

## Clap your hands

### Pale Young Gentlemen

In this park they play  
They let the pigeons stay  
They give them names and feed them bread  
They live in Philadelphia

You have no chance, old man  
Your queen is cornered, I'd say  
Shoot a bird off the board  
Don't need your cane for this job

Click y our heels, dance dance  
Grab a girl, dance dance  
And don't remind me  
Why I'm here, dance dance

Clap your hands, dance dance  
Feed the birds, dance dance  
And don't remind me  
Why I'm here, dance dance

You're out of breath, I see  
You need a rest, maybe?  
A little afternoon nap?  
Let's tear the lid off this thing

One more step to go  
One last dip and that's it  
I've got more people to see  
My friends, it breaks my heart

Click y our heels, dance dance  
Grab a girl, dance dance  
And don't remind me  
Why I'm here, dance dance

Clap your hands, dance dance  
Feed the birds, dance dance  
And don't remind me  
Why I'm here, dance dance

Move through the grass  
On your hands and your knees  
These things change, my old friends  
Times change, don't they?

Float through the air  
Let your heart carry you up up and up  
Let's lay you down

Click y our heels, dance dance  
Grab a girl, dance dance  
And don't remind me  
Why I'm here, dance dance

Clap your hands, dance dance  
Feed the birds, dance dance  
And don't remind me

Why I'm here, dance dance