

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