

## Bang

### Nightmare Of You

We could go dancing if you want to, but I'd rather take you home.

We could go dancing if you'd rather be a bore.

Oh fancy-unamazing-type in Square Park.

You cheeky devil you, it's not even dark.

Oh my, you are obscene just for enquiring.

And so we found your car, in seconds flat.

Take me somewhere far, in your piece of trash.

Ha, I'm sorry, but you were quite that offer to no secret.

And yes, this city is filled with people and I might just be one too.

It's so hip and it's so tragic if you're fortunate enough to be confused.

We could go dancing if you want to, but I'd rather take you home.

We could go dancing if you'd rather be a bore.

Into the floor we'd sink, with another drink.

We could go dancing if you want to, but I'd rather take you home.

We could go dancing if you'd rather be a bore.

Oh how the seasons change, and your mind will do the same.

And I too was on my knees at the foot of my bed.

Repented all my sins to scientists that came in a dream,

And said "My boy you're just protoplasm."

And yes, for those that love I would rip the seams.

But not for something that I have never seen.

And all your jeans, how I would love to rip out those seams.

And yes, this city is filled with people and I might just be one too.

It's so hip and it's so tragic if you're fortunate enough to be confused.

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We could go dancing if you want to, but I'd rather take you home.

We could go dancing if you'd rather be a bore.

Oh how the seasons change, and your mind will do the same.

We could go dancing if you want to.

We could go dancing if you want to.

We could go dancing if you want to.  
We could go dancing if you want to,  
But you know that I would rather take you home.