

## With Whom To Dance (the Magnetic Fields)

The Divine Comedy

Moons in June  
I've given up on that stuff  
Arms have charms but  
I've no hope of falling in love  
The rest of life pales in significance  
I'm looking for somebody with whom to dance  
With whom to dance?  
Rings and strings  
What use have I for these things?  
Bells and carousels  
I'd just be fooling myself  
And you, you look like heaven  
An angel who stepped from a dream  
777 times lovelier than anything I've ever seen