

Jackson Jackson, The International Society Of Bad Dancers

Hear what now, what's that sound
Rumble in the ground
Frightening the crowd
We were getting round
To getting down
Who's that over there with his scepter and crown
It's Friday night
We're all real high
Dressed just right
Feeling the vibe
We are all very beautiful people
And we don't wanna see any ugly people tonight
We're chillin' in the club
Looking like the shit
Looking like an MTV film clip
Ah shit!
We're so cool that it hurts and were playing a song that we know all the words to
But what's this
Oh no please desist
Gorilla's in the mist
Shadow's in the fog
There's a man over there with a banana in his fist
And he barks like a dog and he looks at me and says;

I'm just another bad dancer
who won't take no for an answer
You'll see us on every dance floor
Unfit and sweat slick like a cancer
We don't know how to grind our hips
We don't know how to pout with our lips
We don't know how to bump and dip
But when the beat hits well we don't give a shit

We're the international society of bad dancers
We walk up to clubs over run the bouncers
We came to reclaim the night time as our time
We fight fire with fire
There are so very very many more of us than there are of you
You're time is up
For too long we've stayed home at night
Playing scrabble and watching CSI
We are introverted
(bad dancers)
We are unfashionable
(bad dancers)
We don't give a fuck
(bad dancers)
We are the incredible
(bad dancers)
We're the international
(international)
Society
(society)
Of bad dancers
(bad dancers)

This is a song for all the bad dancers
Who won't take no for an answer
You'll see us on every dance floor
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We don't know how to pout with our lips
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