

Aviva, Aviva  
Come on let's have a threesome  
Aviva, Aviva  
It's how our love must end

In the night the telephone is ringing  
Someone is sleeping underneath our bed  
Secrets listen in on our conversations  
We know there's a boogie man in both our heads

Let this love be what it wants  
It wants to be fucked up  
Always been the story of  
Two brunettes and a blonde

Aviva, Aviva  
Come on let's have a threesome  
Aviva, Aviva  
The truth is always fresh

Met you in the middle of a snowstorm  
Then it turned out you were living with that blonde  
Soon she was looking at me sideways  
Then we went round and round and round

In a dress with six arms  
Two girls is not enough  
Always been the story of  
Two brunettes and a blonde

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It's how our love must end  
Aviva, Aviva  
Go on and call that shiksa  
Aviva, Aviva  
Let's all go out for lunch

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It's how the story ends  
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