

Pink Lemonade

The Wombats

Another magical Friday night
I think I'll sit this one at home
Unusual for me I know, but please go ahead
I don't want to be the blinking rabbit to your wildebeest
The jaded lover to a sex machine, you should go ahead
And please give those recycled house tracks my warmest regards
And lock the door if you're home before the sun, oh

Pink, pink lemonade and
Does he kiss you till your lips explode?
Pink, pink lemonade
Does he take you places I can't afford to go?
Pink lemonade you know I, know behind that sugar there's only l
ies, lies, lies, lies

Another magical Friday night
I wonder what state you're in?
In the powder or in the gin, this one's ending bad
So please give those recycled house tracks my warmest regards
And if you bring him home, can you use the spare bedroom?

Pink, pink lemonade and
Does he kiss you till your lips explode?
Pink, pink lemonade
Does he take you places I can't afford to go?
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And that's alright and that's okay
If I can write this song, I can play that game
And it's all good with me, if I know it's all good with you
Cause getting lost in the middle of the inbetween
Is only half as frightening as it first may seem
So do whatever you must, love, do whatever it must take
Pink lemonade
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