

## I Wanna Dance With You

Bruce Cockburn

Languid mandala of the ceiling fan  
moving air like a slow stroking hand  
music drifts in like the embassy  
of afternoons sullen sensuality  
I wanna dance with you  
African voices in an opium dream  
magenta waves on a sea of bluegreen  
I wanna dance with you til the sky gets clear  
dance til the calluses fall off my ears  
I wanna dance with you  
Hours get shorter as the days go by  
you never get to stop and open your eyes  
trouble with the nation, trouble with the relations  
where you gonna go for some illumination?  
I wanna dance with you