

## The Very Modern Dance

Destroyer

Screwed on the chemical floors of the dance world  
Now you see why I'll always be a dancer  
Plucked by the transcendental brats to the trance world  
But desertscapes on the face of a girl were not the answer

And we are not the answer  
We are not the answer  
No, we are not the answer

No, don't worry my dear, nothing's been sold  
It's just a golden bridge I'm burning whose fire is the real goal  
No, don't worry my dear, nothing's been sold  
It's just a golden bridge I'm burning whose fire is the real goal  
Fire is the real goal

So, there'll be moonlight over Michelle tonight  
And another west coast morning  
Fuck it, I'm warning  
You can look, you can touch but no, not that much  
What's one more police action when I'm cancelling the truce again

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