## Trim

## Underworld

He-he-heat in your skin, pull up a chair and unwind Dog we don't share, the taxi left us behind Silhouette of a psychic reader in the market And the straw wrapped around a bottle to take home

Barbecue chicken oil in a drum, double strong wrong Here comes the horn you call for Woman in a box with her head in her box Speaks French when spoken like a tourist French

Hey classic Coca-Cola in a can When you wanna cool down

Heat, she move up the street in waves Sugar, sugar, clear your mind, leave it all behind Get in the boat and float, join in on a high spot And ride, ride, put on some smile, stay for a while

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