

The Cars "Lust For Kicks"

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He's got his plastic sneakers
She's got her robuck purse
He's got his butane flicker
She's got it worse

They're crazy about each other
Like a misplaced fix
They're mad about each other
And they blame it all on the lust for kicks

He's got his own dumb waiter
She's reading one fell swoop
He gets around to it later
She fills the scoop

They're crazy about each other
Like a misplaced fix
They're mad about each other
And they blame it all on the lust for kicks
They blame it all on the lust for kicks

He's just a hit parader
She's just a cycle ride
He likes to masquerade her
When she tells him lies

They're mad about each other
Like a misplaced fix
They're crazy about each other
And they blame it all on the lust for kicks
They blame it all on the lust for kicks
They blame it all on the lust for kicks, kicks

On the lust for kicks
On the lust for kicks
On the lust for kicks
On the lust for kicks
On the, on the lust for kicks

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