

Dance With You

Ryan Star

I will not dance with you no more.
My legs, my feet, my face is so sore.
I have been loving you so long;
I have been loving you so wrong.

I hold onto you as you hold onto me;
I'm afraid to come.
I wait there for you as you wait here for me;
I'm afraid to come.

I will not dance with you no more.
My lips, my face, my dick is so sore.
Tell me who you'd rather be;
The fool in you, the king in me.

I hold onto you as you hold onto me;
I'm afraid to come.
As I wait there for you, you wait here for me;
I'm afraid to come.

Here, in my room, on the floor,
With the blade in your hand,
I see you bleed.
You always bleed.
These numbered days
Are on your skin.

I hold onto you, as you hold onto me;
I'm afraid to come.