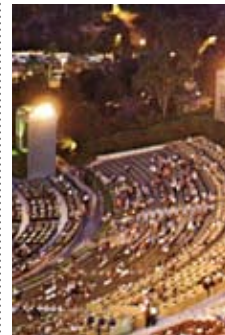
It doesn't mean you won't reach your goal

Don't drown your sorrows now, just take  
a dip

You can satisfy your thirst with just one sip  
If you missed the premiere 'cause you  
never arrived

The best part of this L.A trip just might  
be the ride

Here in California, man I got to warn ya,  
Find your CALIFORNIA ROLE





NARRATIVE  
**BETWEEN PICTURES**

.....(WILSON / PARKS).....

Pumps drunk with oil  
Dance like prehistoric locusts on the hills  
to L.A.X.  
People fill their tanks in flights of fancy  
Actors waitin' tables  
With a method they can't share  
Waitin' for what's next  
Waitin' for the big screen in disrepair  
I mean  
Despair  
I mean  
That actor standing there  
I mean  
Are we all not actors  
And the whole wide world our stage  
Naw—  
Some are worthy writers  
With the grit to hit the page  
To be or not to be  
Now  
Just part of the heart beat in L.A.



**OXYGEN TO THE BRAIN**

.....(WILSON / BENNETT).....

Open up, open up, open your eyes  
Time, it's time, it's time to rise  
Okay, let's take it slow  
You ain't got no place to go  
  
I cried a million tears  
I wasted a lot of years  
Life was so dead, life was so dead  
  
OXYGEN, OXYGEN right TO THE BRAIN  
Skip the vices, versus get to the refrain  
Let yourself float don't carry that weight  
Never destroy when you can create  
Ready, set in California  
I'm filling up my lungs again  
And breathing in life  
  
How could I have got so low  
I'm embarrassed to tell you so  
I laid around this old place  
I hardly ever washed my face  
  
OXYGEN, OXYGEN right TO THE BRAIN  
Skip the vices, versus get to the refrain  
Let yourself float don't carry that weight  
Never destroy when you can create  
Ready, set in California  
I'm filling up my lungs again  
And breathing in life

Now it don't matter what your age is  
Don't you know it's just a state of mind  
Let's get the jump on it before it's too late  
Friendly reminder, friendly reminder

So take a lesson from one who knows  
Just where being lazy goes  
There's a time to live  
A reason to live

OXYGEN, OXYGEN right TO THE BRAIN  
Skip the vices, versus get to the refrain  
Let yourself float don't carry that weight  
Never destroy when you can create  
Ready, set in California  
I'm filling up my lungs again  
And breathing in life

Open up, open up, open your eyes  
Time, it's time, it's time to rise  
Okay, let's take it slow  
You ain't got no place to go

**CANT WAIT TOO LONG**

(EXCERPT)

.....(WILSON).....

Oh, been too long  
Oh, been too long

**MIDNIGHT'S ANOTHER DAY**

.....(WILSON / BENNETT).....

Lost my way  
The sun grew dim  
Stepped over grace, and stood in sin  
Took the dive, but couldn't swim  
A flag without the wind  
  
When there's no morning without "u"  
There's only darkness the whole day  
through  
Took the diamond from my soul  
And turned it back into coal  
  
All these voices, all these memories,  
made me feel like stone  
All these people make me feel so alone  
Lost in the dark, no shades of gray  
Until I found MIDNIGHT'S ANOTHER DAY  
  
Swept away in a brainstorm  
Chapters missing, pages torn  
Waited too long to feel the warmth  
I had to chase the sun  
  
All these voices, all these memories,  
made me feel like stone  
All these people make me feel so alone  
Lost in the dark, no shades of gray  
Until I found MIDNIGHT'S ANOTHER DAY



## THAT LUCKY OLD SUN

(REPRISE)

.....(GILLESPIE / SMITH).....

## GOING HOME

.....(WILSON / BENNETT).....

I'm GOING HOME, I'm GOING HOME  
Back to the place where I belong  
Found peace of mind, yeah one piece at  
a time

I'm GOING HOME (Sure don't know why I'm  
rollin' round heaven)

I heard my sound and found my smile  
Living in love, yeah yeah yeah, it's been  
a while

Homesick, this son shines nowhere else  
So homesick, I'm even missing myself

At 25 I turned out the light  
Cause I couldn't handle the glare in my  
tired eyes  
But now I'm back, drawing shades of kind  
blue skies

