

The Dance

American Music Club

When she first saw him
In her blood she knew her role
He'd be king of the castle
She'd be the riches he stole
Some can only stumble through
The empty rooms of their soul
And it takes ashes
To make them whole
She looks in his eyes
When he brings out his gun
His uniform is open
He has a great buzz on
He says, 'bitch dance with me
I'm sick of the sun'
He shakes his money maker
Without the safety on
She tells herself,
'Don't ever act afraid
This is not how my
Debts will be paid'
And she never wants
His good time to fade
When hatred starts to flash
Twilight from his blade
He holds the gun loose and free

Like it's a toy
Like an orchestra conductor who
Surrenders to the joy
He feels his destiny
Feels it like a boy
That it's too important
For anyone to destroy
So around and around they go
On the rug by the bed
He's pulling out his best moves
He's cool as Wonder Bread
And the gun goes off
And paints her face all red
When she was dancing with him
He was dancing with the dead
You can forget your shadow
You can forget your dreams
But if you say the right words
Your uniform is clean
He loves those cop sunglasses
Loves what they mean
They show the world
That he's on the winning team