

Dance Yrself Clean

Mr Manhattan

Walking up to me, expecting, walking up to me
Expecting words, it happens all the time
Present company, accept it, present company
Except the worst, it happens every night
Ah, present company, excluded every time
Ah, 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, present company, excluded in every way
Ah, present company, makes me wanna stay
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
Works just like a need
Ah, present company, excluded in the night
Ah, present company, included in the fight
Ah, ah, ah, ah
Don't you want me to wake up?
Then give me just a bit of your time
Arguments are made from make outs
So give it just a little more time
We've got to bring our results
I wanna play it 'til the time comes
But there's a string of divorces
You go and throw your little hands up, okay, oh
I miss the way, oh
I miss the way the night comes
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 throwing marks into pieces
Baby, they're arguments, the pieces
It's your show, it's your show

It's your show, it's your show
It's your show
Work a little bit, girl
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
Break me into bigger pieces
So tell me he's 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 can miss the best thing to do
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Go and dance yourself clean, oh
Go and dance yourself clean, yeah
And you're [Incomprehensible] into pieces
Maybe they're arguments the pieces, oh
We should 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

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