

# It Hurts To See You Dance So Well

The Pipettes

Half past one on the dance-floor,  
And my thoughts have turned to murder,  
Can't these strangers feel my eyes, burning into them,  
They know that i wanna kill them,

'cos i can't get over you,  
And i can see them looking at you,  
And i just can't, can't get over you,  
It hurts to see you dance so well,

Quater to two on the dance-floor,  
But my feet won't dance no more,  
Got no spirit for dancing,  
Since you walked right out the door,  
Now all my moves are floored,

'cos i cant get over you,  
And i can see them dancing up to you,  
And i just can't, can't get over you,  
Hurts to see you looking so fine,  
You it hurts to see you dance so well,

I, I remember the times that we kissed,  
And the beats my heart missed,  
But our feet never missed a beat,  
When we were dancing cheek to cheek,  
And you, you, you knew all the best moves,  
And the funkiest grooves,  
But you never knew,  
How much i was in love with you,

And now it's two o'clock on the dance-floor,  
And i'm going home,  
I'm going home,  
I'm going home alone