

## Tell Her I'm Just Dancing

Hiss Golden Messenger

What catches fire  
Brightens my eyes  
Gathering joy to myself  
Wrecking my light

What catches fire  
Brightens my eyes  
And those bottom-end boys  
They clap on one and three

Yes, I built a wall - I cannot get over  
You can't choose your blues but you might as well own them  
For a little while, like the spirit of an older  
Hey, Diamond Heel: Get your storm clouds open

Now how many miles to Birmingham?  
I'm asking on a friend in the gathering wind  
Old hatted cross  
Rock hold me  
If she asks where I am, tell her I'm just dancing

Yes, I'm just dancing - now I cannot get over  
You can't choose your blues but you might as well own them  
For a little while, like the spirit of an older  
Hey, Diamond Heel: Get your storm clouds open

What catches fire  
Brightens my eyes  
Gathering joy to myself  
It's a lucky thing