

Do the Dark

Blondie

There you are, giving candy
Making confidence with an easy eye
Easy words, oh, what a dancer
Dance you right into the corner in the fire
Do the dark apostle
Do the sidewalk hustle
Do the invisible dance
In the fire, fire, fire, fire

Walk on glass with the master
There's no question he can't answer with his eyes
What a stage, oh, what a dancer
Looks like a baby with an old man's eyes

When you break the rules and you burn your bridges
And your fingers itch and they're getting wet when you look at
her
Do the dark apostle
Do the sidewalk hustle
Do the invisible dance
In the fire, fire, fire, fire

Walk on glass, walk on fire
Walk on glass, walk on fire
Walk on glass, walk on fire
Walk on glass, walk on fire