

With Whom To Dance (the Magnetic Fields)

The Divine Comedy

Moons in June
I've given up on that stuff
Arms have charms but
I've no hope of falling in love
The rest of life pales in significance
I'm looking for somebody with whom to dance
With whom to dance?
Rings and strings
What use have I for these things?
Bells and carousels
I'd just be fooling myself
And you, you look like heaven
An angel who stepped from a dream
777 times lovelier than anything I've ever seen