

Blur, Go Out

I cannot sing along
Dancing with myself
We go get a gun
I sure I should stop
I'm feelin'... ooooh, o!
Dancing with myself
I get into my bed
I do it to myself

To the local
To the lo-o-o I go out
To the lo-o-o-ocal by myself
To the lo-o-o-ocal

I get into my head
There's nothing to be address now
There's nothing to get hung about
Cos I do it all the time
The shepherd miss Santa
She done it all again
I get ready to go
The green ... get to come

He going to the local
He going to the local-o-ohh
He going to the lo-o-o-ocal
He going to the lo-o-o-ocal

Too many western men
Are probably left undone
Imperious desire
The pepper of luxury
I greedy go get them ion the sky above
She on a roll
She get ready to go

She's dancing with herself
She does it with herself
She does it with herself
She does it on her o-o-o-own
She does it on her o-o-o-own