

## Dance For Me

CunninLynguists

Dance for me, someone said  
Emily, shakes their head  
Lonely, gracefully  
Emily begins

She was a late bloomer, from Penny to Janet in a blink  
Dreamt bout being Josephine Baker in the mink  
Gold make-up in the Sphinx, skin made to view  
Body ornament performances, sin-sational  
From Rhythm Nation to, titillation through  
Demon-strations of, what she's made to do  
She always told me that she wanted to dance  
The only time she felt worthy of romance, damn  
I tried to told her she was worthy of chance  
But it's hard to talk to somebody in a trance  
I just gave her a glance, enough to sang her blues  
Be Pablo to paint her moves, be Langston to name her Hughes  
"Emily dance for me" someone said, she, curtsied and turned her  
head  
She posed, with knowledge and grace she gave us a taste  
With a look on her face that could be taken for dead

Are we crazy, deranged, to stand up for some change?  
Dreams turn to schemes, which marionette pulls your strings?  
Emily's enemy was Emily, feelin me?  
She only lusted the heel-toe kick to the symphony  
And now she justified cryin rivers for sympathy  
Which in end she finds out is simply misery  
No mystery, or OnStar on destiny's roads  
Ballerina wardrobe glowing under the strobe  
Twirlin amongst dollars, waiting under the pole  
For a slightly possible goal, sometimes we sell out our soul  
Can't help that, errrrbody done felt that  
Just ask your favourite artists whose heart has turned to pitch  
black  
Ask some of these stars where they lost they sense of self at  
Strictly being puppets in public is a setback  
Yeah fam, that's Emily's energy  
Everybody's a dancer, I don't view you no differently, so dance