

Keating! Movie

"On The Floor"

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gonna light up the night with a scheme and a dream so
bright so sit right back while we bite back, this is called
Fightback -

me and my G on the right track - and we don't stop 'till
we get our way: GST - OK!

BAND:

Hey! Oh! Hey! Oh!

PAUL KEATING:

GST? This is what you call salvation? To whack taxation
over the nation? This is the bright new plan you bring?
Fifteen

percent on everything? I was a stick-up kid for capital
gains, but the feeling wanes when you grow some
brains! Poor law, my

homies say: GST - no way!

BAND:

Nay! No! Nay! No!

HEWSON:

We're twenty points up, we're off the charts! We don't
need you and your bleeding hearts! The poor and the
sick'll have a

trickle to suck, but if you give 'em a hand they just drag
you down into the muck! That's why you're born to lose,
you get

stuck in the shit in your shiny shoes, and that's why
you're gonna get blown away - 'cos you can't play like
Doctor J!

You can't play like Doctor J!

BAND:

You can't play like Doctor J!

HEWSON:

I said, you can't play like Doctor J, no way, Jose!

KEATING:

Oh no! They sent the Doctor to get us! It's like been
flogged with warm lettuce and cabbages! The feral
abacus! Come to

savage us! He must be ravenous, ravenous!

KEATING AND BAND:

Mister Mediocrity for the bunyip aristocracy!

KEATING:

The member for Wentworth should be in bed, he's like
a lizard on a rock, alive but lookin' dead. Old Dozy
knows when I've

got 'im, he always turns around when I drop one on 'im,
it's something he can't psychologically handle, him and
his band of

constitutional vandals, drones and pansies, frauds and
mugs, blackguards, harlots, pigs and thugs, mindless
stupid

foul-mouthed grubs, you couldn't even raffle a chook
in a pub! Barnyard bullies, crims and ghouls, dullards,
dimwits,

ninnies, clowns and fools and born-to-rules, over here
we're born to rule you - you dishonest crew, you almost
make me spew!

Loopy intellectual hoboes! Brain-damaged dummies
and desperadoes! Hare-brained hillbilly cheats,
cheats, cheats! Well,

they'll always be

KEATING AND BAND:

Cheats! Cheats! Cheats!

KEATING:

Useless motley corporate crooks and clots! Stunned
mullet rustbucket boxheads! Scumbags and alley cats!
You wanna fight

back? Fight back! Fight back from that!

HEWSON:

Well, alright, you think you've got it made, then let the
game be played - why are you so afraid? You've got the
cheek to

critique and shriek that we're weak - let the people
decide! Let the public speak! Make a correction! Call an
election! Show

us your miraculous resurrection! If the people hate me
and you're so great, then why you wanna make me
wait?

KEATING:

Because...

[Thanks to Jess for lyrics]

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