

Tracey Ullman, Sunglasses

I got my swimcap and comb and my paperback book that I'm almost through
I got my lipstick and mirror and my suntan lotion and my cam'ra too.
I got my beach bag full of all the necessary items for a day in the sun

And of course it wouldn't be like me if I didn't bring along -
Some sunglasses

mmm

to hide behind. Sunglasses

mmm

to cry behind.

Sunglasses

mmm

to die behind.

Dear

while I lie and cry and sigh and hurt and watch you while you flirt

With your somebody new

I'm makin' me blue.

I brought my towel and transistor radio
so I could tell all the time

'Cause the Top Forty records and the weather sports
will get you off of my mind.
I'll rent an umbrella from the lifeguard fella with the dreamy eyes

And you can bet
I couldn't forget my old stand-bys -

My sunglasses

mmm

to hide behind. Sunglasses

mmm

to cry behind

. . .

Sunglasses

mmm

sunglasses

mmm

sunglasses

mmm

sunglasses

Mmm

sunglasses

mmm. sunglasses

mmm. sunglasses

mmm. sunglasses . .