

Aviva, Aviva
Come on let's have a threesome
Aviva, Aviva
It's how our love must end

In the night the telephone is ringing
Someone is sleeping underneath our bed
Secrets listen in on our conversations
We know there's a boogie man in both our heads

Let this love be what it wants
It wants to be fucked up
Always been the story of
Two brunettes and a blonde

Aviva, Aviva
Come on let's have a threesome
Aviva, Aviva
The truth is always fresh

Met you in the middle of a snowstorm
Then it turned out you were living with that blonde
Soon she was looking at me sideways
Then we went round and round and round

In a dress with six arms
Two girls is not enough
Always been the story of
Two brunettes and a blonde

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Aviva, Aviva
Go on and call that shiksa
Aviva, Aviva
Let's all go out for lunch

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Go on and call the shiksa
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It's how the story ends
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