

# 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