

## **Wombats, The**

### **"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 hand  
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 hand  
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

Shut up and move with me, move with me, or, or get

out of my face  
I didn't spend 20 sheets and 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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