

Wombats "Techno Fan"

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East London's not a bomb site
It is a treasure chest
We use our penguin costumes
More than our evening dress

She said I should come over
Though the music's not my type
Don't you know I'd chop a limb off
Just to have a good time?

Shut up and move with me, move with me
Or, or get out of my face
I didn't queue for an hour
To leave straight away

Shut up and stay with me, stay with me
Or, or let go of my hands
The lasers fill our minds with empty plans
I never knew I was a techno fan

This is not a weird weekend
It's an angry wormhole
I'm talking like a city boy
And drinking with a northern soul

She said I should come over
Though it's carnage at times
It still seems I'd chop a limb off
Before I put up a fight

Shut up and move with me, move with me
Or, or get out of my face
I didn't queue for an hour
To leave straight away

Shut up and stay with me, stay with me
Or, or let go of my hands
The lasers fill our minds with empty plans
I never knew I was a techno

We are the 1980s
We are the Detroit lights

And I never wanna, I never wanna see this stop
I'm in debt to you but don't feed me plant food

So shut up and move with me, move with me
Or, or get out of my face
I didn't spend 20 sheets
To not cut a shape

Shut up and stay with me, stay with me
Or, or let go of my hand
The lasers fill our minds with empty plans
I never knew I was a techno fan
I never knew I was a techno fan
I never knew I was a techno fan

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