

Zutons "Dirty Dancehall"

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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 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

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

This is just a night in the City of Culture
But everyone's whacked, looks like vultures
This is just a night in the City of Culture
But everyone's whacked, looks like vultures

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

All the lights came on and the music stopped
Men in uniform outside on a 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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