

On the lawn before the bouquet fell  
Long before we heard the ringing bell  
When all I want is a good look at your underside

Reading trash like it was Judy Blume  
Your paperbacks are strewn about the room  
Awaiting their instructions to be mobilized

And everybody knows how it shakes and how it glows  
Everybody knows and so it goes

That everybody wants their shoes in the sunshine now

Lazy Rayna had a million bucks  
Changed into pennies on a hundred trucks  
'Cause linen's legal tender for a layabout

Why hold your breath until your face turns blue  
A stretch of rope you know can do that too  
The truth be told no one likes a gadabout

And everybody knows how it shakes and how it glows  
Everybody knows and so it goes

That everybody wants their shoes in the sunshine now  
Everybody wants their shoes in the sunshine now