

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 bar
Later 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 jacket
It'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 bush
We'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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