

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