Floote

Ned's Atomic Dustbin

Got to put paid to twenty-six winters
Trying to make the most in bed with the shivers
All the frustrations growing pains
Gather us up in circle gamesWhen I get you see your lean, smooth, groove
It gets me in a summer drool
All I want to do, to tell the truth is get you in the swimming pool
I'm happier, happier, happier in the sun

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