

# Sick In Santorini

## Dada

I know that when you touched down  
You had to hit the ground running  
Your friends weren't around they were done in  
By the girl who speaks ouzo babble well I guess the word just got around  
The new wave bitch from hell ain't got no lover  
She's come back to the island for another  
Spilling drachma in her vodka all night long I heard you really got sick  
Sick in Santorini  
You found a Greek who liked martinis  
You used the olives for bikinis You never like to take it slow  
Forever fire you were roaring  
Like Niagara Falls you were pouring  
No act of God could slow your party down But every story got an ending  
You kissed every boy saint and sinner  
Your Grecian holiday was a winner  
'Til they had to scrape your head up off the ground I heard you really got sick  
Sick in Santorini  
The sun was down and you were frying  
The boys weren't around and you were dying You know, you know, you got sick

Songwriters

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