

# Worst Night Out

Disco Ensemble

You think for hours what to wear  
When you'd look stunning in anything  
I think for hours what to say  
And then mess it up as you are listening  
My legs are made of wood  
But my eyes keep on following  
This place is turning weird  
And I think turning pro

The girls are screaming loud  
They call it a conversation  
The drinks are on the house  
That's hardly a compensation  
My legs are made of wood  
But my eyes keep on following  
Keep on following

I had the worst night out  
I had the worst time in ages  
I had the worst night out  
I had the best time in ages

Standing in the line  
I forget acting elegant  
Get shivers down the spine  
We should all get messed up  
You drag me closer, but I move away  
I didn't mean to be this way

Maybe the best thing about you is that  
You know the worst things about me  
And maybe the worst thing about you is that  
You know the way I should be