

## **Lcd Soundsystem "Dance Yrself Clean"**

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Walking up to me expecting walking up to me  
Expecting words it happens all the time  
Present company accept it present company  
Except the worst it happens every night

Ah aaaaah present company  
Excluded every time  
Ah aaaaaah present company  
The best that you can find

Talking like a jerk  
Except you are an actual jerk  
And living proof that sometimes friends are mean

Present company expect it present company  
Just laugh it off it's better than it seems

Ah aaaaaah present company  
Excluded in every way  
Ah aaaaaah present company  
Makes me wanna stay

Killing it with close inspecting  
Killing it can only make it worse  
It sort of makes it breed  
Present company accepting  
Presently we all expect the worst  
Works just like a need

Ah aaaaah present company  
Excluded in the night  
Ah aaaaah present company  
Included in the fight

Ah aaaaaaaaah, ah aaaaaaaaah, aaaaaah  
Ah aaaaaah

Don't you want me to wake up?  
Then give me just a bit of your time  
Arguments are made from make outs  
So give it just a little more time

We've got to bring our results  
I wanna play it 'til the time comes  
But there's a string of divorces  
You go and throw your little hands up

I miss the way the night comes  
With friends who always make it feel good  
This basement has a cold glow  
Though it's better than a bunch of others

So go and dance yourself clean... ooow  
Go and dance yourself clean yeah  
You're throwing marks into pieces  
Baby, they're arguments, the pieces

It's your show [x4]

Work a little bit... ?

Every night's a different story  
It's a thirty car pile-up with you  
Everybody's getting younger  
It's the end of an era, it's true

And you go  
(Stop, stop, stop, stop)

Break(?) me into bigger pieces  
So some of me is home with you  
Wait until the weekend  
And we can make our bad dreams come true

And it's ago yeah, it's ago  
And if we wait until the weekend  
We can miss the best things to do, oh

Go and dance yourself clean  
Go and dance yourself clean  
You're throwing marks into pieces  
Maybe they're arguments the pieces

Oh

We should try a little harder  
In the tedious march of the few  
Every day's a different warning  
There's a part of me hoping it's true

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