

## Two Dancers

Wild Beasts

I feel as if I've been where you have been  
The snow had piled up knee-high in the street  
Apart, apart  
And dancing on  
The wanderer  
The squanderer  
Our son was dying and we could hardly eat

They dragged me by the ankles through the street (two hearts)  
They passed me round them like a piece of meat  
His hairy hands  
His falling fists  
His dancing cock  
Down by his knees  
I've seen my children turn away from me

Oh, do you want my bones between your teeth?  
They pulled me half-alive out of the sea  
Apart, apart  
And dancing on  
Impossible  
Impossible

I feel as if I've been where you have been  
I feel as if I've been where you have been