

Worst Night Out

Disco Ensemble

You think for hours what to wear
When you'd look stunning in anything
I think for hours what to say
And then mess it up as you are listening
My legs are made of wood
But my eyes keep on following
This place is turning weird
And I think turning pro

The girls are screaming loud
They call it a conversation
The drinks are on the house
That's hardly a compensation
My legs are made of wood
But my eyes keep on following
Keep on following

I had the worst night out
I had the worst time in ages
I had the worst night out
I had the best time in ages

Standing in the line
I forget acting elegant
Get shivers down the spine
We should all get messed up
You drag me closer, but I move away
I didn't mean to be this way

Maybe the best thing about you is that
You know the worst things about me
And maybe the worst thing about you is that
You know the way I should be