

## Trip "Summer Sundays"

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Summer Sundays

Break out the take out  
It's ten past eight now  
I swear the weather-man just said my name out  
My beds covered in red wine stains and  
She's got kind off a meg ryan face to her  
Search for my pen and pull out my ryme book  
Perch on the bed and add a few lines to it

She pulls me near and kisses me with sour breath  
Whispeing in my ear something 'bout the shower-head  
This is like when Clarence and Alabama met  
True romance that happened in a nano-sec  
Broken curtain rails and chairs knocked over  
And up the stairs I spy a trail of clothes I  
Lie on my pillow exhale the smoke why  
Open the window when the sex smells dope and  
Off back to sleep she goes  
I was wrong she looks more like a blonde Catherine  
Zeta-Jones /  
At last we picked a spot  
Summer Sundays where the sun stays out past six o  
clock  
She sun bathes I sit and watch her and some days  
She looks in some ways like a ..

So the airs rich with drink and perfume  
My English version of Ingrid Bergman  
IÂ'm certain when I fall asleep she's Rita Hayworth  
But when I wake up she's Elizabeth Taylor  
She's Jessica Rabbit, she's double any bond girl  
She's Bridget Bardot she's Marylyn Monroe  
But the fact is though thats not why I fell for her  
'Cos no actress can act like she acts like herself /

At last we picked a spot  
Summer Sundays where the sun stays out past six o  
clock  
She sunbathes I sit and watch her  
And some days she looks in some ways like a..

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