

The Girl Who Doesn't Wear Clothes

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I see her everyday from my bedroom window
Walking round so fancy free
Though I don't know her name, there is a lot I do know
Like that she's lives across the street from me

I sigh and sigh, and then I try and try
To stop this spying, but I can't avert my eyes

And there she goes...(there she goes well exposed)
Her blinds are up, and her curtain is not closed
I don't see shorts or briefs, or even a fig leaf
Cuz she's the girl who doesn't wear clothes.

I assume her beauty is more than just skin deep
But on some level, I don't care
Though superficial, what I see can't be beat
And that is why, I sit all day and stare

Au naturel, she is quite the blonde bombshell
Her bare lifestyle has me underneath its spell

And there she goes...(there she goes well exposed)
Her blinds are up, and her curtain is not closed
She's looking in the mirror, without even a brassiere
She's the girl who doesn't wear clothes.

It beats the movies or a DVD
It's the ultimate reality TV
And not only do I get a front row seat
The admission's absolutely free.

Instrumental

She reads a book, while I get a good long look
If she dropped the shade, my goose would be cooked

And there she goes...(there she goes well exposed)
Her blinds are up, and her curtain is not closed
As she struts her stuff, she's completely in the buff
She's the girl who doesn't wear clothes.
Is it my fantasy, that's run away from me....
Or is she the girl who doesn't wear clothes? the girl who doesn't wear clothes
I see the girl who doesn't wear clothes?