

The Walk

The Time

Attention everybody! I'm gonna show you a brand new dance.
It's called "The walk, the walk", just let your body talk 'til you're deep in a trance.
You don't need no partner, you can walk all alone.
Whenever you feel the groove just let your body move, walkin' to a beat of your own.(chorus)
Everybody walk your body, everybody walk.
Everybody walk your body, everybody walk.Attention everybody! I said it ain't hard to do.
Just walk, walk, let your body talk, walkin' so cool.
Attention everybody! I said I just shined my shoes.
So you can let your body talk, just watch where you walk or your life you're gonna lose.
In other words, I'll walk you 'til you're dead.
(repeat chorus)The days of dancing in one place are gone.
And honey, you know you can't dance with them tight jeans on.
If you try to cop a dip, you trip, slip, and fall.
Walking's for the cool baby, put on a camisole.(repeat chorus)Who? Me? I wear baggies, zip,
snap, and drop.
Easy access baby. Yes, before you get a chance to holler "Stop!"
Besides, Rollo likes his freedom.
Ain't nothin' like a fresh pair of baggies.
Now I know that's right(repeat chorus)Hup 2, 3, 4, what the hell are we fightin' for? Walk.
Damn, I'm 'bout to walk a hole in my Stacy Adams.
What time is it?
Little cute guitar player, make your mama proud.
I want all of Detroit City to stand up, clap your hands!
Alright you Polaroids, stay in time with the drummer.
Jellybean, don't be so mean. Mr. Jelly, turn it around.
Bass man walk downtown. Go on and walk, Terry.
I don't think they heard ya.
What time is it? Rock City.
Well OK, if you put it that way.
Ain't nobody bad. Cheerio.We don't like policemen.
We don't like new wave.
We don't like television.(repeat chorus)Say, hey baby, where you goin'?
... I'm going home. I can't dance like that.
Well baby, that's because you got those jeans on to tight.
Now let's just take'em off.
... What do you mean "Let's just take'em off?"
Come on, take'em off. I got something for you to wear. Here, put this on.
... Uh, you always keep lingerie in your glove department?
None of my women wear gloves. Now put this on.
... But...
But my ass. Hey, a play on words.
... But all the girls will stare at me.

All the girls in this neighborhood already wear camisoles.
... I know, but...
But, but... that's because it's cool. Now let's get them jeans off.
... Ok, but I'm warning you.
Warning me about what?
Mm, God, this zipper's tight. Here, why don't you lay down?
... Um, that's what I'm tryin' to tell you.
Stop tryin' to tell me things and pull!
... But...
Come on, pull!
... I'm warning you.
Mary, sweet mother Jesus!
... I told you.
Damn baby, how'd you get all that in them jeans?
... It wasn't easy.
I know that's right, mmm! Well, I think you'd be more comfortable in this.
... I'm sure I would. I don't know.
Hurry up Grace, song's almost over.
... My name's not Grace.
I know that, but hurry up... Grace.
... Man, these are weird. I guess the tag goes in the back.
Hurry up!
... OK, OK, how do I look?
Almost as good as me, now let's go!... Hey Morris, what time is it? Who's the lovely lady?
Introduce us.
I'll introduce you to a headache if you don't get out of my face!OK baby, now check this out.
We gonna walk 'til the song's over.
In other words, meet me at the bar in 32 measures, cool?
... Cool.
And if you're good, I'll let you work the stick in my ride. Uah ha ha!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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