

Slow Your Dancing

Alela Diane

Oh the church of Jesus Christ
Came a knocking on my door today
They were young missionaries
Just trying to spread their tired gospel

But I told I'd be singing my own song
Oh I told I'm singing my own song

'Cause I was thinking of my father
When I found a child in the sea cave
And I will fall into the ocean

If I dance upon that roof anymore
If I wear these crazy boots anymore
If I dance upon that roof anymore
Or wear these crazy boots

And I will chew my wrist for cabin blood
I'll sew smooth the rocks into my pillow
Until I'm singing with my husband
And whispering bout the gold

And we'll always head
Up north to find our home
Oh we'll always head
Up north to find our home
Oh we'll always head
Up north to find our home

And I'll be spinning in my skirts
And knitting tiny tiny tiny little hats
And when my breath becomes an island
I won't be dancing upon that roof anymore
I won't wearing these crazy boots anymore
I won't be dancing on that roof anymore
Or wearing these crazy boots

And I will still be singing my own song
And I'll always head
Up north to find my home
Oh I will still be singing my own song
And I'll always head
Up north to find my home
Oh, I'll always head
Up north to find my home