

# 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 turns&aring;  
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.