

Dance on Stilts

Blue Öyster Cult

On the outside I'm in the high rise
Headin' for a meeting, shining up my greeting
See me in a white suit with a mirror tie

And you you-you-you
Elevate me
You throw off the shame
And you dance on stilts with me

And on the inside, I'm on my knees
Crawling an aching mile, living on the Bowery
Too sick to stand, to try to understand

But you you-you-you
Elevate me
You lift me high, just high enough to see
You you-you-you
Elevate me
You throw off the shame
And you dance on stilts with me
You throw off the shame
And you dance on stilts with me

And no one suspects a thing
They're all hiding just the same
They ache for an outbound train
And the wheels stopped turning in their brains

And you you-you-you
Elevate me
You lift me high, just high enough to see
You you-you-you
Elevate me
You throw off the shame
And you
You throw off the shame
And you dance on stilts with me

You elevate me
You elevate me
C'mon baby, dance on stilts, dance on stilts with me
You elevate me
You elevate me