

bunny

Datcyde

Don't you look at me and think you've got a chance
A tank-topped, muscled-boy can never show romance
Cause I will move along to the dance floor bodies

And you can stay and watch as you do with movies as I dance
A tank-top seeked my eyes as well the other night
I let him touch my razorblade and sent him off to die

No regrets at all moved to dance floor masses

Better prove yourself or you'll burn to ashes as I dance
Tank-top muscle-boy you might have a go
Boys that move

Tank-top come along you might have a go
Let me pull you in we will start up really slow
And maybe I will let you taste my honey

You just bare your skin I will show you bunny as I dance
Tank-top muscle-boy you might have a go
Boys that move

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