

# Everything But The Girl, No One Knows We're Da

First up, this is Fabio  
He drives here from Torino  
Parking tickets litter  
His Fiat Cinquecento

Amy is the sweetest  
Works weekdays in a pet shop  
Mixes vodka with her cola  
She knows everybody's name

It's 5pm on Sunday  
No one knows we're dancing  
Outside the sun is blinding  
No one knows we're dancing

Behind the bar is Peter  
His father is a lawyer  
For the EU out in Munich  
He does London Paris Munich  
London Paris Rome

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No one knows we're dancing  
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All the Croydon boys are over  
All the girls and night-off waiters  
Sweat falls off the ceiling  
We're all trapped in a feeling

No one knows we're dancing

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