

Smut!

Neon Indian

In the shelves of the video store
In the cherry red corridor
Is where I found you
Chintzy as a neon sign
But you still threw me the powerline
I guess you had nothing to do

Magically the cabs were quiet
During the usual avenue yellow riot
I guess you're going with someone
Tell me, does it double your fun
To be cruel?
To be cruel?

She says she's
Single after sundown
All good fun till the shakedown

In the eve of the summertime
True love only part time, eh eh
And this is truth
In your skin tight neoprene
I'm a loaded magazine
Or is that uncouth?
I know its wrong but I'm overruled
Tonight she takes me to night school
(hey that's the name of the record!)
As she turns up the traffic jams
And the breaks are slammed, she asks
Would that be cool?
Would that be cool?

She says she's
Single after sundown
All good fun till the shakedown

And yea we're gonna kick it, yeah
Any way she can
Go on, turn up the traffic jams
We all have those feelings
We need to console