

Dark Sunglasses

Chrissie Hynde

Baby got your groove back, another kind of life,
One you 'sumed that you deserve.
Nothing you should lack now, reverting back to type,
Never mind you lost your nerve.
Yeah you had a go at sleeping in the van
But you couldn't let it go too far.
Now you got a pension plan
And your name's on the insurance
And you can drive another woman's car.

A kind of glamour
You can lend yourself
Like dark sunglasses
And you'll remember
How good it tasted
Inside the ruling classes
Wasted, behind your dark sunglasses

She's got a ball gown for charities and such,
Like a débutante from days gone by.
Shaving, wearing a tie, isn't sacrificing much,
You lucky guy, you can still get high.
But, yes sir, no sir, Sunday will be there,
You only have to please that lady.
Think anything you like, but be careful what you say,
For another warm night, another dry day.

A kind of glamour
You can lend yourself
Like dark sunglasses
And you'll remember
How good it tasted
The ruling classes wasted
Behind your dark sunglasses

I'm not towing the line
You'll be fine
I'm not towing the line

A kind of glamour
You can lend yourself
Like dark sunglasses
And you'll remember
How good it tasted
The ruling classes

A kind of glamour
You can lend yourself
Like dark sunglasses
And you'll remember
How good it tasted
Inside the ruling classes
Wasted, behind your dark sunglasses
Wasted, behind your dark sunglasses