

# Grass (Edit)

## XTC

Laying on the grass my heart it flares like fire  
The way you slap my face just fills me with desire  
    You play hard to get  
    'Cause you're teacher's pet  
    But when the boats have gone  
    We'll take a tumble excuse for a fumble  
Shocked me too the things we used to do on grass  
    If you fancy we can buy an ice cream cone  
    Your mate has gone she didn't want to be alone  
    I will pounce on you, just us and the cuckoos  
    You are helpless now  
    Over and over we flatten the clover  
    Shocked me too the things we used to do on grass  
It would shock you too the things we used to do on grass  
    Grass, (on) grass  
    Things we did on grass

Songwriters

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