

Skinny Tie Sensurround

Bis

Skinny Tie says we forgot the eighties too quickly
Like when the aesthetic mattered
More than the content and the streaks in your hair
Were louder than your guitarsOr more lately your synthesizers
Skinny Tie says that he wants to
Look like Simon Le Bon you know
Eighty one, eighty two kinda time, maybe laterIt's the sound, it's around
It's Skinny Tie SensurroundSkinny Tie says that his mum is worried about
The eye liner in his pocket, says, it's not natural
And that his dad would be turning in his grave if he knew
He comes across some sort of half-bakedHalf hearted point about sexuality
Knowing full well that he'd never deviate
No matter how much he convinces
Himself otherwiseSkinny Tie reckons it impresses the girls
How he's free thinking and stuff, not like these lads
That are so common you know, only he doesn't realize
How much we see through himSkinny Tie is just someone you know
And not someone you'd call a friend
You wouldn't notice if you hadn't seen him for weeks
But you know you'll see him againIt's the sound, it's around
It's Skinny Tie SensurroundSkinny Tie always asks where the cool party is
But never goes because he chickens out
Of wearing that gold silky suit
That he saw Spandu ballet wear onTop of the pops and sounds of the eighties
Skinny Tie doesn't realize that no matter
How defensive he gets about it
The eighties probably sucked if you weren't a kidIt's the sound, it's around
It's Skinny Tie Sensurround

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