

# Dancing Like A Gun

John Foxx

Oh do you get the smell of burning metal?  
Can you feel that heartbeat under the sea?  
Well it's just me and Oppenheimer waltzing  
With crowded streets in chromakey

And all the glow boys in their lipstick and shadows  
And gold leaf on their delicate skins  
Well they can filter through your curtains like nerve-gas  
They leave their laughter on the wind

And we're dancing  
Yes we're dancing  
We're dancing like a gun

Nothing I can see looks like an exit  
So I'm making you into a door  
You've been a guaranteed constant companion for so long  
I'll almost miss you when I go

And there's silence in your silver passing  
And stardust scattered over your breasts  
Then I looked around and found  
All the faces of the world  
As the ballroom floor gets fused to glass

And we're dancing  
Yes we're dancing  
We're dancing like a gun

We'll walk in the silent places  
In the wake of the storms  
Swim through our own cathedral  
Trailing the dawn...

Dresses of light and ashes  
Proud in display  
Lovers and enemies  
All waltzing in the waves...

Oh we're dancing  
Yes we're dancing  
We're dancing like a gun

Like a gun