

Heatwave

XTC

She likes it hot
she likes a tan
she steals my infra red when I'm gone
oh no can it be
we're heading for a heatwave

Her legs are brown
a trace of rust
she's in love with a MKII deluxe
oh no can it be we're heading for a heatwave

Her hair is bleached like it's been boiled
she browns herself in a sea of olive oil
and I come around and she's relaxing
in the conservatory