

Pansy Division, Surrender Your Clothing

Summer shorts on a lawn of green
Smooth tan legs and what in between
Touch your knee, slide up your leg
Pull your shirt off over your head
This is where it begins
This is the moment we live for
When we abandon a hostile world
And surrender our clothing to the floor
Stroke your body, smooth lean chest
Brush the nipples, my hand comes to rest
Kiss your neck, fingers through your hair
Reaching down your back inside your underwear
Chorus
Feel your tongue, feel your lips
Bodies in motion, grinding hips
All hands below, finding what's concealed
Zippers down, the prize revealed
Chorus