

The Dance

The Beaches

I feel like a Madonna
Trapped in my little glass bottle
No air for me to breathe
I want to break through a million pieces

All you boys misbehave
Just adding up
All you girls suffocate
You're grown enough
How am I supposed to know
When you don't give a damn
How am I supposed to know
Exactly what I am

You think that I'm falling over
You think that I'm hiding under
You think that I'm overloaded
You think that I'm underwater
You think that I'm hypochromic
You think that I'm someone's lover
You think that I'm melancholic
I guess I'm just someone's daughter

Calling out of the tunnel
Spilling around the bottle
Checking that I still see
All the weird things
That I dream

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Just adding up
All you girls suffocate
You're grown enough
How am I supposed to know
When you don't give a damn
How am I supposed to know
Exactly what I am

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And the dance keeps going round
Breaking up
The sun goes down
And the dance keeps going round
Riled up, crashing down

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