When we go out dancing on a Friday night
I get this funny feeling, something's not quite right
My sense of rhythm is incontrovertibly shite
I can't fake it

I can see the pity in your big brown eyes
The perpetrator lies between my back and my thighs
It doesn't wanna wiggle though I try, try, try
I can't make it

I get the feeling that I look absurd I get the feeling that I look absurd \mbox{And} it hurts

I just can't shake it, shake it, shake it Oh no, I just can't shake it, shake it, oh I just can't shake it, shake it Oh no, I just can't shake it, shake it, oh

Couldn't walk the line inside the country scene And disco was a flop I'm sure no dancing queen Couldn't really qualify for break-dancing I just break it

Tried moving my body to the latest hit Someone called the nurse thought I was having a fit I execute the moonwalk like I stepped in shit I can't take it

I get the feeling that I look absurd I get the feeling that I look absurd $\mbox{\mbox{And}}$ it hurts

I just can't shake it, shake it, shake it Oh no, I just can't shake it, shake it, oh I just can't shake it, shake it Oh no, I just can't shake it, shake it, oh

I just can't shake it Oh no, I just shake it

I just can't shake it, shake it, shake it Oh no, I just can't shake it, shake it, oh I just can't shake it, shake it Oh no, I just can't shake it, shake it, oh

I just can't shake it, shake it, shake it Oh no, I just can't shake it, shake it, oh I just can't shake it, shake it Oh no, I just can't shake it, shake it, oh