

Frenzal Rhomb, Summer's Here

Tim and Candy getting sandy
down at the beach but he's a leach
He's all bleached blonde white teeth, nothing wrong
she's got a brain
it's causing her pain

John's with Kim but she likes Tim
she only wants sex but she's with his ex
She wants more, thinks life is a bore the shore's not enough
the guys are too tough

Summer's here the rain has gone away
Summer's here all thinking's gone 'til May

Tim and John swear nothing's going on
It's a god given right on a Saturday night
Two drinks later John becomes a traitor
it's always the same everybody's fair game

Summer's here put the top down and drive
Summer's here now we're being burnt alive

Bleached bland, polluted sand, there's nowhere to go, dull eyes so low
Tim, John, Candy, Kim, let's not pretend, that's it for them
If you dig a little deeper, an hour, 4-litres, the truth does reveal
we cannot conceal
It's written plain and plenty, a face full of envy in all of our
thoughts and all of our hearts

Summer, discontent
Summer's here put the top down and drive
Summer's here now we're being burnt alive
Summer's here and we're almost naked
Our tan is deep but no-one knows we've faked it