

Dance For Me

CunninLynguists

Dance for me, someone said
Emily, shakes their head
Lonely, gracefully
Emily begins

She was a late bloomer, from Penny to Janet in a blink
Dreamt bout being Josephine Baker in the mink
Gold make-up in the Sphinx, skin made to view
Body ornament performances, sin-sational
From Rhythm Nation to, titillation through
Demon-strations of, what she's made to do
She always told me that she wanted to dance
The only time she felt worthy of romance, damn
I tried to told her she was worthy of chance
But it's hard to talk to somebody in a trance
I just gave her a glance, enough to sang her blues
Be Pablo to paint her moves, be Langston to name her Hughes
"Emily dance for me" someone said, she, curtsied and turned her
head
She posed, with knowledge and grace she gave us a taste
With a look on her face that could be taken for dead

Are we crazy, deranged, to stand up for some change?
Dreams turn to schemes, which marionette pulls your strings?
Emily's enemy was Emily, feelin me?
She only lusted the heel-toe kick to the symphony
And now she justified cryin rivers for sympathy
Which in end she finds out is simply misery
No mystery, or OnStar on destiny's roads
Ballerina wardrobe glowing under the strobe
Twirlin amongst dollars, waiting under the pole
For a slightly possible goal, sometimes we sell out our soul
Can't help that, errrrbody done felt that
Just ask your favourite artists whose heart has turned to pitch
black
Ask some of these stars where they lost they sense of self at
Strictly being puppets in public is a setback
Yeah fam, that's Emily's energy
Everybody's a dancer, I don't view you no differently, so dance