

# Ibiza

The Prodigy

Ibiza (Ibiza)  
Ibiza  
Ibiza (Ibiza)  
Don't fall off the rocks

Ibiza (Ibiza)  
Ibiza  
Ibiza (Ibiza)

Benedict, can I get a smash sex course  
Six pack slash drum edge  
No tone, they're faceless, the mix on sticks  
Ibiza's rotten encrusted rocks  
Transmit, transmit (transmit)

What's he fuckin' doing?  
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Plug it in, pre-mixed, all bought it  
It's all about the gear  
Bleached-hair wanking mates just flown in on the Lear  
Private-jet, personal flyer  
All Danny, all fucking Dyer  
Straights eight quid a packet?  
Fuck that, I'm on the baccy mate (transmit)

What's he fuckin' doing?  
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What's he fuckin' doing?

(Eject the alarms off)  
Cause the music, you're so darn dull  
(Eject the alarms off)  
Cause the music, all darn dull  
Stare  
(Eject the alarms off)  
Cause the music, you're so darn dull  
(Eject the alarms off)

Cause the music, all darn dull  
What's he fuckin' doing?