

Dance, Idiot, Dance

Chumbawamba

Here comes Nicholas, fiddle in hand,
into a world that he can't understand.
You can't keep pace with the master
race, his feet they're going all over
the place - he can't see his moves cos
there's egg on his face. Dance, idiot,
dance! His body's as stiff as
a cold lasagne, 'cos all he knows is
'Rule Brittannia'. His rhythm's so bad
that we're supposin' - maybe it's cos
his legs are frozen? Shouldn't be
wearing lederhosen! Dance, idiot,
dance! Messianical look in his eye,
arms akimbo, slapping his thigh. He
wrinkles his snout at a likely wench
(we've censored her answer and
pardoned her French) - it's hard for
your average Ubermensch. Dance,
idiot, dance! Poor old Nicholas got
up today, to Cecil Sharpe House he
made his way. Wore his uniform just
to impress and said, "this must be the
place, I guess, for joining the EFD-SS?"
Dance, idiot, dance!