

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 frozen (cold as the night)
Oh, but you're an explosion (you're dynamite)
Your name isn't Rio, but I don't care for sand
And lighting the fuse might result in a bang, b-b-bang-oh

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

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

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

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Dancing to electro-pop like a robot from 1984
Well, from 1984

Oh, there ain't no love, no Montagues or Capulets
Just banging tunes and DJ sets and
Dirty dance floors and dreams of naughtiness

Well, I bet that you look good on the dance floor
I don't know if you're looking for romance or
I don't know what you're looking for
I said, I bet that you look good on the dance floor
Dancing to electro-pop like a robot from 1984
Said, from 1984