

Buzz.
Snap!
Rockit.
Go bang.
Cupid Cars.
Slow (intro).
Up all night.
Gissagissago.
Cocomotion.
Feel me now.
Kiss me again.
Dress to sweat.
Tri-Tra-Trullala.
Hooked on you.
You! Must! Feel!
Check on the list.
Wonderful other.
Midnight cocktail.
Rude movements.
Solitary single bed.
Situational melody.
Your drip-dry eyes.
Send in the clowns.
Midnight marching.
West El Paso Street.
Love is the message.
Down & Dirty Duck.
Goody, goody, goody.
Night flight fight right.
All I want is all I know.
On Mercury's cool cat.
Mixed up, muddled up.
Once around the block.
Slow burning bear funk.
Lizzy's hard-boiled babe.
Tusk, tusk, rumours, tusk.
Can Moonshake make me.
Whistle bump super strut.
The chasing cheesy chapter.
The news and nothing more.
Too up, too down (be more).
Dance the dance, dancing feet.
Red-faced with embarrassment.
All my beautiful evil is melting.
Cheeky, cheeky. Naughty, sneaky.
Shame on you (if you can't dance, too).
The fundament (and wonderment) of fun.
Last night changed it all (I really had a ball).
I don't want to get over (the sweetest hangover).
Always have somebody chasing somebody else.
You turned me on, but you cannot turn me off.
"Scintillating syntax," soothed the solo on the synth sax.
If you weren't afraid of flying, we could leave the ground!
Mischievousness made magical may make modesty more malleable.
Carly Simon's *Why*, followed by Carly Simon's *Why*, followed by Carly Simon's *Why* (again).

(Titles, 2015/17, text by Rhys Coren)