

Tapdance

Kevin Devine

You get back here
You do it so slowly
Do it calm, now
Don't be so angry I got something
I've been chasing
Every day since I started walking It just sits here
In the distance
It always flirts with the tips of my fingers You thought that
You could love it
Until it touched you
And now you just wanna stop it Well I'm sorry
It's not likely
It was here when you got here
And it'll be here when you're not here no more And then some days
I get lucky
I can focus and things are less shaky And I scrape you
Off the pale moon
And I slip you
Into soft shoes And you tap dance
To a jazz band
On a cruise ship
Near an island And your hair's up
You wear a short dress
And a wide smile
Your movements are careless It's a daydream
I keep having
To make the clocks move
While I'm working Or a bad joke
I can't sit through
And I smile because I feel like I have to But if you'd look under the table
You'd see I'm playing with my knife
I'm slicing stripes into my kneecaps
And I'm struggling just to come off polite We could be a snapshot framed and hung like a portrait
What if that's true and I'm the only one who knows it?

Songwriters

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