

Bubble Puppy

"Dancing With Your Pants Down"

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It's a bright, fine day, but we're buried here alive
against the tide
Of our magazines and TV screens' electron spray
And I can't believe we ever came inside

Leave us alone! Why should we bother to be sittin'
pretty?
Get out of the way! It's time, now everyone's hip to
gettin' gritty

Run from the house, roll into the garden
We wouldn't want to have to try not to fall, and we don't
like bruises
And when the sweaty clothes around our ankles start to
stiffen and harden
We'll have another little party trying to keep our
balance, and we're gonna see who loses

Dancing with your pants down, down
Clutching at each other, as you fall over
Dancing with your pants down, down
Broken backs and heart attacks, surrounded by clover

Sun in our eyes! Cool breeze, the sweet smell of
chlorophyll on leather
It's all that we need! One hill, and hundreds of people
stuck together

Now that we're down, we better get busy
You know we got a lot of ground to cover, and we gotta
keep ourselves lubricated
And every time we turn around, we find each other
dripping and dizzy
Just think of all the many minutes that we went and
squandered all those days we waited

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