

Knee Length Socks

Urthboy

(Check it out now)
Rushing out of Kings Cross station
Spilling to the glow of Darlington Road
Underneath the Coke sign(?)
Hidden in the hip-folk
Right rhythm, white lights and the bouncers inviting me to strip shows
I was 17 with the face of 15
Carried my skateboard with me to the slipstream
You could be the king of the Cross or just sightseeing
Or take flight from the lime light like me
My brother ran a nightclub playing Hip-hop
In a club called Late Girls
Once upon a time it was owned by Abe Saffron
Long way from Oasis to the underworld
He would sneak me in before ten when the doors open
On the dance-floor dark and scared
And the bartender knew I wasn't legal
But was pretending I wasn't there
I was about to learn

These girls in knee length socks did not dance like I did
Did not dance indie, kid
Did not dance like me
In Fred Berry shirts these guys did not dance like I did
Did not dance Brit-pop, kid
(Check this out)
Did not dance like me
What ya, what ya, what ya want?

By 12 with the party proper kickin'
Room full of Alvins, Cockers and Frenchman(?)
'Couple Liam Browns and they're dancing to The Smiths
And there I am in the middle of the dance floor pissed
Showing off my running man
Shake it like Q-tip
And even apple-bottom
Like I was on some new shit
Proper etiquette
Hide it, shield it
But scream indelicate(?)
Don't fight it, feel it
Indie girls dance like quirky little penguins
There she goes, fell in love and afraid to befriend him
I wish she could've told him that love swayed
Or the way she swung her hands by her sides like rollerblades
Could've put a British accent on
Pashed her in the chorus of a catchy song, yeah
With the charm of a trashy Pom,
I'm like: 'Hello love wanna snog?'

These girls in knee length socks did not dance like I did
Did not dance indie, kid
Did not dance like me
In Fred Berry shirts these guys did not dance like I did
Did not dance Brit-pop, kid
Did not dance like me
So what ya, what ya, what ya want?

Grab my skateboard from the cloak room
Found Kings Cross with her legs wide open
What kind of trouble could a kid get his nose in
When the best of the * is * as part of Sydney blows in
I was never caught by the 'fuzz'
When I was on a buzz
A bit before I dabbled with drugs
Pills, thrills, belly aches, * and *
Whatever it takes to medicate, please this week, uh
I did a bit I admit I wasn't not innocent
I didn't fit in but I felt magnificent
Banging in my eardrums differently
Like I got a new set of antennas for me there just to listen(?)
I look back, realise what it meant to me
Why I write hooks and melodies
I'm part of their legacy, but I never did get her next to me
I guess that was for the best
God damn

These girls in knee length socks did not dance like I did
Did not dance indie, kid
Did not dance like me
In Fred Berry shirts these guys did not dance like I did
Did not dance Brit-pop, kid
Did not dance like me
(So what ya, what ya, what ya want?)
These girls in knee length socks did not dance like I did
Did not dance indie, kid
Did not dance like me
In Fred Berry shirts these guys did not dance like I did
Did not dance Brit-pop, kid
Did not dance like me
(So what ya, what ya, what ya want?)