

Pipettes, The

"It Hurts To See You Dance So Well"

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Half past one on the dancefloor
And my thoughts have turned to murder
Total strangers feel my eyes
Burning into them
They know that I wanna kill them

Cos I can't get over you
And I can see them looking at you
And I just can't, can't get over you
It hurts to see you dance so well

Quarter to two on the dancefloor
But my feet won't dance no more
Got no spirit for dancing
Since you walked right out the door
Now all my moves are flawed

And i just can't get over you
And i can see them dancing up to you
And i just can't, can't get over you
It hurts to see you looking so fine
You... it hurts to see you dance so well

I remember the times that we kissed and the beats my
heart missed
But our feet never missed a beat
When we were dancing cheek to cheek
Cos you, you knew all the best moves, the funkier
grooves
But you never knew
How much I was in love with you

Now it's two o'clock on the dance floor
And I'm going home
I'm going home
I'm going home alone

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