

Element Of Crime, The Last Dance

This is the last dance
This is the last dance
This is the last dance,
so twist and shout
This is the last dance
This is the last dance
The bouncer is waiting
for you to cut out

It's the last chance for you, little teeny-vamps,
to stumble around in high-heeled shoes
The last one to show that you're grown up and free
Then go home, Mom and Daddy are angry with you

And the peeping Toms there, at the edge of the dance floor
Cool guys singing the lonely man's blues
This is your deadline, pull yourself together
And then you will kiss the girl next to you

Heroes of the boozers' battle!
This is the last, stale sip of the night
Make it snappy, kill the bottle
And then I want you to crawl out of sight

It's the last dance
This is the last dance
You are the losers
in a phoney game
This is the break of dawn
This is the cruel hour
It's like a cold shower
for a freezing man