

# Dance Yrself Clean

## LCD Soundsystem

Walking up to me, expecting, walking up to me expecting words  
It happens all the time  
Present company expected, present company, except the worst  
It happens every night

Ah-ahh

Present company, excluded every time  
Ah-ahh

Present company, the best that you can find  
Talking like a jerk, except you are an actual jerk  
and living proof  
That sometimes friends are mean

Present company, expect it, present company just laugh it off  
It's better than it seems

Ah-ahh

Present company, excluded in every way

Ah-ahh

Present company, makes me wanna stay (go)

Killing it with close inspection, killing it can only make it worse  
It sort of makes it breed

Present company accepting, presently we all expect the worst  
It works just like a need

Ah-ahh

Present company, excluded in the night  
Ah-ahh

Present company, included in the fight  
Ah-ahh, ah-ahh, ahh, ah-ahh  
Don't you want me to wake  
up?

Then give me just a bit of your time

Arguments are made for make-ups  
So give it just a little more time  
We've got to bring the resources  
I wanna play until the time comes  
Forget your string of divorces  
Just go and throw your little hands up

It's late, oh

I miss the way the night goes  
With friends who always make it feel good

This basement has a cold glow  
Though it's better than a bunch of others

So go and dance yourself clean  
Go and dance yourself clean, yeah

You're blowing marxism to pieces

Their little arguments to pieces,

Show. It's your show  
It's your show, it's your show  
It's your show  
Put your little feet down  
And hang out  
Every night's a different story

It's a thirty car pileup with you

Everybody's getting younger

It's the end of an era -- it's true

And you go

Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop

Stop, stop, stop

Break me into bigger pieces

So some of me is home with you

Wait until the weekend

And we can make our bad dreams come true

And it's a go, yeah, it's a go

And if we wait until the weekend

We could miss the best thing to do

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Go and dance yourself clean

Oh

Gotta dance yourself clean, yeah  
And blow the marxists into pieces  
Their little arguments to pieces, oh  
Wish you'd try a little harder  
In the tedious march of the few  
Every day's a different warning  
There's a part of me hoping it's true

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>