

Dance Yrself Clean

LCD Soundsystem

Walking up to me, expecting, walking up to me expecting words
It happens all the time
Present company excepted, present company, except the worst
It happens every night

Ah-ahh

Present company, excluded every time
Ah-ahh

Present company, the best that you can find
Talking like a jerk, except you are an actual jerk
and living proof
That sometimes friends are mean

Present company, expect it, present company just laugh it off
It's better than it seems

Ah-ahh

Present company, excluded in every way

Ah-ahh

Present company, makes me wanna stay (go)

Killing it with close inspection, killing it can only make it worse
It sort of makes it breed

Present company accepting, presently we all expect the worst
It works just like a need

Ah-ahh

Present company, excluded in the night
Ah-ahh

Present company, included in the fight
Ah-ahh, ah-ahh, ahh, ah-ahh
Don't you want me to wake
up?

Then give me just a bit of your time

Arguments are made for make-ups
So give it just a little more time

We've got to bring the resources
I wanna play until the time comes

Forget your string of divorces
Just go and throw your little hands up

It's late, oh

I miss the way the night goes
With friends who always make it feel good

This basement has a cold glow
Though it's better than a bunch of others

So go and dance yourself clean
Go and dance yourself clean, yeah

You're blowing marxism to pieces

Their little arguments to pieces,

Show. It's your show
It's your show, it's your show
It's your show
Put your little feet down
And
hang out
Every night's a different story

It's a thirty car pileup with you

Everybody's getting younger

It's the end of an era -- it's true

And you go

Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop

Stop, stop, stop

Break me into bigger pieces

So some of me is home with you

Wait until the weekend

And we can make our bad dreams come true

And it's a go, yeah, it's a go

And if we wait until the weekend

We could miss the best thing to do

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Go and dance yourself clean
Oh
Gotta dance yourself clean, yeah
And blow the marxists into pieces
Their little arguments to pieces, oh
Wish you'd try a little harder
In the tedious march of the few
Every day's a different warning
There's a part of me hoping it's true

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>