

Stop making the eyes at me
I'll stop making the eyes at you
What it is that surprises me
Is that I don't really want you to

And your shoulders are (0) (cold as the night)
Oh, but you're an (1) (you're dynamite)
Your name isn't Rio, but I don't care sand
(2) the fuse might result in a bang, b-b-bang, go

I bet you look good on the dancefloor
I don't know if you're looking for romance or
I don't know what you're looking for
I said I bet you look good on the dancefloor
Dancing to electro-pop like a () from 1984
Well, from 1984

I wish you'd stop ignoring me
Because you're sending me to (4).
Without a sound, yeah, you're calling me
And I don't think it's very fair

That your shoulders are (0) (cold as the night)
Oh, but you're an (1) (you're dynamite)
Your name isn't Rio, but I don't care for sand
(2) the fuse might result in a bang, b-b-bang, go

(CHORUS)

And there ain't no love, no
Montague's or Capulets
Just banging tunes in DJ sets and
Dirty dancefloors
And dreams of (5).

(CHORUS)

- 0. FREEZE
- 1. EXPLODE
- 2. LIGHT
- 3. ROBOTICS
- 4. DESPERATE
- 5. NAUGHTY