

Ladies and gentleman
For your listening pleasure
Live from England:
The solid state sound of pure sex...
In the corner shops times are hard
Faces thin as credit cards
I walk past posters selling simple sex, ooh!
And all the records using cheap effects
I'm going down to the station in the heart of town
To buy a ticket just to hang around
I've got a dirty mind
I've got a dirty mind
Take a look at yourself
You stare are you looking at me
Or just an image from your colour TV
Dollar signs and neon lights
Shine on the people every night
I'm going down to the river to wash my sins away
But they'll be back tomorrow anyway
I've got a dirty mind
I've got a dirty mind
Take a look at yourself
I've got imagination
I got hallucinations
Do you want some?
I've got a dirty mind
I've got a dirty mind
Take a look at yourself
Smelling like a rose
Looking like a queen
I'll have a double dose If you know what I mean
Went down to the river
With no one to trust
When you know what you want
Then you do what you must
But you'd better think smart
And take my advice
Just think of nothing
And double it twice
I bought you a trumpet
And a brand new suit
Just don't be disappointed
When you lick the fruit