

# 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

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