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

I'm happier, happier, happier in the sun

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