

# Hadouken!, The Bounce

Don't give up your day job (day job)  
Don't give up your day job, boy (Don't give up your day job)  
Don't give up your day job (day job)  
What do you mean? This is my day job you shitcunt!

BOUNCE! (do The Bounce)  
BOUNCE! (dance The Bounce)  
Yeah, dance THE BOUNCE!

The Bounce is my favourite dance  
You know we're smashin' like glass  
I'm the teacher, you are the class  
Better learn it, don't be alarmed

OK people, have you heard my plans?  
I wanna make a record for ten-year-old fans!  
They can learn the dance; it will be a smash  
I can rob their parents' hard-earned cash

I could just be pop's latest fad  
I wanna have a dance like Whigfield had  
Credibility I can ditch  
If they can make me filthy rich

That's right, yeah, we don't quit  
If you don't wanna dance let's try your shit  
Just grab what you can hold;  
It's the bestest dance in the whole wide world

Basically what it involves is:  
Lots of bouncing from your shoulders  
Bounce your balls or bounce your boobs;  
Nod yeah if you've got these moves

Don't give up your day job (day job)  
Don't give up your day job, boy (Fuck shit up) (day job)

The Bounce is my favourite dance  
You know we're smashin' like glass  
I'm the teacher and you are the class  
Better learn it, don't be alarmed

I wanna make a dance, sell a million singles  
I won't stop til my pockets all jingle  
I want my content on your phone;  
I'll charge six quid for a shitty ringtone

My dance will spread across the nation  
It could be the next overnight sensation  
Tacky merchandise and such bad taste  
I could go on kid's TV fucked off my face!

We're in a riot; we're ravecore  
We wreck everything that you stood for  
Such a fuss that we kick up  
If you wanna jam then fuck shit up

Swing your arm up vertically  
And nod your head aggressively  
Swing your wrist right round in circuits  
Do this stuff and it is merkage

Don't give up your day job (day job)  
Don't give up your day job, boy (Fuck shit up) (day job)

The Bounce is my favourite dance  
You know we're smashin' like glass  
I'm the teacher and you are the class  
Better learn it, don't be alarmed

What have they left us with?  
Why do they try and feed it?  
All you people eat it?  
What will we hear tonight?  
Another plastic lie from the factory?

BOUNCE! OH! Dance the bounce! Bounce your balls!  
Yeah! Dance the bounce! Bounce your balls!  
BOUNCE! Do The Bounce! YEAH DO THE BOUNCE!

Swing your arm up vertically  
And nod your head aggressively  
Swing your wrist right round in circuits  
Do this stuff and it is merkage

OK people, have you heard my plans?  
I wanna make a record for ten-year-old fans!  
They can learn the dance; it will be a smash  
I can rob their parents' hard-earned cash

I could just be pop's latest fad  
I wanna have a dance like Whigfield had  
Credibility I can ditch  
If they can make me filthy rich

That's right, yeah, we don't quit  
If you don't wanna dance let's try your shit  
Just grab what you can hold;  
It's the bestest dance in the whole wide world

Basically what it involves is:  
Lots of bouncing from your shoulders  
Bounce your balls or bounce your boobs;  
Nod yeah if you've got these moves

What have they left us with?  
Why do they try and feed it?  
All you people eat it?  
What will we hear tonight?  
Another plastic lie from the factory?

Don't give up your day job (day job)  
Don't give up your day job, boy (Don't give up your day job)  
Don't give up your day job (day job)