One, two, three and four She fluffs her hair, she hits the floor Spandex pants, wide pink belt She's got the 80s metal down I don't get why anyone would wanna repeat this more than once She goes ave, ave, ave! And I, I'm stupidfied She's heading for the disco I think I'll keep my distance On the run, Suburbian fun (2x)Five, six, seven, eight She wishes Bret Michaels was her date Trying so hard to be old school But goddamned Poison was never cool I don't get why anyone would wanna dress up as an 80s whore (She goes Na-na-na-na-na-nah!) And now, I'm stupified

And now, I'm stupified She's heading for the disco I think I'll keep my distance And on the run Suburbian fun...(2x)

(Whoo!)

She's heading for the disco I think I'll keep my distance On the run Suburbian fun

Disco, di