

Two Dancers

Wild Beasts

I feel as if I've been where you have been
The snow had piled up knee-high in the street
Apart, apart
And dancing on
The wanderer
The squanderer
Our son was dying and we could hardly eat

They dragged me by the ankles through the street (two hearts)
They passed me round them like a piece of meat
His hairy hands
His falling fists
His dancing cock
Down by his knees
I've seen my children turn away from me

Oh, do you want my bones between your teeth?
They pulled me half-alive out of the sea
Apart, apart
And dancing on
Impossible
Impossible

I feel as if I've been where you have been
I feel as if I've been where you have been