

# Underworld, Trim

He-he-heat in your skin  
Pull up a chair and unwind  
Dog we don't share  
The taxi left us behind  
Silhouette of a psychic reader in the market  
And the straw wrapped around a bottle to take home  
Barbeque chicken oil in a drum, double strong rum  
Here comes the horn you call for  
Woman in a box with her head in her box  
Speaks french when spoken like a tourist french  
Hey classic Coca-Cola in a can when you wanna cool down

Heat, she move up the street in waves  
Sugar, sugar, clear your mind leave it all behind  
Get in the boat and float  
Join in on a high spot and ride, ride  
Put on some smile  
Stay for a while

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