

Sick In Santorini

Dada

I know that when you touched down
You had to hit the ground running
Your friends weren't around they were done in
By the girl who speaks ouzo babble well

I guess the word just got around
The new wave bitch from hell ain't got no lover
She's come back to the island for another
Spilling drachma in her vodka all night long

I heard you really got sick
Sick in Santorini
You found a Greek who liked martinis
You used the olives for bikinis

You never like to take it slow
Forever fire you were roaring
Like Niagara Falls you were pouring
No act of God could slow your party down

But every story got an ending
You kissed every boy saint and sinner
Your Grecian holiday was a winner
'Til they had to scrape your head up off the ground

I heard you really got sick
Sick in Santorini
The sun was down and you were frying
The boys weren't around and you were dying

You know, you know, you got sick