

# Slow Your Dancing

Alela Diane

Oh the church of Jesus Christ  
Came a knocking on my door today  
They were young missionaries  
Just trying to spread their tired gospel

But I told I'd be singing my own song  
Oh I told I'm singing my own song

'Cause I was thinking of my father  
When I found a child in the sea cave  
And I will fall into the ocean

If I dance upon that roof anymore  
If I wear these crazy boots anymore  
If I dance upon that roof anymore  
Or wear these crazy boots

And I will chew my wrist for cabin blood  
I'll sew smooth the rocks into my pillow  
Until I'm singing with my husband  
And whispering bout the gold

And we'll always head  
Up north to find our home  
Oh we'll always head  
Up north to find our home  
Oh we'll always head  
Up north to find our home

And I'll be spinning in my skirts  
And knitting tiny tiny tiny tiny little hats  
And when my breath becomes an island  
I won't be dancing upon that roof anymore  
I won't wearing these crazy boots anymore  
I won't be dancing on that roof anymore  
Or wearing these crazy boots

And I will still be singing my own song  
And I'll always head  
Up north to find my home  
Oh I will still be singing my own song  
And I'll always head  
Up north to find my home  
Oh, I'll always head  
Up north to find my home