A-B-C

Hot Chip

Everybody's whistling the Hot Chip sound
People hear the beat and then their bodies move around
When the ground's shaking then you know you've felt the bass
Then the singing starts and they proceed to wreck the place

I don't, I don't know the deeds to bring the goods to me
I know we have got the goods to bring them to their knees

And when I call it's not a claim that I make
I do proclaim a love that hollowness can shade
I do proclaim

Making tracks just like A-B-C
Picking up awards like 1-2-3
Alexis singing like Do-Re-Mi
Keep on looking but you can't see me

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