

# Dirty Dancehall

The Zutons

Well the sun grew dim and the night grew tall  
Everyone's dancing in the dirty dancehall  
The chins they did wobble, the eyes did stare  
There was a sense of threat in the air  
Everyone's dancing, feeling fine  
But looking like Zombies, as though they're dying  
I stood alone in the darkened room  
My mouth is dry and my heart goes boom

Oh the dogs and the vermin were mooching in the streets  
Sniffing out the candy and the left over meat  
Down in the alley a tramp falls asleep  
Murdering the hooker and chops off their feet

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This is just a night in the City of Culture  
But everyone's whacked and looks like vultures [4x]

All the lights came on and the music stopped  
Men in uniform outside on watch  
The tramp waits by the bush to pounce  
Woken up again by a young girl's shout

Closing up the club, a fight breaks out  
All the Black Mariahs were left in no doubt  
One got killed another one ran  
They ended up arresting an innocent man

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