Bloke

Republica

You've got red shoes, and the sports car You think you're really cool, I gotta say You just don't know what games to play You like football, and play on Saturdays When the weekends gone, you go to work In a nasty office as a filing clerk So don't you tell me, I'm not listening I've already heard it

You better watch your back

I'm gonna take you on, I'm gonna take you on, I'm gonna take you on I'm gonna take you on, I'm gonna take you on

Mobile, but no conversation You've got credit cards, Megadrive

Fax me lunch, Mister 9 to 5

You've got timeshare, for your holidays It's the same routine, the life you lead, The friends you keep, your lack of taste

So don't you tell me, I'm not listening

I've already heard it

You better watch your back

I'm gonna take you on, I'm gonna take you on, I'm gonna take you on I'm gonna take you on, I'm gonna take you on

I'm gonna take you on
I'm gonna take you on
Take me on, take me on, take me on
I'm gonna take you on
Take me on, take me on, take me on,
I'm gonna take you on

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