

Dance Halls Turn To Ghost Towns

The Audition

Who is it tonight, Doctor Jekyll or Mr. Hyde?

The bookshelf spins,
when I pull the Websters from the third row,
second from the right,
and this is where the chemicals grow,
this is where reactions flow,
the dictionary chemical cookbook was meant to hook you into me.

Would you please take off your lab coat, kiss me as we roll through every chemical.
Would you please put on your dance shoes? 'Cause I'm sick of dancin' alone.

Who is it tonight, Doctor Jekyll or Mr. Hyde?

Two hints lust, then I mix some charm with a dash of wits.
Add some good looks and then, close the door and dim the lights
.
(This will finally be the night)
where the dictionary chemical cookbook will finally hook you into me.

Would you please take off your lab coat, kiss me as we roll through every chemical.
Would you please put on your dance shoes? 'Cause I'm sick of dancin' alone.

Stolen everything you worked for,
love was lost but better to remember,
left side, left side suicide.

Please take off your lab coat and kiss me as we roll,
please put on your dance shoes and join me in this waltz.

Would you please take off your lab coat, kiss me as we roll through every chemical.
Would you please put on your dance shoes? 'Cause I'm sick of dancin' alone.

Please take off your lab coat, kiss me as we roll,
please put on your dance shoes 'cause I'm sick of dancin' alone
.