

Discotheque Wreck

Terrorvision

He's in the bar, he's in your hair
With his sports keyring jangling he's everywhere
He's in your view, he's in your face
Straight out of the seventies to straight out of place
His collars turned up high he's on top of the world
Sliding down the bar he's always falling, falling
With his one good eye he winks at what he thinks is girls
Opens toothless grin and then he's crawling, crawling
And I'm a moving
I'm a grooving
And I'm a smooching
And he's a discotheque wreck, yeah
He's in your sight, he's in your pocket
He's a superfly guy without a superfly rocket
Every night he's on your case
A terrible reality of disco race
His collars turned up high he's on top of the world
Sliding down the bar he's always falling, falling
With his one good eye he winks at what he thinks is girls
Opens toothless grin and then he's crawling, crawling

And I'm a moving
I'm a grooving
And I'm a smooching
And he's a discotheque wreck, yeah
I can mashed potato
I can do the twist
Tell me baby
Do you like it like this
When I'm a moving
I'm a grooving
And I'm a smooching
And he's a discotheque wreck, yeah
I'm a moving
I'm a grooving
And I'm a smooching
And he's a discotheque wreck
I'm a moving
I'm a grooving

And I'm a smooching
And he's a discotheque wreck, yeah
love, maya

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