

Party Professionals

The Motels

Here they come
Come screaming up your stairs
Got a brand new kind of rhythm
Make parties such affairs
You better look at 'em work out
They got tongues like sharpened knives
They're the ones that make your parties come alive

What a lovely occasion
With the moonlight in your drink
And your tiny hands
So anxious to greet them all

The party has started
And the clowns have all come in
It's time to turn the music on

And we will dance at the party
'Cause we can't laugh
And we will dance at the party
'Cause we can't cry
And we will dance
'Til the dawn's early light
And I will drink to you
And you to I

I got no vision
And the party fades away
Headache takes over
From too much cheap champagne
Dressed to kill
I can't stand still
It's time to turn the music on

And I will stop at the party
And try to laugh
And I will cry at the party
And try to stop
And I will dance at the party
'Til I start to drop
And I will drink to you
And you to I