

Dance, Soterios Johnson, Dance

Jonathan Coulton

A voice like honey, no one else could fill his shoes
The time and the weather, the headlines and the local news
He lays it down with perfection and grace
Done by noon, he goes home to his place
Where he sleeps and he waits for the night

Just before midnight he gets up, gets out of bed
A can of Red Bull, a tab of X to clear his head
He shoots his cuffs, now he's headed downtown
Picks up one life, puts another one down
And his body hums and the music's playing

Dance, Soterios Johnson, dance
It's a cold world, nobody understands
The feeling you can't keep inside
Go, Soterios Johnson, go
All the club kids are watching your glowstick glow
With the light of a truth you can't hide
That the news is the news, but the dance goes on forever

He shimmies his shoulders, undulates his slender hips
Arms akimbo, Jaggeresque, he pouts his lips
A circle forms, everybody comes 'round
Just to hear the incredible sound
Of a genius smashing expectations

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He's dancing, he's a machine
Like no one, that they've ever seen
He's flying, he's living a dream

The magic fades as the sun comes up, it's time he goes
A hand on his shoulder, he turns around: it's Teri Gross
He takes her hand, spins her body just so
He holds her close, he will never let go
As the room explodes, they dance like angels

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