

Zutons, The

"Dirty Dancehall"

Visit "[Dirty Dancehall](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well the sun grew dim and the night grew tall,
Everyone's dancing in the Dirty Dancehall,

The chins did wobble,
And eyes did stare,
There was a sense of threat in the air.

Everyone's dancing, and feelin' fine,
But looking like zombies, as thought they're dying.

I stood alone in a darkened room,
My mouth is dry and my heart goes boom.

Oh the dogs and the vermin were mooching the street,
Sniffing out the candy and left over meat,
Down in the alley a tramp falls asleep,
Murdering the hookers and chops off their feet.

Everyone's dancing, feelin' fine,
But looking like zombies, as thought they're dying.
I stood alone in a 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 and looks like vultures (x4)

All the lights came on and the music stopped,
Men in uniform outside on the watch.
The tramp waits by the bush to pounce,
Woken up again by a young girls shout,
Closing up the club, a fight breaks out,
All the black mariahs were left in no doubt,
One got killed and the other one ran,
They ended up arresting and innocent man.

This is just a night in the City Of Culture,
But Everyone's whacked and looks like vultures (x4)

Visit [Zutons, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.
