

Artist: xtc

Title: Grass

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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, grass.
Things we did on grass