

Rocktronic

Americans UK

She starts the party if she's ready or not,

Ah-ah-ah.

She hits the dance floor and starts getting real hot,

Ah-ah-ah.

She takes her jaket off, her jacket off, her jacked, uh-oh,

And now she's downing shots, she's downing shots, she's downing, uh-oh!

She runs her hands down from her breasts to her knees!

Her mouth is open like she's begging to please!

She gives her hair a toss, her hair a toss, her hair, uh-oh!

And it's erotic, it's exotic, it's rocktronic, uh-oh!

It's rocktronic!

He takes a drag of Parliament cigarette,

Ah-ah-ah.

He checks the microphone for microphone check,

Ah-ah-ah.

He's going to rock this set, rock this set, rock it, uh-oh!

The whole crowd holds its breath, holds its breath, they're holding, uh-oh!

He strikes a pic across his medium strings!

His lip is snarling as he lets loose a scream!

There's so much sweat it stings, the sweat it stings, the sweat, uh-oh!

And it's erotic, it's rocktronic, it's exotic, uh-oh!

It's rocktronic!

Flesh melds with the keyboards making cyborgs,

Rocktronic, rocktronic, rocktronic!

Lyrics submitted by Jef.

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