

The Beat

Ima Robot

Julie's clocking out at the station
Hurry up and get your pay
A two day vacation
Friday, Saturday

Down in the basement
Shower up in the sink
Throw on some lipstick
And look pretty in pink

Short skirts in the cold to the club
Oh, the night is waiting
Getting closer you feel it shaking
On the dance floor

This is the beat, the beat we fight to
This is the beat we live and die to
Here's to the kids that get it off
We work all week to sweat it off

This is the beat to beat the pressure
Throwing away the world with pleasure
We're working hard to burn it off
So DJ, won't you turn it up'

Beat, beat, beat, beat
Beat, beat, beat, beat

Julie's doing shots at the counter
Thinking 'bout his great escape
From his stupid job telemarketing
But he never can shake the weight

A little tap on the shoulder
The prettiest girl in pink
"Oh no, I can't dance," he told her
As she dragged him from his drink

Freeze frame in the heat, she moved
Oh, and it's close to shaking
So close but the crowd is breaking
On the dance floor

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And we can be for city boys
And summer girls who dream
Just like the kids with Chinese rocks
And beating hearts, thank you boys

Make some noise, Make some noise

This is the beat, the beat we fight to
This is the beat that we get high to
This is the beat, the beat we fight to
This is the beat we live and die to

This is the beat, the beat we fight to
This is the beat we live and die to
Here's to the kids that get it off
We work all week to sweat it off

This is the beat to beat the pressure
Throwing away the world with pleasure
We're working hard to burn it off
So DJ won't you turn it off'