

# 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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Other patents pending.

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