

Tim Curry, Paradise Garage

I went down to Paradise Garage
And took my place in line
The cashier said
"Are you alright?"
I said "I'm feelin' fine"
I'm a stranger to Nirvana,
I don't box outside my weight
But when I stepped out of the taxi
I did not anticipate this feelin'
(Oh excuse me, sir...
Oh, no, no, after you...)

Baby's got a dream and she can boogie
Daddy's got a groove that's coming clean
Jemie's got a vision of a permanent position
Me, I'm oiling up my dance machine
And it goes like this
And it goes like this

Well, I'm from Plainsbro, New Jersey,
And I didn't bring a date
I guess I wasn't really sure
If you'd be boogeyin' this late
I can't think were I put my wallet
Naive suburban fool
You wouldn't think that I'd spent hours outside
French polishing my cool...
And feelin' so strange
(I said after you...
I'm a gentleman...
Well, by implication)

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Jemie's got a vision of a permanent position,
Me, I'm oiling up my dance maching
And it goes like this
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And it goes like this
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Gotta boogie!

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Me, I'm oiling up my dance machine
And it goes like this
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Well, I really only stepped inside to vary my routine
You see, I read about this discotheque
In New York Magazine
(Hey Baby, what's your sign?
And haven't we met before?)
I really must suggest
That we've achieved a rare rapport
Hit the ceiling

(Where are you?
Come on, come on
You're usually so punctual)

Gotta boogie

(Uh, no, I had a little trouble at the door,
But, anyway,...twenty bucks took care of it...
Do you come here a lot?)

Gotta boogie