

Pyjama Party

Sailor

You got me feelin' like a cold war zone
I'm playing sad melodies on my saxophone
And I've been dreaming lots of naughty nights
Me and you moonlighting from my chaperone

You never drive in my car
Under the moon and the stars
And when I'm flying my kite
You don't accept my invite
So when the weekend comes I'm going to have a party
Pyjama party

I'll buy some wine and turn the lights down low
We'll have Nat King Cole on the stereo
If it gets too late you can stay here all night

I'll send an invitation to the United Nations
And to the Russian regime I'll say we're having a scene
They can all make friends at my pyjama party
Pyjama party

Pyjama party, pyjama party party
Pyjama party, pyjama party party
I asked Brigitte Bardot and Fred Astaire
But they didn't show, no no no
You're the only one who made it to the party
Pyjama party

Your silk pyjamas and your dancin' shoes
No more iron curtain, no more singin' the blues
We'll cuddle up or have a pillow fight
If it gets too late you can stay here all night

I'll send an invitation to the United Nations
And to the Russian regime I'll say we're having a scene
They can all make friends at my pyjama party
Pyjama party, whoo!

Pyjama party, pyjama party party
Pyjama party, pyjama party party
I asked Brigitte Bardot and Fred Astaire
But they didn't show, no no no

You're the only one who made it to the party
You're the only one who made it to the party
Tell me who's to say that two don't make a party?
Pyjama party, Pyjama party, Pyjama party