

Hazel O'Connor, D-Days

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Put on your face, put on your clothes
Going out dancing, pose, pose
Wind our bodies round and round
Move to the rhythm of the fare rave sounds

These are the decadent days
These are the decadent ways
These are the de de de de de decadent days
De de de de de de decadent days

Swing to the left, swing to the right
Thrust your hips to the flashing light
Whirling dervish here's the rule
Sweating hot but you stay cool

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The whole room is vibrating
With all our bodies shaking
But still they're hesitating
From really taking it, making it, taking it