

Tracey Ullman "Sunglasses"

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I got my swimcap and comb and my paperback book
that I'm almost through
I got my lipstick and mirror and my suntan lotion and
my cam'ra too.
I got my beach bag full of all the necessary items for a
day in the sun

And of course it wouldn't be like me if I didn't bring
along -

Some sunglasses

mmm

to hide behind. Sunglasses

mmm

to cry behind.

Sunglasses

mmm

to die behind.

Dear

while I lie and cry and sigh and hurt and watch you

while you flirt

With your somebody new

I'm makin' me blue.

I brought my towel and transistor radio

so I could tell all the time

'Cause the Top Forty records and the weather sports
will get you off of my mind.

I'll rent an umbrella from the lifeguard fella with the
dreamy eyes

And you can bet

I couldn't forget my old stand-bys -

My sunglasses

mmm

to hide behind. Sunglasses

mmm

to cry behind

...

Sunglasses

mmm

sunglasses
mmm
sunglasses
mmm
sunglasses

Mmm
sunglasses
mmm. sunglasses
mmm. sunglasses
mmm. sunglasses . .

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