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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