

Sophie Ellis-Bextor, Crying At The Discotheque

Sometimes we're caught by the hysteria
People scream and shout
A generation's on the move
When disco stares like a bacteria
Those lonely days are out
Welcome the passion of the groove
The golden years, the silver tears
You wore a tie like Richard Gere
I wanna get down, you spin me around
I stand on the borderline
Crying at the discotheque
Crying at the discotheque
I saw you crying
I saw you crying at the discotheque
I saw you crying
I saw you crying at the discotheque
Tonight's the night like danceteria
The joining of the tribe
The speakers blasting clear and loud
The way you dance is our criteria
The DJ takes you high
Let tears of joy baptize the crowd
The golden years, the silver tears
You wore a tie like Richard Gere
I wanna get down, you spin me around
I stand on the borderline
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I saw you crying
I saw you crying at the discotheque
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I saw you crying at the discotheque
The passion of the groove
Generation on the move
Joining of the disco tribe
Let the music take you high
The golden years, the silver tears
You wore a tie like Richard Gere
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