

The Rapture, Whoo! Alright-Yeah...Uh Huh

Oh, sun drenched French girls wont relate to
A frozen girl from the northern state
Dreamin about happy babies kicking ladies in the metro now

And the mirrors wont sing back to..
Chopping your air or you're choppin the line
But you lap that up and laugh back up and smile

Whoo! Alright, lets fall apart and the clock starts here and now
Tick tick tick tick tick tick, ow!

She said your allegory is far too blunt
I said this aint no laboratory, you're the cunt
She said I'm punching the distance, it doesnt rhyme
Or resonate brilliance in its time
But is it lyrical genius or crap rock poetry?
I say the linear runs Morrison Patti Smith than me

Maybe the reason we're so uninspired
Cos we're hours late and the bodies are tired,
I think everybody here can agree
That the party aint wank cos the booze is free
No, free spirits aint setting no one's spirit free

Yeah, uh huh, I'm fallin apart and the clock starts here and now

Tick tick tick tick, ow
Wind it up now!

People don't dance no more, (what!)
They just stand there like this, (uh huh)
They cross their arms and stare you down and drink and moan and piss (that's right!)
People don't dance no more (uh huh)
They just stand there like this (yeah!)
They cross their arms and stare you down and drink and moan and piss (ok!)

People don't dance no more, (what!)
They just stand there like this, (that's right!)
They cross their arms and stare you down and drink and moan and piss (ok now!)
People don't dance no more
They just stand there like this
They cross their arms and stare you down and drink and moan and piss

Y'all ready girls? (uh huh, yeah)
Break!

I used to think life's a bitter pill but its a grand old time