

Disco Inferno

Bee Gees

In up above my head, I hear music in the air
That makes me know there's a party somewhere Burn, baby, burn
Burn, baby, burn To my surprise, one hundred storeys high
People getting loose, y'all, they're getting down on the roof
Folks are screaming out of control, it was so entertaining
When that boogie-woogie started to explode
I heard somebody say (Burn, baby, burn)
Disco Inferno, burn that mother down
(Burn, baby, burn)
Disco Inferno, burn that mother down
Satisfaction came in a chain reaction
I couldn't get enough, so I had to self-destruct
The heat was on and it was rising to the top
Everybody's going strong that is when my spark got hot
I heard somebody say (Burn, baby, burn)
Disco Inferno, burn that mother down
(Burn, baby, burn)
Disco Inferno, burn that mother down
Burn it on down Satisfaction came in a chain reaction
I couldn't get enough, so I had to self-destruct
The heat was on, it was rising to the top
Everybody's going strong, that is when my spark got hot
I heard somebody say
(Burn, baby, burn)
Disco Inferno, burn that mother down
(Burn, baby, burn)
Disco Inferno, burn that mother down
Burn it on down Burn, baby, baby, won't you burn, burn
Burn, burn
[Incomprehensible]
[Incomprehensible]
And burn, baby let the good times roll with me On a cold and gray Chicago morn
A poor little baby child is born in the ghetto
And if there's one thing that you don't need
It's another hungry mouth to feed in the ghetto People, don't you understand
That the child don't need a helping hand in the ghetto
And a hungry little boy with a runny nose
Plays in the street as the cold wind blows in the ghetto So he starts to roam the streets at night
And he learns how to steal and he learns how to fight in the ghetto

And then he buys a gun and he steals a car
And he drives away but he don't get far in the ghettoAs a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man
Face down on the street with a gun in his hand in the ghetto
And his momma criesOh, baby, baby, burn that disco down
You're gonna burn, you're gonna burn
You're gonna burn, burn, burn burn
Burn, burn, burn, burn, burn, burn(Burn, baby, burn)
Disco Inferno, burn that mother down
(Burn, baby, burn)
Disco Inferno, burn that mother down(Burn baby burn)
Disco Inferno, burn that mother down
(Burn baby burn)
Disco Inferno, burn that mother down
Burn it downLet the good times roll
Get us loose as a goose
Up above my head, I hear music in the air
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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