

Swimwear Season

Don Broco

Mister Perfect, Mister Perfect
Mister Perfect gets on his plane to Costa del Rey
Always so great
Missus Perfect, Missus Perfect
Missus Perfect goes where she wants
She likes it real warm
Oh, they're so golden

Swimwear season
I'm still dreaming
I'm wearing swimwear
You're wearing swimwear
You know it's swimwear season
When did you stop believing?
You're wearing swimwear
When did you stop believing?
We're leaving

Mister Perfect, Mister Perfect
Everything's perfect for Mister Perfect
Mister Perfect, Mister Perfect
Everything's perfect for Mister Perfect

Mister Perfect, Mister Perfect
Mister Perfect jumps in his car
He needs his coffee
Kenyan light roast
Missus Perfect, Missus Perfect
Missus Perfect, breaking no laws
She knows what she knows
Man is it roasting

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You're wearing swimwear
When did you stop believing?
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A little two bed
I just need a little two bed
Yeah, a roof over my head
And a space for my car
And a south facing garden
But if you get a big five bed
Then I want a huge six bed
'Cause I got a big head
And a 10 car garage
And a south facing garden

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