

There's tight lycra 'round my hips
And a sweat band that fits 'round my head

We're still dance, dance, dancing today
To the global groove

Well the TV guide gets fatter as the days pass by
And those taxis do a dance as I watch from the sky
Global groove
Global groove
Global groove
Global groove

We're still tap, tap, tapping away
To the global groove

Watch your favourite war on TV
Just before you go to sleep
And then your favourite sitcom
Watch the tears roll down your cheek
Global groove
Global groove

I'm so sick and tired of dancing
I'm so sick and tired of dancing
I'm so sick and tired of dancing
Are you sick and tired of dancing?

Still tap, tap, tapping
Dance, dance, dancing

I remember when I was really small
The news said that
When planes went overhead
And how many passengers you could fit on a plane
Imagine each person and where they're going, that would make me
feel better
That these people were just going on holiday
And
Seeing people
Die
And it's
Being exposed to that much
Realism