

Pipettes

"It Hurts to See You Dance So Well"

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Half past one on the dance-floor,
And my thoughts have turned to murder,
Can't these strangers feel my eyes, burning into them,
They know that i wanna kill them,

'cos i can't get over you,
And i can see them looking at you,
And i just can't, can't get over you,
It hurts to see you dance so well,

Quater to two on the dance-floor,
But my feet won't dance no more,
Got no spirit for dancing,
Since you walked right out the door,
Now all my moves are floored,

'cos i cant get over you,
And i can see them dancing up to you,

And i just can't, can't get over you,
Hurts to see you looking so fine,
You it hurts to see you dance so well,

I, I remember the times that we kissed,
And the beats my heart missed,
But our feet never missed a beat,
When we were dancing cheek to cheek,
And you,you, you knew all the best moves,
And the funkiest grooves,
But you never knew,
How much i was in love with you,

And now it's two o'clock on the dance-floor,
And i'm going home,
I'm going home,
I'm going home alone

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