

Kill 'Em at the Hot Club Tonite

Slade

You'll get over me, I'll get over you.
The only time to meet is when we really fancy.
We talked quite a lot, we sleep on and off.
The last thing I remember is the TV dancing.
You walk on the right, I walk on the left.
The only thing to say will be a 'hello' maybe.
We had lots of fun, we rolled in the sand.
You keep on throwing things at me and I bleed baby.

You can smile like you did before,
Keep your souvenirs upon the bedroom wall.
Everyone gets silly, hot blood can get chilly,
We'll kill 'em at the hot club tonight.

You'll get over me, I'll get over you.
The only time to meet is when we really fancy.
You write off my car, break up my guitar
You think that saying sorry is the only answer
You walk on the right, I walk on the left.
You look the other way in case I see you blushing.
The state that we were in, how come you had me rushing?

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