

This Dance

Drengé

Deep down under the motorway
There's a sewer with a sound system churning away
The kind of stuff that'd make you come out in a rash
Until you're kicked out for stirring up
The beginnings of a backlash
And the line outside is longer than the dole queue
And it's pissing down
And no-one wants to be here more than I do
I need this like religion
I need this like a part of me missing

This dance
Is the last
Moment of movement
Something to prove we can dance

I can feel the sweat stick to my face
When there's nothing left to fear
But the thrill of the chase
And I can read your lips like a battered paperback
Like a gut-churning, page-turning, megalomaniac
I can hear the words lost on the dancefloor
Drip like scarlet beads from the jaws of a carnivore
And there they lie in a pool of saliva
There were nicknames and curse words
And backslang to die for

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