

# 10CC, One Two Five

One hundred and twenty five  
Beats to, beats to the minute  
One hundred and twenty five  
You get the notion with the motion  
Then you're out on the floor

Fahrenheit, one hundred and two  
Centigrade, it's getting to you  
Your heart is beating, eight to the bar  
You can't control it so you hold it  
Then you're out on the floor

On the floor  
You feel it coming to ya  
On the floor  
You know it's getting through ya  
On the floor  
You can't control the feeling  
Let it go

See the faces passing  
Smile in time  
See the faces passing  
All in line  
You say, Hey! Can I take you home tonight?  
But she knows that you're throwin' a line  
She's heard it before, she'll hear it again  
It's the same pitch every time  
Change your line of patter  
Make her laugh, not at her  
Change your line of patter  
Make her laugh, not at her

She tells you her friend wants to say hello  
But say that you don't want to know  
It's her that you're throwing your glances to  
Her that you want to know  
Don't let her stray it's a Saturday night  
The Boys are after trouble  
You're in for a fight

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Reggae, Reggae, Reggae, Reggae

See the faces passing  
Smile in time  
She says if you're lookin' to take her home  
Well I'd better not be in late  
But the look on her face  
And the smile in her eyes say  
Baby I'm gonna wait  
See the faces swimming  
Hear the music dimming

Well I'm all danced out, I'm all done in  
And I'm starting to talk out of tune  
We can go on a ride, we can jump in a boat  
We can dance by the light of the moon  
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