

# 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 care  
In 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 drinking  
Oh 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 all  
Once 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 eloquent  
Then he ask me to  
pose for him  
I was like:  
no!... no... no way... well... ok  
Since 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 ho  
Still I did not care at all  
But 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 me  
Oh 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  
Oh how you hurt me  
And I'm dying!  
Cause oh  
I know  
That you know  
That I know  
That we are all

Prostitutes

Anyway We 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 lose that innocence  
It never hurts again

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