

## Take Off Your Shirt

Bibio

Saturday, when the hair comes down  
All the girls in town gonna dress the place  
In blue-eyed green-eyed brown-eyed light  
All the boys with desire of night  
Gonna lose their feet gonna lose their mind  
In drinking fighting sweat and lust  
We play the game of weaving ducking dodging hiding  
Through the hormonal battle on the streets  
Then we reach our destination  
It is consolation for star-people constellation

Sadness in rags won't feel the pain  
Of sadness in silks and golden chains  
Take off your shirt  
And give it to the one with fur coats and shiny shoes

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On Sunday when the streets are bare  
Reminders of the party there  
Red devil horns dropped in the road  
Tiaras made of plastic gold  
A bloody puddle stains the floor  
Outside the boarded nightclub door  
And all the one night love is jaded  
When all the memories have faded...

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