

Clap your hands

Pale Young Gentlemen

In this park they play
They let the pigeons stay
They give them names and feed them bread
They live in Philadelphia

You have no chance, old man
Your queen is cornered, I'd say
Shoot a bird off the board
Don't need your cane for this job

Click y our heels, dance dance
Grab a girl, dance dance
And don't remind me
Why I'm here, dance dance

Clap your hands, dance dance
Feed the birds, dance dance
And don't remind me
Why I'm here, dance dance

You're out of breath, I see
You need a rest, maybe?
A little afternoon nap?
Let's tear the lid off this thing

One more step to go
One last dip and that's it
I've got more people to see
My friends, it breaks my heart

Click y our heels, dance dance
Grab a girl, dance dance
And don't remind me
Why I'm here, dance dance

Clap your hands, dance dance
Feed the birds, dance dance
And don't remind me
Why I'm here, dance dance

Move through the grass
On your hands and your knees
These things change, my old friends
Times change, don't they?

Float through the air
Let your heart carry you up up and up
Let's lay you down

Click y our heels, dance dance
Grab a girl, dance dance
And don't remind me
Why I'm here, dance dance

Clap your hands, dance dance
Feed the birds, dance dance
And don't remind me

Why I'm here, dance dance