

I'll Have To Dance With Cassie

Stuart Murdoch

Just another Saturday
The boys are dressed up fine
Think I'll wait 'till half past eight
To dress myself divine
Ten thirty, I'm in rags
A slutty look accompanies my questionable gaze
Through the strobe light and the haze

Take an interest in me
Why must I beg for a drink?
Too verbose
You come too close, Sir
Please step back and think
That's the trouble
Flesh attracts the leery look
Rarely does the dream boy come along
He don't exist
A lover with the candour of a friend

I run away
They're playing a decent song at last
I think I'll have to dance with Cassie
'Cause the dream boy never asked
Shuffle to the left
I kick the boy behind to make a little room
Boogie to the right
Cassie dances madly like a boxing kangaroo
Her little Joey buys the drinks
He's in love more than he thinks

They know the dance too well
The bodies heavenly
Move around the autumn sky
With measured dignity
But my Venus and my Mars
Are set to flash
The lover will lay down his sword and swear
He don't exist

A brother to me when the chips were down

I run away

They're playing a decent song at last

I think I'll have to dance with Cassie

'Cause the dream boy never asked

Shuffle to the left

I kick the boy behind to make a little room

Boogie to the right

Cassie dances madly like a boxing kangaroo

Spinnin' on the spot

Hell do I care what I look like when I feel this good

I'll keep on dancing

I'll keep on dancing

I'll keep on dancing

I'll keep on dancing

I'll keep on dancing

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