

# Summer Shakedown

Slow Club

I'm looking for someone with hands  
I'm looking for someone with hands  
To hold and to squeeze  
But not my little finger please  
Cos I lost it to lowly thug

Now I'm looking for someone with binoculars  
So I, Don't have to get so close  
Because thats where the most  
Casualties arise

Angels will decide  
Angels, oh they will shine

And the eyes of your opponents  
May they fall to the floor  
You win the battle  
You get you're rattle  
The trophy of gold

Now I'm waiting for someone to scream  
(Ahhh!)  
I'm waiting for someone to scream  
And break all the windows  
The buildings fall down  
I'm on the road but I'm comfy at least

And now I need someone with space  
To dig me out the mess that I've made  
And bring me back to life  
With a flash of blue light  
My life was flat but now it's been raised

Angels will decide  
Angels, oh they will shine

And the eyes of your opponents  
May they fall to the floor  
You win the battle  
You get you're rattle  
Strap up the saddle  
And push the cattle

Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh...

Don't say yes unless you mean it  
Ride the crest for all to see it  
Hold your hands up and believe it  
And shake it til you can't take it no more

Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh  
Shake it!  
Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh  
Shake it!  
Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh  
Shake it!