

Terrorvision, Discotheque Wreck

He's in the bar, he's in your hair,
With his sports keyring jangling he's everywhere,
He's in your view, he's in your face,
Straight out of the seventies to straight out of place.

His collars turned up high he's on top of the world,
Sliding down the bar he's always falling, falling,
With his one good eye he winks at what he thinks is girls,
Opens toothless grin and then he's crawling, crawling.

And I'm a moving, I'm a grooving,
And I'm a smooching, and he's a discotheque wreck, yeah!

He's in your sight, he's in your pocket,
He's a superfly guy without a superfly rocket,
Every night he's on your case,
A terrible reality of disco race.

His collars turned up high he's on top of the world,
Sliding down the bar he's always falling, falling,
With his one good eye he winks at what he thinks is girls,
Opens toothless grin and then he's crawling, crawling.

And I'm a moving, I'm a grooving,
And I'm a smooching, and he's a discotheque wreck, yeah!

I can mashed potato.
I can do the twist.
Tell me baby,
Do you like it like this.

When I'm a moving, I'm a grooving,
And I'm a smooching, and he's a discotheque wreck, yeah!

I'm a moving, I'm a grooving,
And I'm a smooching, and he's a discotheque wreck