

Geno

Dexys Midnight Runners

Geno! Geno! Geno! Geno! Geno! ...

Back in '68 in a sweaty club

Oh, Geno

Before Jimmy's Machine and The Rocksteady Rub

Oh-oh-oh Geno-o

On a night when flowers didn't suit my shoes

After a week of flunkin' and bunkin' school

The lowest head in the crowd that night

Just practicin' steps and keepin' outta the fights

Academic inspiration, you gave me none

But you were Michael the lover

The fighter that won

But now just look at me

I'm looking down at you

No, I'm not beinh flash

It's what I'm built to do

That man took the stage, his towel was swingin' high

Oh Geno

This man was my bombers, my Dexy's, my high

Oh-oh-oh Geno-o

The crowd they all hailed you, and chanted your name

But they never knew like we knew

Me and you were the same

And now you're all over, your song is so tame, brrrrr

You fed me, you bred me, I'll remember your name

Academic inspiration, you gave me none

You were Michael the lover

The fighter that won

But now just look at me

I'm looking down at you

No, I'm not being flash

It's what I'm built to do

Oh Geno, Woh-oh-oh Geno-o

Oh Geno, Woh-oh-oh Geno-o

written by Archer, Kevin / Rowland, Kevin
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