

Pleasurehouse, Summer

In this house surrounded by palm trees
I've lost the picture from my wallet
The picture's muddled and full of kisses
I tried to bite her, for a perfect passion
She's been on the (...) in a plastic suitcase
So I look around for the red-blue roses
Then I try to see her, in the taste of peaches
I know she's waiting for my summer letters
It's my perfect summer
My perfect summer
Out in the summer, I know I'm a seeker
Watch out the window, I'm sleeping and dreaming
Back of a postcard, I know she's been waiting
I know she's waiting for my summer roses
It's my perfect summer
My perfect summer
It is my perfect summer
My perfect summer (repeat 8)