

Gorky's Zygotic Mynci "Spanish Dance Troupe"

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Woke up on Monday
And got ready for school
Put on my uniform
It was three sizes too small
I said 'dear, dear, dear teacher
I've been six years away
And ain't finished my essay
'Cause rock'n'roll rules, ok!

My conclusion this summer
Was there was much too much rain
So I ran off on Thursday
With a dance troupe from Spain
Where wine, dance, and music
Is the name of the game
From Bilbao to Madrid
My mind ain't been the same

Oh the rehearsals went easy
And I'd learnt all the moves
I was playing a tree trunk
In a forest of fools
Now, Maria moved real good
And I could if I would
But when your mind's your prison
Things just don't seem so good

And then we'll be married
Then we'll be happy
Then we'll be married
Then we'll be happy

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