

Discotheque Wreck

Terrorvision

He's in the bar, he's in your hair,
With his sports keyring jangling he's everywhere,
He's in your view, he's in your face,
Straight out of the seventies to straight out of place

His collars turned up high he's on top of the world,
Sliding down the bar he's always falling, falling,
With his one good eye he winks at what he thinks is girls,
Opens toothless grin and then he's crawling, crawling

And I'm a moving, I'm a grooving,
And I'm a smooching, and he's a discotheque wreck, yeah!

He's in your sight, he's in your pocket,
He's a superfly guy without a superfly rocket,
Every night he's on your case,
A terrible reality of disco race

His collars turned up high he's on top of the world,
Sliding down the bar he's always falling, falling,
With his one good eye he winks at what he thinks is girls,
Opens toothless grin and then he's crawling, crawling

And I'm a moving, I'm a grooving,
And I'm a smooching, and he's a discotheque wreck, yeah!

I can mash potato
I can do the twist
Tell me baby,
Do you like it like this

When I'm a moving, I'm a grooving,
And I'm a smooching, and he's a discotheque wreck, yeah!

I'm a moving, I'm a grooving,
And I'm a smooching, and he's a discotheque wreck