

# Dance, Dance Christa Paffgen

Anberlin

She's got the time  
says she's got time on her side  
Running the rule  
Commanding the late boys eyes  
She runs around, knows all the streets by name  
So mysterious, shadows meet James Dean  
She's intoxicating, soon your favorite drink

Your black dress in disarray  
Only dance floor prayers can save {you}  
Temperatures rise and I start to move  
But it's you that's coursing through my veins

Say she's got hope  
Took shelter to the Hollywood list, taking control  
Wanted my heart but I gave her my soul  
She's like a Paige Davis with a Monroe kiss  
Disappeared today, left no trace  
But someday I'll know your name

Your black dress in disarray  
Only dance floor prayers can save {you}  
But it's you that's coursing through my veins

Don't need no drugs, you're my chemical  
Now I'm dependent, swear I'm clinical  
Addicted to those glances, taking chances tonight  
I need a fix in those heroin eyes  
Don't need no drugs, you're my chemical  
Now I'm dependent, no not cynical  
Addicted to those glances, taking chances tonight  
I need a fix in those heroin eyes

She's no saint (she's no saint), she's no saint  
She's no saint but she'll take you to your knees  
Try her boy, but she'll still do what she please  
Do you believe in science? She's perfect chemistry  
She wanted my love but I gave her the rest of me

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You'll adore me before the night is over (2x)  
If London's calling don't you dare pick up the phone  
Only you entwined  
could make this orphan feel at home  
Lips that need no introduction, but now waiting for your call  
if picture's worth a thousand words  
Then your touch is worth them all

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