

Girls of Summer

Arab Strap

We're sitting fruity alchopops with pink glasses

With ice and watching the girls of summer

With there bare legs and trains and their white strap

Link through yesterdays top beneath today's cologne

Across there peeling shoulders on there way to the barLater I put my tape in the bath in attempt to shave

Well almost cut and ending up slashing my cheek and nickin' my lip

And spraying on some poof juice and go to the park with my economy cider

I don't think I'll need a jacketIt'll be bright when the carry outs are finished

And we head to the pub to get everyone else

Leaving our empties kicked behind a bushWe'll get 'em in there and casually saunter

Into the bogs and swallow and get taxi's down to a club

The micelet and magpie through the window on the way

In the hope they'll get a shag

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