

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

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