

Eagles, The Disco Strangler

Lookin' for the good life
dressed to kill
She don't have to worry 'cause
there's always someone else who will
Loose and loaded every night
Dancin' underneath the flashin' light
sayin, "Look at me, baby, look at me.
I'm beautiful, I'm beautiful, I'm somebody."
Just slip into the arms of the disco strangler

He's been around here all along, baby,
Been waiting for his time to come.
You lookin' for attention, darlin'
He will surely give you some

He's the crimson in your face du jour,
the fiddler in your darkest night.
He's the melody without a cure and
Rome is burning, but that's all right.
Just slip into the arms of the disco strangler
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