

Chrissie Hynde, Dark Sunglasses

Baby get your groove back another kind of life
One you think that you deserve
Nothing you should lack
Now reverting back to type
Never mind you lost your nerve
Yeah you had a go with
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't drive another woman's car

A kind of glamour
You commit yourself
Like dark sunglasses
You remember
How good it tasted
Inside the ruling classes
Wasted behind your dark sunglasses

She's kind of bald
Kind of chinese and such like
Like a débutante from days gone by
Shaving, wearing a tie, isn't sacrificing much
You lucky guy you can still get high
Yes sir, No sir
Sunday will be there
You only have to please that lady
Take anything you like
But be careful what you say
For another warm night, another dry day

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I'm not throwing a line
You'll be fine
I'm not throwing a line

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