

Don't Dance

3OH!3

Tongue in cheek till a hole burns out her mouth,
And fingers crossed like the promise of cub scouts,
And we know that the picture in her heart shaped locket,
Is far from an inanimate object.
She's as dark as the blood pulsing under her skin,
Still afraid of the boogey man under her bed,
And we know that the ashes in the urn was a person,
And we never should have burned him.

Shake it, shake it like you bouts to get paid,
Boom slaggaboom, like you gots a peg leg.

I'm game, you're game; you're the main attraction,
And the way you fit your jeans it makes me ready for action.
Break it down to a fraction,
I'm doing decimal subtraction to find a reaction.

This is for the C-O 3-0-3, my people,
We've got the music that you can't stand still to,
And even if you don't dance,
I've gotta get you out and take this chance,

I caught her cornering the pictures in her purse,
A white reflection of the window of his hearse,
And she knows not to be another wife in waiting,
So she's just a widow that I'm dating.
Rolled up sleeves with a carton in it's fold,
A rusted chain with a cross that once was gold,
And I look from a distance as the coffin closes,
And disappears below the roses.

Shake it, shake it like you bouts to get paid,
Boom slaggaboom, like you gots a peg leg.

This is for the C-O 3-0-3, my people,
We've got the music that you can't stand still to,
And even if you don't dance,
I've gotta get you out and take this chance.