Sold Out (In Stereo)

Well an old saying goes mind your manner mind your mother and a man can find a lover who is tan and undercover she might lie about her age but lady, I got no complaints
Well she can be as crazy and as foolish as she wanna be but her old school ways of practical technicalities are perfectly sane I'm saying I ain't never seen a saint well I met her in an old cop bar down in silverlake where we spoke about the give and we joked about the take and when they asked for identification
I knew hers probably was a fake
She's just another older lover undercover she's just another old school, old rule lover and now she's under my covers

And you're wearing that thin disguise don't apologize and your birthday suit suits you well it suits me, too it's one hell of a costume I can't find the zipper anywhere on your back perhaps it's attached to the breach of your ass crack

Brr, it's cold in here
Well, you keep it hot, dear
with a sip of mexican coffee and a grapefruit juice
glass of coke, glass of wine just to keep it loose
Well the things that you say and do, child
and the way that you groove to the music
you like the who and the velvet underground
old sound, like indy rock, spock rock anything you found
in the backseat of your downtown brown, bruised beat-up BMW
roll with your downtown self
Say go down on me now
say, ho, dog, older ladies now
still she's just another older lover undercover
and we sing this part again

And you're wearing that thin disguise don't apologize and your birthday suit suits you well it suits me, too it's one hell of a costume I can't find the zipper anywhere on your back perhaps it's attached to the breach of your ass crack

I see your bum

No old dramatic moments just a comment of the soul I respect your nakedness and the way that you unfold and the way you hold a story it's lies but it's told say you're just another older lover undercover