

No Tan Lines

Pavement

Deviations anticipated
Triple-X or at least R-rated
San Tropez, the middle of May
There's no tan lines tonight
No tan lines tonight,

But trench it, rev it
It's time to share spit
In the sauna, we'll become close
With ya, oh yeah!

Princess with a cold killer instinct
Winked at me from across the ice rink
Pleather uppers soft for the spins
But she gives it away without a rest

Language buried her in the motherland
Language barrier in the Pathan grain
Yeah, oh yeah!

You will be my candy striper
Junior Leaguer, bedpan wiper
Convalescent enema essence
I live to be gray, I live to be gray!