

Lust for Kicks

The Cars

He's got his plastic sneakers
she's got her robuck purse
he's got his butane flicker
she's got it worse
they're crazy about each other
like a misplaced fix
they're mad about each other
they blame it all on the lust for kicks
he's got his own dumb waiter
she's reading one fell swoop
he gets around to it later
she fills the scoop
he's just a hit parader
she's just a cycle ride
he likes to masquerade her
and she tells him lies