

Dexy's Midnight Runners, Geno

Geno! Geno! Geno! Geno! Geno! ...

Back in '68 in a sweaty club
Oh, Geno
Before Jimmy's Machine and The Rocksteady Rub
Oh-oh-oh Geno-o
On a night when flowers didn't suit my shoes
After a week of flunkin' and bunkin' school
The lowest head in the crowd that night
Just practicin' steps and keepin' outta the fights

Academic inspiration, you gave me none
But you were Michael the lover
The fighter that won
But now just look at me
I'm looking down at you
No, I'm not bein' flash
It's what I'm built to do

That man took the stage, his towel was swingin' high
Oh Geno
This man was my bombers, my Dexy's, my high
Oh-oh-oh Geno-o
The crowd they all hailed you, and chanted your name
But they never knew like we knew
Me and you were the same
And now you're all over, your song is so tame, brrrrr
You fed me, you bred me, I'll remember your name

Academic inspiration, you gave me none
You were Michael the lover
The fighter that won
But now just look at me
I'm looking down at you
No, I'm not bein' flash
It's what I'm built to do

Oh Geno, Woh-oh-oh Geno-o
Oh Geno, Woh-oh-oh Geno-o