Dance, Soterios Johnson, Dance

Jonathan Coulton

A voice like honey, no one else could fill his shoes The time and the weather, the headlines and the local news He lays it down with perfection and grace Done by noon, he goes home to his place Where he sleeps and he waits for the night

Just before midnight he gets up, gets out of bed A can of Red Bull, a tab of X to clear his head He shoots his cuffs, now he's headed downtown Picks up one life, puts another one down And his body hums and the music's playing

Dance, Soterios Johnson, dance It's a cold world, nobody understands The feeling you can't keep inside Go, Soterios Johnson, go All the club kids are watching your glowstick glow With the light of a truth you can't hide That the news is the news, but the dance goes on forever

He shimmies his shoulders, undulates his slender hips Arms akimbo, Jaggeresque, he pouts his lips A circle forms, everybody comes 'round Just to hear the incredible sound Of a genius smashing expectations

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He's dancing, he's a machine Like no one, that they've ever seen He's flying, he's living a dream

The magic fades as the sun comes up, it's time he goes A hand on his shoulder, he turns around: it's Teri Gross He takes her hand, spins her body just so He holds her close, he will never let go As the room explodes, they dance like angels

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