

Pale, Karaoke Queen

Karaoke Queen, we can talk for hours
and we still wouldn't know a thing.
On a perfect night like this
a word is just a sound.

I take a piece of paper, hold it, entering the room.
"Hey, I'd like to see you", help me take away.

Karaoke Queen, you remember that day,
Karaoke Queen, won't forget how we moved,
won't forget what we'll be, won't forget what we'll be.

We could talk for hours
and we'd never move again.
On a perfect day like this
a kiss is more than this.

I take a piece of paper, hold it, entering the room.
"Hey, I'd like to kiss you", I could, help me take away.

Karaoke Queen, you remember that day,
Karaoke Queen, won't forget how we moved,
won't forget what we'll be, forget what we ...

God, we're trembling, hesitating,
knowing that we are both too weak for that.
But disco music starts and ABBA sing
and dancing turns into Karaoke Queen,
and dancing turns into the imperfect sing.

Karaoke Queen, you remember that day,
Karaoke Queen, won't forget how we moved,
won't forget what we'll be.

Karaoke Queen, you remember that day,
Karaoke Queen, won't forget how we moved,
won't forget what we'll be.