

Where The White Boys Dance

The Killers

Take me to the place where the white boys dance.
Take me to the place where they run and play.
My baby is gone, you might have a chance.
Just take me to the place where the white boys dance.

They hug in silence,
As the sun sets.
On their empty street,
Their suspicions where they rise and hide.
And then who sweeps them off she doesn't leave.
She walks inside him,
pours a strong one.
Put her mind at ease.
It's the calm before another storm.
And the friendship's from the whiskey to the keys.

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Her heart is racing.
She phones a friend to say:
I'm in an awful place.
That fool's been messin' round on me
I've seen it in his eyes and on his face
Hold on a minute.
You're talking crazy.
Don't be that jealous girl.
Just telephone you need an hour or two.
Cause we're gonna go and change somebodies word.

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