

Goth In The Disco

Just Jack

Oh there's a Goth in the disco,
Yeah there's a Goth in the disco,

Pale face, black vest,
Steady watching, she's got a cure for this emptiness
Melting vinyl, burning hair, suicidal, in the disco yeah

She hates all the music can't stand the lights,
But there's nothing else to do on a Saturday night
And she doesn't like the people can't stand to dance,
So they're all going home in an ambulance (woop, woop)

(All going)
(Can't stand Saturday night)
(Can't stand disco)

Empty bottle, dirty rag,
Can of petrol she's got a cocktail for these fucking slags
Melting vinyl, burning hair, suicidal, in the disco yeah

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