

Feeder, Can't Dance To Disco

I can't dress so I can't dance to disco
I can't move and I hate the way my feet go
I can't dress but she thinks I'm on the clothes show
Why can't she see?

It's so sad, she always sees the good side
Life sucks when you're lying on the inside
She's so sweet she covers me with honey
Why can't she see?

Disco!
I can't dance to disco
Disco!
White suits and gigolos

I'm a whore, paranoid and schizo
Hit the floor, chewing on the lino
I'm a mess, throw me like a yo-yo
Why can't you see?

Disco!
I can't dance to disco
Disco!
White suits and gigolos
Disco!
I can't dance to disco
Disco!
White suit and gigolos

Oh I hate those disco kings
Silk shirts and signet rings
Oh I hate those greasy kings
Cuban heels and rubber skins

Disco!
I can't dance to disco
Disco!
White suits and gigolos
Disco!
I can't dance to disco
Disco!
White suits and gigolos

Disco!
I can't dance to disco!
Disco!
I can't live for disco!
Disco!
I can't dance to disco!