

## Beatrotter

Rolo Tomassi

Damn these lips of mine  
Loose juiced and short sighted  
With only one thing in their minds tonight  
So proclaim no shame

Shake rattle and lose control  
We'll dance to romance with circumstance leading  
This faltering waltz of the unfeeling needing

I heard they've simply got no soul  
But just move with a metronome click  
What's gonna happen when you fall  
Out of this discotheque trip?