

Ladies and gentleman  
For your listening pleasure  
Live from England:  
The solid state sound of pure sex...  
In the corner shops times are hard  
Faces thin as credit cards  
I walk past posters selling simple sex, ooh!  
And all the records using cheap effects  
I'm going down to the station in the heart of town  
To buy a ticket just to hang around  
I've got a dirty mind  
I've got a dirty mind  
Take a look at yourself  
You stare are you looking at me  
Or just an image from your colour TV  
Dollar signs and neon lights  
Shine on the people every night  
I'm going down to the river to wash my sins away  
But they'll be back tomorrow anyway  
I've got a dirty mind  
I've got a dirty mind  
Take a look at yourself  
I've got imagination  
I got hallucinations  
Do you want some?  
I've got a dirty mind  
I've got a dirty mind  
Take a look at yourself  
Smelling like a rose  
Looking like a queen  
I'll have a double dose If you know what I mean  
Went down to the river  
With no one to trust  
When you know what you want  
Then you do what you must  
But you'd better think smart  
And take my advice  
Just think of nothing  
And double it twice  
I bought you a trumpet  
And a brand new suit  
Just don't be disappointed  
When you lick the fruit