One Two Five

Birdie

One hundred and twenty five
Beats to, beats to the minute
One hundred and twenty five
You get the notion with the motion
Then you're out on the floor

Fahrenheit, one hundred and two
Centigrade, it's getting to you
Your heart is beating, eight to the bar
You can't control it so you hold it
Then you're out on the floor

On the floor
You feel it coming to ya
On the floor
You know it's getting through ya
On the floor
You can't control the feeling
Let it go

See the faces passing
Smile in time
See the faces passing
All in line
You say, Hey! Can I take you home tonight?
But she knows that you're throwin' a line
She's heard it before, she'll hear it again
It's the same pitch every time
Change your line of patter
Make her laugh, not at her
Change your line of patter
Make her laugh, not at her

She tells you her friend wants to say hello
But say that you don't want to know
It's her that you're throwing your glances to
Her that you want to know
Don't let her stray it's a Saturday night
The Boys are after trouble

You're in for a fight

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Beats to, beats to the minute
One hundred and twenty five
You get the motion with the notion
Then you're out on the floor

Fahrenheit, one hundred and two
Centigrade, it's getting to you
Your heart is beating, eight to the bar
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Reggae, Reggae, Reggae, Reggae

See the faces passing
Smile in time
She says if you're lookin' to take her home
Well I'd better not be in late
But the look on her face
And the smile in her eyes say
Baby I'm gonna wait
See the faces swimming
Hear the music dimming
Well I'm all danced out, I'm all done in
And I'm starting to talk out of tune
We can go on a ride, we can jump in a boat
We can dance by the light of the moon
One hundred and twenty five
Beats to, beats to the minute

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