

Adam Marsland, I Don't Wanna Dance With You

Hey! Who the hell are you?
I just came to drink
I don't want to think til ten til two
Spare me your favors
Do me no good turnså
I'm not here to date
Though I appreciate your deep concern
Desperation blows through the front door
Ingratiation trolling for a cheap score
Respiration blows away the dance whores
In. Out. In. Out. 1. 2. 3. 4.
Everything's OK, everything's fine (3x)
But I don't wanna dance with you
A small circle of friends to hide the
Bigger ones beneath the eyes
God only knows how many Romeos
will try to penetrate the girl and her disguise
Five hours sleep, five days a week
Running to save face
Clawing at the ground
To the headache sound of a drum and bass
Desperation flows through the dance floor
Destination 'hos throwing soft core
Respiration blows and woofers roar to life
In. Out.1. 2. 3. 4.
Cash the check... a nervous wreck
With a dragging ass, shaking fast
I just got paid, you won't get laid tonight
In. Out. In. Out. 1. 2. 3. 4.