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 danceA 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 danceTank-top muscle-boy you might have a go
Boys that move
Tank-top come along you might have a goLet 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 danceTank-top muscle-boy you might have a go
Boys that move

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