D-days

Hazel O'Connor

Put on your face, put on your clothes Going out dancing, pose, pose Wind our bodies round and round Move to the rhythm of the fare rave sounds

These are the decadent days These are the decadent ways These are the de de de de de decadent days De de de de de decadent days

Swing to the left, swing to the right Thrust your hips to the flashing light Whirling dervish here's the rule Sweating hot but you stay cool

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The whole room is vibrating With all our bodies shaking But still they're hesitating From really taking it, making it, taking it