

White Mystery

Minus the Bear

Left her at home in the cold London night
She had nothing on (not a stitch)
Nothing on (not a stitch on)
And she stays that way ('til I get back)
With our regrets and ('till I get back) another bottle of good
time

Her body's over the covers
And there's nothing wrong with a single inch
And in the same position
Laying on her back
Waiting for a kiss

A kiss that she gets
Long and slow
Starts at her toes
And then it goes and goes
And goes and goes and goes
We move slow
And when I get to her lips
I still have skin to expose

Her body's over the covers
And there's nothing wrong with a single inch
And then we change positions
She got me on my back
Losing my common sense

Lay under bright lights

You can't hear the music
But we're playing the same tune
Each beat, every note
Played perfectly by you

Lay under bright lights