

Pleasure

Baxter Dury

How did it feel when we were wiser
Nose was like a flashy antenna
Seeking out unsavory business

Perfectly happy with the future you made
Lots of laughs, corners we've gained

It's a pleasure
It's a pleasure

How did it feel when the clocks went back
The lights went out and your eyes were open

Ferrero Rocher prostitutes
Primark debutants in boots

Crisis in this male midriff
Lost within these solid wet lips

It's a pleasure
It's a pleasure