

## Dancer

### Born Without Bones

Born to be a dancer  
Unfulfilled by their spectating eyes  
She was cast away, a stray  
Running to survive  
And she was a stranger  
Unfamiliar with their cast iron smiles  
She had gone out west to bury what's left  
Of a speculative nest she tried to forget

So I guess (I guess)  
This is it (That's it)  
I'm not anywhere closer to where I was going  
Oh (I guess)  
That this is it (That's it)  
I'll send you a postcard if something reminds me of you

And she felt the danger  
On lonely highways growing desolate and wild  
Her tattoos fading in the rays  
Of the summer smile  
And quick like a cancer  
She made her way to where she  
Lived as a child  
Back out west where the only thing left  
Are the memories she repressed  
In the valley of death

So I guess (I guess)  
This is it (That's it)  
I'm not anywhere closer to where I was going  
Oh (I guess)  
That this is it (That's it)  
I'll send you a postcard if something reminds me of you

Tried my best to stay clean and satisfied  
But I couldn't figure it out to save me  
I'm back home to disappear but I don't want to talk about it  
I was never enough for you to love me baby, please

So I guess (I guess)  
This is it (That's it)  
I'm not anywhere closer to where I was going  
Oh (I guess)  
That this is it (That's it)  
I'll send you a postcard if something reminds me of you