

Disco Drive "Calling Calling"

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Came home with a sore throat
Came home with sore eyes
My body smelling so bad
I only see myself getting naked
So I'll go on pretending (ain't it true, punkrocker?)
I've got nothing to complain
I'll go right on, motherfucker (ain't it true,
nightclubber?)
No one's guilty no one is to blame
Came home with a sore throat
Came home with sore eyes
Back hurtin', soul burnin'
Someone help me shake it
So I'll go on pretending (ain't it true now, mr. cop?)

I've got nothing to complain
I'll go right on, motherfucker (ain't it true, secret agent
man?)
No one's guilty no one is to blame
Two pon di floor and the nation's quite sure
One is a hero and one is a hooligan
Two pon di floor and nation's quite sure
"Who is the hero and who is the hooligan?"
Two pon di floor and the nation wants more
No one is a hero, everyone is a hooligan

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