

I've got a new dance called The Margaret Thatcher.
It'll get in your pants, you'd better call the
Dispatcher
Of deliverers of increased pants awesomeness.
Get the awesomest pants they offer.
Preposterous shoes are also required for the moves,
Although sensible footwear or barefoot behooves
And all attire's optional.
You only ever do it when there's nobody watching you.

Do it. Do The Margaret Thatcher.
Just do it. Do The Margaret Thatcher, y'all.

Here's a little something for the
Wallflowers in the room,
All my people at the party for whom
The dance don't come natural.
Enhance your stature. Fall
Into the routine they call
The Margaret Thatcher, y'all.

Do The Margaret Thatcher.
Do The Margaret Thatcher, y'all.

Step One:
Wiggle, wobble, wriggle,

Coddle your young,
Intensify your ennui,
Then before you get done,
Put your left foot over to the left if you dare,
Then pretend you got scared,
Then point at your hair.

Step Two:
Elevate everything up,
Increase any numbers that you're in control of,
Then Skip to The Lou,
Then stand stock still,
Then illustrate for everyone your ultimate skill.

Do it. Just do it.

I'll is the manner of the dancing you do.
Calibrate it so that anybody'd think that you're too
Intensely unhealthy to move like that.
Take the multiple indignities: a dance floor fact.
Don't retract unless you're starting a move,
And don't begin a motion unless you follow it through,
And don't do anything I wouldn't condone
Except a dance named after a villainous crone.