

Caviar, Goodtimes Are Over

Is she looking straight at me
Or is it my imagination
Some kind of illusion or prestidigitation
I cross the room to a standing ovation
A hesitation at my sudden invitation
I'll be an engine to your caboose
Two legs hypotanus
Come on baby put me to use
Don't vamoose
Away,
Don't say that goodtimes are over
Away,
Don't tell me the summer's over
The smell of the lawn makes you flop down on it
The summertime car has the top down on it
Damn genuine girl pulling pulling sinister tricks
She's american as 3.1416
Hand on my throttle
Leave the city behind
There's not a lot in the bottle
Not a lot on my mind
Away
Don't say that goodtimes are over
Away
Don't say that the summer's over
Away
You are my personal miracle
I fell for all of your charms
I worship you like an eastern goddess
The one with all the arms
Little problems in this world
But none of them are mine
Whisper me your life story
Baby yes, yes
We're killing time
Away
Don't say that good times are over
Away
Dont' tell me the summer's over
Away