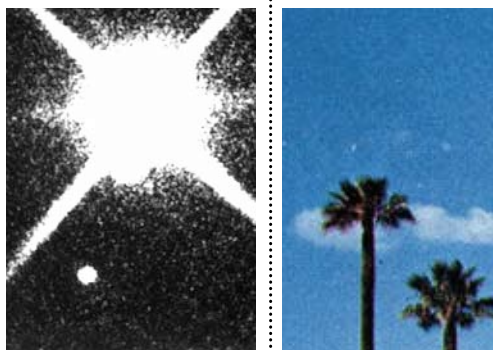
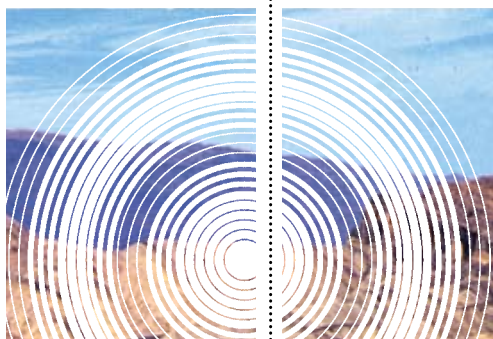
Homesick, this son shines nowhere else  
So homesick, I'm even missing myself

At 25 I turned out the light  
Cause I couldn't handle the glare in my  
tired eyes

But now I'm back, drawing shades of kind  
blue skies

It's good to travel  
But not for too long  
So, now I'm home where I belong  
And that's the key, yeah yeah yeah,  
to every song

I'm GOING HOME



## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

.....(WILSON / BENNETT).....

I had this dream  
Singing with my brothers  
In harmony, supporting each other  
Tail winds, wheels spin, down the pacific  
coast  
Surfin' on the A.M., heard those voices  
again

In SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, dreams wake up  
for you,

And when you wake up here, you wake up  
everywhere

In the flow of the ocean, and the warmth  
of the rays

Heard music in the air, and in the waves  
The wind chimed, laughter rhymed

We had nothing but time  
In SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, I heard the voice  
of my mind

In SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, dreams wake up  
for you,

And when you wake up here, you wake up  
everywhere

Oh, it's magical  
Living your dreams  
Don't want to sleep, you might miss  
something

Oh, it's magical  
I'm glad it happened to me  
Fell asleep in the band room  
Woke up in history

Surfer silhouettes  
The sun went into the sea  
As we headed home, we drove into a movie  
Love songs, pretty girls — didn't want it  
to end

Tried to slow down the motion, so it could  
move us again

In SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, dreams wake up  
for you,

And when you wake up here, you wake up  
everywhere

*(Maumamayama Glory Hallelujah)*

**PRODUCED and ARRANGED  
by BRIAN WILSON**

ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION: Scott Bennett  
ORCHESTRAL ARRANGEMENTS: Paul Von Mertens

ADDITIONAL ARRANGEMENTS:  
Darian Sahahnaja AND Scott Bennett  
ENGINEERED BY Mark Linett

ASSISTANT ENGINEERS:  
Aaron Walk AND Paul Smith AT CAPITOL  
AND Kevin Mills AT HENSON  
MIXED BY Brian Wilson, Scott Bennett AND  
Michael Corcoran

MASTERED BY Bob Ludwig AT  
GATEWAY MASTERING STUDIOS, PORTLAND, MAINE

*That Lucky Old Band:*

Brian Wilson: LEAD VOCALS, KEYBOARDS  
Jeffrey Foskett: BACKGROUND VOCALS, GUITAR,  
UKULELE

Darian Sahanaja: BACKGROUND VOCALS,  
KEYBOARDS, BELLS

Scott Bennett: BACKGROUND VOCALS, KEYS,  
VIBES, SPANISH GUITAR

Paul Von Mertens: SAXES, CLARINET, FLUTE  
Probyn Gregory: BACKGROUND VOCALS, GUITARS,  
FRENCH HORN, TRUMPET

Nick Walusko: BACKGROUND VOCALS, GUITARS  
Nelson Bragg: BACKGROUND VOCALS, PERCUSSION

Taylor Mills: BACKGROUND VOCALS

Bob Lizik: BASS  
Todd Sucherman: DRUMS

*Additional Musicians:*

Tommy Morgan: HARMONICAS ON "GOING HOME"  
Brett Simons: ACOUSTIC BASS ON "MEXICAN GIRL"  
AND ELECTRIC BASS ON "GOING HOME"  
Scott Bennett: BASS ON "SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA"

VIOLIN 1: Peter Kent, Concertmaster  
VIOLIN 2: Sharon Jackson  
VIOLA: Jessica VanVelzen  
CELLO: Cameron Stone, Peggy Baldwin  
WOODWINDS: Phil Feather  
TROMBONE: Charlie Moralis, Bruce Otto

NARRATIVES BY Van Dyke Parks

*Special Thanks:*

To my loving wife, Melinda, forever you will  
be my surfer girl.

To my sweet children, Daria, Delanie,  
and Dylan who love and inspire me everyday.

Carnie, Wendy and their families.  
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I miss you everyday of my life.  
Rose, Patrick, Joey, Lenny and  
Kenny Ledbetter and family.

Jonah Wilson. Justyn Wilson & Family.  
My incredibly talented band and their  
families.

The Van Dyke & Sally Parks Family.  
The greatest friends ever,  
Gloria Ramos, Marta Escobar, David & Eva  
Leaf and Ray Lawlor

[www.brianwilson.com](http://www.brianwilson.com)

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