

Steve Dahl

"Do You Think I'm Disco?"

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What's happening, baby
How the heck are you
My name is Tony
Would you care to dance

No, hey, calm down
Let me get you another Pina Colada
I mean what did we join this
Exclusive disco club for anyway

You know, I mean it costs
A hundred dollars to join
And we're supposed to dance

Don't you like my
White three piece suit
My gold coke spoon
Gold razor blade and
Gold Italian snaggletooth, you know

Come on, please dance with me

I wear tight pants
I always stuff a sock in
It always makes the ladies
Start to talking

My shirt is open
I never use the buttons
Though I look hip
I work for E.F.Hutton

Do you think I'm disco
Cause I spend so much time
Blow drying out my hair

Do you think I'm disco
Cause I know the dance steps
Learned em all at Fred Astaire

Look, I know
You don't wanna dance

Cause, like, there's
A lot of creeps in here
Always hitting up on you

Let me tell you something
I'm not a creep
I mean, look at the way
I am dressed, sweetheart
Look at my hair, it's perfect

I saw Saturday Night Fever
Eighty-seven times
Please dance with me

Some people call me scum
Cause I don't have
A realistic set of values
And you know what
I'm beginning to maybe
Think they're right

Hey, where are you going
Wait a second, listen
Let's skip the dancing
Come back here and let's
Just go to my place

Do I live on the beach, no
I live in my car
I have a 280z

No, wait, where are you going
Let me have your phone number
Hey, come back, what do you mean
You don't have a phone

Let me have your address
I'll stop by and visit you
What do you mean
You don't live anywhere

I like to dance with
Girls in sleazy dresses
Lipstick, nail charms
And makeup in excesses

Buy them a drink
And try and get their number
Usually, they are as
Cold as a cucumber

Do you think I'm disco
Am I superficial
Looking hip's my only goal

Do you think I'm disco
Maybe it's not too late
To get into rock and roll

Rock and roll

I'll tell you something
I have never been happier
Now that I'm into
This rock and roll thing

I sold my white three piece suit
At a garage sale last weekend
Made twenty-five dollars

Got rid of my 280z
Picked myself up a
Beat up old '69 Dart
Melted down all my gold jewelry
Into a Led Zeppelin belt buckle
I mean, things are happening

Boy, it's so easy to be led astray
By all those pictures of
Margaret Trudeau in People magazine
Making you think you're supposed
To get into disco
I was a teenage disco duck

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