Heatwave

Xtc

She likes it hot
She likes a tan
She steals my infra fed
When I'm goneOh no, can it be
We're heading for a heatwave
Oh no, can it be
We're heading for a heatwaveHer 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, relaxing
In the conservatoryHer legs are brown
A trace of rust
She's in love
With a MKII deluxeOh no, can it be
We're heading for a heatwave
Oh no, can it be
We're heading for a heatwaveHer 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
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