

## D.A.N.C.E. Remix

Watsky

6th grade, I remember my first dance  
Steady searching through the mix for a slowdance  
Like the marshmallow pieces in the lucky charms  
Cause that's golden your opportunity for romance  
But on the fast songs the numbers between  
That's when you get to show the lovely ladies what you mean  
It's when the fellas preen watch me C-Walk  
How I strutted and displayed feathers like a peacock  
They did the Funky Chicken, I learned the Dirty Bird  
Cause the Atlanta Falcons did it in the endzone  
After every touchdown. It didn't help me score, did it at the dances and it put me in the friend zone  
And if I went home, with my head down  
I lift my chin up  
Then put it down again  
Up again  
Down again  
Up again  
Down again  
Now I'm headbanging to the brand new sound again

Your body is a temple  
My body is a circus ring trying to hold itself up like a tentpole  
Every instrumental makes my pencil neck snap back fast until I'm going mental  
Some call it grinding, some call it bumping, but in the Bay we had a funny way of speaking  
In San Francisco, we're the kids of hippies, just a bunch of geeks so we called it freaking  
In 6th grade, freaked with a 8th grade hottie named Janny and I sang Kumbaya  
Amen Halllujah!  
Until a hater chaperone came and made room for God  
It's all good though (it's all good though)  
Turn the anger into energy and passion tlll I'm burning like a wood stove  
I do Liquid and the Fireball  
The only raver moves I know  
But I'm putting on a good show