

White Mystery

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Left her at home in the cold London night
Had nothing on
(Not a stitch)
Nothing on
(Not a stitch on)And she stays that way
'Til I get back with her regrets and
('Til I get back)
Another bottle of good timeHer body's under the covers
And there's nothing wrong with a single inch
And the same position
Laying on her back, waiting for a kissA kiss that she gets
Long and slow, starts at her toesAnd then it goes and goes
And goes and goes and goes and goes
(And goes and goes)
And moves slow
(Slow, slow)And when I get to her lips
I still have skin to exploreHer body's under the covers
And there's nothing wrong with a single inch
And then we change positions
She's got me on my back, losing common senseLay on the bright lights
Lay on the bright lights
Lay on the bright lights
Lay on the bright lightsYou can't hear the music
But we're playing the same tune
Each beat, every note
Played perfectly by youLay on the bright lights
Lay on the bright lightsLay on the bright lights
Lay on the bright lights

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