

# Knee Length Socks

Urthboy

(Check it out now)  
Rushing out of Kings Cross station  
Spilling to the glow of Darlington Road  
Underneath the Coke sign(?)  
Hidden in the hip-folk  
Right rhythm, white lights and the bouncers inviting me to strip shows  
I was 17 with the face of 15  
Carried my skateboard with me to the slipstream  
You could be the king of the Cross or just sightseeing  
Or take flight from the lime light like me  
My brother ran a nightclub playing Hip-hop  
In a club called Late Girls  
Once upon a time it was owned by Abe Saffron  
Long way from Oasis to the underworld  
He would sneak me in before ten when the doors open  
On the dance-floor dark and scared  
And the bartender knew I wasn't legal  
But was pretending I wasn't there  
I was about to learn

These girls in knee length socks did not dance like I did  
Did not dance indie, kid  
Did not dance like me  
In Fred Berry shirts these guys did not dance like I did  
Did not dance Brit-pop, kid  
(Check this out)  
Did not dance like me  
What ya, what ya, what ya want?

By 12 with the party proper kickin'  
Room full of Alvins, Cockers and Frenchman(?)  
'Couple Liam Browns and they're dancing to The Smiths  
And there I am in the middle of the dance floor pissed  
Showing off my running man  
Shake it like Q-tip  
And even apple-bottom  
Like I was on some new shit  
Proper etiquette  
Hide it, shield it  
But scream indelicate(?)  
Don't fight it, feel it  
Indie girls dance like quirky little penguins  
There she goes, fell in love and afraid to befriend him  
I wish she could've told him that love swayed  
Or the way she swung her hands by her sides like rollerblades  
Could've put a British accent on  
Pashed her in the chorus of a catchy song, yeah  
With the charm of a trashy Pom,  
I'm like: 'Hello love wanna snog?'

These girls in knee length socks did not dance like I did  
Did not dance indie, kid  
Did not dance like me  
In Fred Berry shirts these guys did not dance like I did  
Did not dance Brit-pop, kid  
Did not dance like me  
So what ya, what ya, what ya want?

Grab my skateboard from the cloak room  
Found Kings Cross with her legs wide open  
What kind of trouble could a kid get his nose in  
When the best of the \* is \* as part of Sydney blows in  
I was never caught by the 'fuzz'  
When I was on a buzz  
A bit before I dabbled with drugs  
Pills, thrills, belly aches, \* and \*  
Whatever it takes to medicate, please this week, uh  
I did a bit I admit I wasn't not innocent  
I didn't fit in but I felt magnificent  
Banging in my eardrums differently  
Like I got a new set of antennas for me there just to listen(?)  
I look back, realise what it meant to me  
Why I write hooks and melodies  
I'm part of their legacy, but I never did get her next to me  
I guess that was for the best  
God damn

These girls in knee length socks did not dance like I did  
Did not dance indie, kid  
Did not dance like me  
In Fred Berry shirts these guys did not dance like I did  
Did not dance Brit-pop, kid  
Did not dance like me  
(So what ya, what ya, what ya want?)  
These girls in knee length socks did not dance like I did  
Did not dance indie, kid  
Did not dance like me  
In Fred Berry shirts these guys did not dance like I did  
Did not dance Brit-pop, kid  
Did not dance like me  
(So what ya, what ya, what ya want?)