

## Dance, Idiot, Dance

Chumbawamba

Here comes Nicholas, fiddle in hand,  
into a world that he can't understand.  
You can't keep pace with the master  
race, his feet they're going all over  
the place - he can't see his moves cos  
there's egg on his face. Dance, idiot,  
dance! His body's as stiff as  
a cold lasagne, 'cos all he knows is  
'Rule Britannia'. His rhythm's so bad  
that we're supposin' - maybe it's cos  
his legs are frozen? Shouldn't be  
wearing lederhosen! Dance, idiot,  
dance! Messianical look in his eye,  
arms akimbo, slapping his thigh. He  
wrinkles his snout at a likely wench  
(we've censored her answer and  
pardoned her French) - it's hard for  
your average Ubermensch. Dance,  
idiot, dance! Poor old Nicholas got  
up today, to Cecil Sharpe House he  
made his way. Wore his uniform just  
to impress and said, "this must be the  
place, I guess, for joining the EFD-SS?"  
Dance, idiot, dance!