Bloke

Republica

You've got red shoes and the sports car
You think you're really cool, I gotta say
You just don't know what games to play
You like football and play on Saturdays
When the weekends gone, you go to work
In a nasty office as a filing clerk
So don't you tell me, I'm not listening
I've already heard it
You better watch you're back
I'm gonna take you on, I'm gonna take you on
I'm gonna take you on, I'm gonna take you on
I'm gonna take you on, I'm gonna take you on
Mobile, but no conversation
You've got credit cards, mega drive
Fax me lunch, Mr. 9 to 5
You've got timeshare, for your holidays
It's the same routine, the life you lead
The friends you keep, you're lack of taste
So don't you tell me, I'm not listening
I've already heard it
You better watch you're back
I'm gonna take you on, I'm gonna take you on
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I'm gonna take you on, I'm gonna take you on
I'm gonna take you on, I'm gonna take you on
Take me on, take me on, take me on
I'm gonna take you on
Take me on, take me on, take me on
I'm gonna take you on

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