

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 my 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 O, 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

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