

# Tim Curry, Working On My Tan

Nikki's at the campsite in the caravan  
On the Riviera.  
Every night the bugs bite.  
Catch her if they can.  
But she don't hear of it.  
She say, "I'm working on my tan.  
Oh man. Working on my tan. Oh man.  
Working on my tan."

Harvey sing Calypso in the hotel band  
But it's just financial.  
Playing for the "dipsoes" and the also-ran.  
But he ain't anxious, man.  
He say, "I'm working on my tan.  
Oh man. Working on my tan. Oh man.  
Working on my tan."

Hunt yourself an island.  
Hitch down to the beach.  
The sun belong to everyone.  
In everybody's reach.  
If confined to dry land  
Heal yourself a beach.  
Hey c'mon, son of a gun.  
Do I have to teach you what to say?

Take a bus, take a truck.  
Take a bus, take a truck.  
Take a bus, take a truck.  
But take along your good look.

Do it in Jamaica.  
Do it in Japan.  
Do it in Siberia.  
Give us all a break  
And do it in Iran.  
Do it in Afghanistan.

Everybody say-ay.  
I'm working on my tan. Oh man.  
Working on my tan. Oh man.  
Working on my tan.

Sunshine  
Sunshine  
Sunshine  
Sunshine!