

Keep On Dancing

The Rubettes

I got a friend who loves the music
He got a red hot groove
But he don't use it
I get so afraid, he's gonna lose it
If you gotta gift - man, don't abuse it

Keep on dancing

The experts say they really care
They don't have a clue what's out there
The teachers tell the children not to swear
And the drunken lawyes
Leaves the kid
To pop something in
To kill the fear... it's not fair

Keep on dancing

I'm a frightened Dad, worried sick
Hear what I say?
I could put something in here
You know what rhymes with it
The whole world seems to end
In c.k.e.d
You ain't fooling me anyway

Keep on dancing

Are you ready here comes
Steve Gadd

Keep on dancing

See em run for the books, cos
They just don't get it
They throw it at me
But I've already read it
Before they speak,
Some-one already said it

We can't be friends
Cos Karl Marx don't rhyme
With Mercedes-Benz
I need credit
You can shove it
You know why?
'Cos I love it!

Keep on dancing