

# Salad, Diminished Clothes

It's nautical with weirdos  
The cinema stays dry  
The underground its heroes  
They're queueing up, my oh my

The polythene wigwam ritual  
She's got a blue bikini  
Two kisses and you're captive  
Like something from Fred Fellini

Chorus :

The need to play grew up with the admiring of those in diminished clothes

They're marching in defiant  
They carry their flags on high  
The military hatchet people  
Are giving their battle cry

There's Latin sounds on Sunday  
With caramel crpes at large  
We haven't got a drift net  
For happenings free of charge

Repeat Chorus