

# The Dance

American Music Club

When she first saw him  
In her blood she knew her role  
He'd be king of the castle  
She'd be the riches he stole  
Some can only stumble through  
The empty rooms of their soul  
And it takes ashes  
To make them whole  
She looks in his eyes  
When he brings out his gun  
His uniform is open  
He has a great buzz on  
He says, 'bitch dance with me  
I'm sick of the sun'  
He shakes his money maker  
Without the safety on  
She tells herself,  
'Don't ever act afraid  
This is not how my  
Debts will be paid'  
And she never wants  
His good time to fade  
When hatred starts to flash  
Twilight from his blade  
He holds the gun loose and free

Like it's a toy  
Like an orchestra conductor who  
Surrenders to the joy  
He feels his destiny  
Feels it like a boy  
That it's too important  
For anyone to destroy  
So around and around they go  
On the rug by the bed  
He's pulling out his best moves  
He's cool as Wonder Bread  
And the gun goes off  
And paints her face all red  
When she was dancing with him  
He was dancing with the dead  
You can forget your shadow  
You can forget your dreams  
But if you say the right words  
Your uniform is clean  
He loves those cop sunglasses  
Loves what they mean  
They show the world  
That he's on the winning team