## 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

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

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

I wanna get down, you spin me around

I stand on the borderline

Crying at the discotheque

Crying at the discotheque