## Pipettes, It Hurts To See You Dance So Well

Half past one on the dance-floor, and my thoughts have turned to murder, can't these strangers feel my eyes, burning into them, they know that i wanna kill them,

'cos i can't get over you, and i can see them looking at you, and i just can't, can't get over you, it hurts to see you dance so well,

Quater to two on the dance-floor, but my feet won't dance no more, Got no spirit for dancing, since you walked right out the door, now all my moves are floored,

'cos i cant get over you, and i can see them dancing up to you,

and i just can't, can't get over you, hurts to see you looking so fine, you it hurts to see you dance so well,

I, I remember the times that we kissed, and the beats my heart missed, but our feet never missed a beat, when we were dancing cheek to cheek, and you,you, you knew all the best moves, and the funkiest grooves, but you never knew, how much i was in love with you,

and now it's two o'clock on the dance-floor, and i'm going home, i'm going home, i'm going home alone