

# 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