

Friction

nightclubs, nightstalkers  
fast women, fast talkers  
loose lips, loose limbs  
the lovely loveless  
sunset to sunrise  
black dresses, black eyes  
tangles of tangos  
hot hands, hot thighs

why can I never get you?  
theres a sea of bodies between us.  
I recall the first time i saw you -  
not a dance hall - but a crowded bus.  
pressed against the scent of stale sweat -  
friction!

vampires and witches  
steal bloody red kisses  
in go-go boots, itailin suits;  
they always dress to kill.  
they spin their umbrellas,  
they dance a tarantella..  
but im not here for them  
I only come here to watch you.  
I want to make your acquaintance,  
to escort - to be a gentleman.  
I want to rub up against you..  
like those scoundrels -  
like those wolves do.  
they run in packs -  
in saabs and SUVs.

oh, these pounding dance clubs.  
this friction between us.  
how you throw your body,  
its so moving..  
but never toward me.

still, I always seem to read  
between the beat.