

Sex Bob-Omb "Summertime"

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I peeled off my face, I tore up my room
I read my own rights and I filled them with glue
I turned the commercial into a creepshow
I peeped at the gods with their bodies all day-glo

It's summertime
And it's that time
To strut and strum
I'm gonna strut strut strut
I'm gonna

I'm combing my braids, I'm sneezing my brain
Drinking shampoo and I'm tasting my grave
I'm wearing myself inside out
And I'm wearing my welcome inside out

It's summertime
And it's that time
To strut my stuff
Woo

People getting touchy when I touch my thighs
And take a vacation under friendly skies
With my peacock heart, I want to grunt and groan
Cut and paste all I've ever known

It's summertime
And it's that time
To strut and strum
I'm gonna strut my stuff
Oh oh oh oh oh

With my peacock hands and my tangerine skulls
And my grizzly bear face and my voice from Target

Summertime
Gonna strut my stuff
I'm gonna strut strut
Going backwards in time
With my questionable eyes
And I'm drinking my grave

And I stood on my face

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