

Floote

Ned's Atomic Dustbin

Got to put paid to twenty-six winters
Trying to make the most in bed with the shivers
All the frustrations growing pains
Gather us up in circle games

When I get you see your lean, smooth, groove
It gets me in a summer drool
All I want to do, to tell the truth is get you in the swimming
pool
I'm happier, happier, happier in the sun