dancer

sharkara

In my past life I was a dancer
I danced my life away
I didn't seek answers
Was everything so perfect at that time
Oh no I didn't careIn my past life I was a dancer
I danced in cabaret
Oh you should have seen me
I stole the crowd each night
And all the men were craving me
Like absinthe they were drinkingOh how I danced!In my past life I was a pianist
Who used to play each night
And when I was dancing
His music was like words of love but never spoken
But no I did not care at allOnce came this painter
Down to our cabaret
He draw something for me
It was the ugliest thing I saw
But then again he was quite eloquentThen he ask me to
pose for him
I was like:
no!... no... no way... well... okSince then there was no 'this painter guy' anymore
But simply 'my Henri'
The pianist couldn't bear it:
Such a lady but you're acting like a hoStill I did not care at allBut then they threw me on the street
And shut the door
No man craved me anymore
'Cause I only danced for one
And my Henri had other plans
Than always being there for meOh how I cried!You may see my soul but you'll never read it all
You may read it all but you'll never break my heart
You may break my heart but you'll never break my will
You might break my will but I'll always have my art!And I'll always have my art!And this is not
About you darling
Ohow you hurt me
And I'm dying'Cause oh
I know
That you know
That I know
That we are all

Prostitutes
AnywayWe sell moments of relief
So we have to seem relieved ourselves
So you see my Henri
I would ask you to visit me
For a friendly kiss or two
'Cause once you loose that innocence
It never hurts again

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