

Echobelly, Venus Wheel

When the city comes alive,
When the debonaire are like fire-flies,
See the social satire lives,
See them dance on their beauty at the wheel,
Wonder how it feels,
Wonder how it feels to be you.
Oh little venus,
Dressed up to tease us,
Locked in the room upstairs,
She's combing her hair,
Oh little venus,
Smells of the sweetest,
Dreams of his thunder thighs coming around,
Oh, oh.
In the honey-coated atmosphere,
Now it's new thighs, glam rides latest to gold,
With your hair and the sherbet dip that you taste,
Makes her lost in space,
Beauty at the wheel,
Wonder how it feels,
Wonder how it feels to be you.
Oh little venus,
Dressed up to tease us,
Locked in the room upstairs,
She's combing her hair,
Oh little venus,
Smells of the sweetest,
Dreams of his thunder thighs coming around.
Oh little venus,
Little little little little little venus,
Don't you know little venus,
Don't you know,
Don't you know.
Oh little venus,
Dressed up to tease us,
Locked in the room upstairs,
She's combing her hair,
Oh little venus,
Smells of the sweetest,
Dreams of his thunder thighs coming around.
Oh little venus,
Sweet little venus,
Dreams of his thunder thighs coming around.