

The Very Modern Dance

Destroyer

Screwed on the chemical floors of the dance world
Now you see why I'll always be a dancer
Plucked by the transcendental brats to the trance world
But desertscapes on the face of a girl were not the answer

And we are not the answer
We are not the answer
No, we are not the answer

No, don't worry my dear, nothing's been sold
It's just a golden bridge I'm burning whose fire is the real goal
No, don't worry my dear, nothing's been sold
It's just a golden bridge I'm burning whose fire is the real goal
Fire is the real goal

So, there'll be moonlight over Michelle tonight
And another west coast morning
Fuck it, I'm warning
You can look, you can touch but no, not that much
What's one more police action when I'm cancelling the truce again

So, there'll be moonlight over Michelle tonight
And another West Coast morning
Fuck it, I'm warning
You can look, you can touch but no, not that much
What's one more police action when I'm cancelling the truce again