

Summer Shakedown

Slow Club

I'm looking for someone with hands
I'm looking for someone with hands
To hold and to squeeze
But not my little finger please
Cos I lost it to lowly thug

Now I'm looking for someone with binoculars
So I, Don't have to get so close
Because thats where the most
Casualties arise

Angels will decide
Angels, oh they will shine

And the eyes of your opponents
May they fall to the floor
You win the battle
You get you're rattle
The trophy of gold

Now I'm waiting for someone to scream
(Ahhh!)
I'm waiting for someone to scream
And break all the windows
The buildings fall down
I'm on the road but I'm comfy at least

And now I need someone with space
To dig me out the mess that I've made
And bring me back to life
With a flash of blue light
My life was flat but now it's been raised

Angels will decide
Angels, oh they will shine

And the eyes of your opponents
May they fall to the floor
You win the battle
You get you're rattle
Strap up the saddle
And push the cattle

Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh...

Don't say yes unless you mean it
Ride the crest for all to see it
Hold your hands up and believe it
And shake it til you can't take it no more

Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh
Shake it!
Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh
Shake it!
Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh
Shake it!