

Do-Si-Do

Peter Bjorn and John

We went to New York, the air was still warm
We walked 'round the shops and cafes
And I tried to work, ignoring my hands
Didn't follow the leads in my brain
Cause all of those footsteps kept follow me 'round
And all of those voices made noise without sound

And we danced like you do when on holiday
And we drank like you do when you have nothing much to say
On your marks, do-si-do, facing your partner
Bottoms up and refill, I'm still hungover

And that look on your face made me feel like a crook
From an Albert Camus book
A stranger in a strange land
A stranger to myself and scary as hell
That look on your face as if nothing had changed
Like in Eleanor Rigby, no one was saved

And we danced like you do when on holiday
And we drank like you do when you have nothing much to say
On your marks, do-si-do, facing your partner
Bottoms up and refill

And we danced to war and we danced to peace
And we danced to everything that's in between
And we drank to love and we drank to hate
And we drank to everything, before it was too late

And we danced like you do when on holiday
And we drank like you do when you have nothing much to say
And we danced like you do when on holiday
And we drank like you do when you have nothing much to say
On your marks, do-si-do, facing your partner
Bottoms up and refill, I'm still hungover, I'm still hungover