

Romance in a Slow Dance

The Bigger Lights

the hands are reaching for the 3 and the 12
but the limbs and the lights aren't fading
the tangled figures
they all stay just to spite
the secret life she's parading
silent sin can speak and sing you the ways
a cabaret where secondhand hearts can play
the classic dance between the fringe and the fray
where the hips can play

romance in a slow dance
at the scene of the scar laces lovers and hearts
silhouettes (she's gonna get it)
take a chance (she's gonna get it)
make the heat in the sheets like noone can

she shakes and makes her whispers barely discreet
while the pace and the breath starts to quicken
a foreign shadow starts to enter the room
that proves that he's not the victim
they dance in the dark, locking rhythms with art
a fragile cliché burns at the seams (at the seams)
a dash of a passionate,
a violent flash
and it puts an end to all that's obscene

she's gonna get it

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dance like noone can
woahh-yeahh!

dance like you don't know
she's gonna get it,
she's gonna get it

dance like noone can
woahh-yeahh!!

SHE DONT KNOW WHATS COMING!

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