

Mustard Plug, Thigh High Nylons

Poodle doos and saddle shoes don't mean a thing to me,
it's your thigh high nylons that bring me to my knees.
Bring back the classic bob, and drop the shaggy crop.
In your thigh high nylons, my eyes are spinning and they won't stop.

Thigh high nylons, you're alright,
thigh high nylons, you're out of sight,
won't you get those thigh highs on tonight?

Forget the floppy hippy skirt, and lose the sloppy dyes.
In your thigh high nylons, you'll always catch my eye.
No it's not the days of old, so take off that fur.
In your thigh high nylons is all you need and nothing more!

Thigh high nylons, so fine,
thigh high nylons, I'll make you mine,
won't you get those thigh highs on tonight?

I caught you walking in the corner of my eye
and my field of vision was on your thigh highs.
I tried to make my move, but I hit the wall,
lying flat on the floor you make the call.
It wasn't that though, that I heard from the lips,
I take a watch at the swinging hips.
It was like that what was I to do
so I stepped on back and took a sip of my brew.
Said the first time that my face turned red,
you left me lyin' dead with a bullet in my head.
'Cause at the end of it all I just don't know
but your thigh high nylons are stealing the show.
Panty hose? NO, we need thigh high nylons.
Black thights? NO, we need thigh high nylons!
Bobby socks? NO, we need thigh high nylons.
Nothing compares to what I got my eyes on.

Whatever happened to the mini skirt,
that meant so much to me.
In your thigh high nylons, that's what I want to see.
What you wrap around your legs, that fabric of my life.
In your thigh nylons I got you in my sights!

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