

# Grass

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

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