# Disco Boy

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Disco boy! Run to toilet and comb your hair.
Disco boy! Pucker your lip, and check your shoulders,
'cause some dandruff might be hiding there.Disco boy, your the disco king, aw the
disco thing made you think someday that you
just might go somewhere.Disco girl, you're outa sight, you need a
disco boy, to treat you right.
He'll do a little dance, take you home tonight.
Leave his hair alone, but you can kiss his comb.Disco boy! Run to toilet and comb your hair.
Disco boy! Shake it more than three times and you're
playing with @!#%! while you're standing there.Disco boy, do the bump every night, 'til the disco girl
who's really right, gonna fall for your line,
and feed you a box full of chicken delight.Disco chit-chat so demure,
pump that booty all across the floor.
A disco drink, a disco wink,
you never go duty that's what you think.
You never go duty that's what you think.
You never go duty that's what you think.Duty. Go duty!
Duty. Go duty!
Duty. You never go duty.
Duty. You never go duty.
Duty. You never go duty.
Duty. You never go duty.
You never duty. Go duty.
Duty. You never duty.Disco boy! You got one more chance, to comb your hair again.
Disco boy! They're closing the bar, and she's
leaving with your friend.Disco boy, that's the way it goes, so wipe your nose, and
try it again, to get a little lay tomorrow.Disco boy, no one understands, but thank the lord that you
still got hands, to help you do that jerkin' that'll
blot out your disco sorrow.It's disco love tonight. Make sure you look alright.
It's disco love tonight. Make sure you look alright.

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