

Ibiza

The Prodigy

Ibiza (Ibiza)
Ibiza
Ibiza (Ibiza)
Don't fall off the rocks

Ibiza (Ibiza)
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Ibiza (Ibiza)

Benedict, can I get a smash sex course
Six pack slash drum edge
No tone, they're faceless, the mix on sticks
Ibiza's rotten encrusted rocks
Transmit, transmit (transmit)

What's he fuckin' doing?
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Plug it in, pre-mixed, all bought it
It's all about the gear
Bleached-hair wanking mates just flown in on the Lear
Private-jet, personal flyer
All Danny, all fucking Dyer
Straights eight quid a packet?
Fuck that, I'm on the baccy mate (transmit)

What's he fuckin' doing?
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What's he fuckin' doing?

(Eject the alarms off)
Cause the music, you're so darn dull
(Eject the alarms off)
Cause the music, all darn dull
Stare
(Eject the alarms off)
Cause the music, you're so darn dull
(Eject the alarms off)

Cause the music, all darn dull
What's he fuckin' doing?