

# 25 Miles To Kissimmee

## Fool's Garden

Miami Beach, Ocean Drive,  
it was the hottest afternoon of all my life.  
She had a fast car, she was driving slow,  
there was one thing, I needed to know:  
"Where are you going to, what are you doin' with me?"  
She said: "Relax! It's 25 miles to Kissimmee"  
to Kissimmee, to Kissimmee..."Touch me", she said "I can't do that",  
I tried to say while she undressed me,  
I feel so bad, but i feel glad  
boom boom - sweet desire,  
don't set my heart of fire.  
Don't you hear me say "don't do it!"  
Don't you hear me say..."Touch me, right here", I said: "No my dear,  
I am a good man - why don't you understand  
that I'm not mad, we won't do that,  
I've got a family - so please don't touch me."  
Don't you hear me say: "don't do it!"  
Don't you hear me say "don't do it!"  
Don't you hear me say...Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me baby,  
kiss me, kiss me, Kissimmee.  
I don't need sentimental moonlight  
as long as you are here with me. Don't stop,  
kiss me,  
I feel dirty,  
but I feel good,  
baby you should  
not leave this car.  
I feel so wunderbar  
what do you do to me -  
baby touch me.  
Don't you hear me say:  
"do it!" Don't you hear me say:  
"do it!" Don't you hear me say:  
"do it!" Don't you hear me say...

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