

Flash And The Pan, The African Shuffle

Well it's there at the doorway and out in the street
Drives down the highway and aims at their feet
It sneaks in the bathroom and plays in the bed
Sits down to breakfast and shouts out instead
Upsets the rhythm of buttering bread And it's fun for the head

Do it, do it, do it, do it
Doing the African shuffle
Do it, do it, do it, do it
Doing the African shuffle

In the evenings it hangs out in dance halls and bars
Leaps out of windows and sails by in cars
It's there in the alcove with whiskey and coke
Friend of the able and everyday folk
Blasting a path through the cigarette smoke
And talking's a joke

Do it, do it, do it, do it
Doing the African shuffle
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Doing the African shuffle

Doing the African shuffle
(African shuffle)
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(African shuffle)
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Doing the African

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