

The Subways, Shake! Shake!

I sold my soul so I could try
I'm standing at the picket line
And anyone that wants the fun now is the time

I'm calling out to you from the basement
I got a need to feel so I Shake! Shake!
You got a problem with me, say it
I couldn't care if we lose, no

She said I'm lost and out of love
I think it's more a case of no damn luck
Just like a gun just for the fun I set it off

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Another poem to you from the bedroom
Into the streets I run from the classroom
I got a need to feel so I Shake! Shake!
I got a need to feel so I Shake! Shake!