

I've been waiting on the slide
Suggest I open wide
No incentive to hide
Happy coursing through my veins
Don't even know my name
When I'm up you're coming down

Inside of me, some sight to see
Some sight to feel our earthy bed

When we're wrapped in polythene
What's that supposed to mean
Paper flowers bring me luck
No birds in sight I fear
Stick sticks in you my dear
When I'm up you're coming down

Some say I'm vague
And I'd easily fade
Foolish parade of fantasy

Drink in your eyes
Drink in you sighs
Grass in my thighs my aching legs