

Bell X1, Reacharound

Cute hoors on every corner
They're putting out, putting out
And there's many a kerb crawler
A boy racer
Fine young men with their spoilers spoiled

Hail fella, well met
Makin' V's like Nixon
A comb over and sweat

Cute hoors in the corridors of power
Throwin' shapes, atin' grapes
The wink and elbow language of delight
Has been seduced by the dark side

We are the babies that they kissed
And ours is the flesh that they pressed

Yea they're good for a reacharound
Always good for a reacharound
Oh they're good for a reacharound
Always good for a reacharound

Cute hoors on every corner
They're putting out, putting out
As with most things here
It's hard to pin down
It sticks to your clothes, it's airborne
It's been long celebrated
As something to make us proud
All this movin' and shakin'
Envelopes so brown

Yea they're good for a reacharound
Always good for a reacharound
Oh they're good for a reacharound
Always good for a reacharound