

Death Dance Of Omipapas And Sons For You

Of Montreal

I want to dance so I don't have to think anymore
About the steam cleaned caterpillar in the pinafore
I want to dance till the meanings of words are replaced
By the snobbish foppish dandies with discriminating taste
 Taking lady's place and bouncing her face
 Up the escalator to inspect the fay new blonde
I want to dance to the voice of the phantom oboe
 Performing spritely melodies of a rococo
 I want to dance to the rhythm of owls
In a plumb who have fashioned tiny instruments
 Plucked with their thumbs
 No feeling is more safe
 Then when you embrace me dancing
 We don't need to call any of our friends
 Because I don't even care who else is there
 If dancing is your legs laughing,
 Choking is your throat heckling,
 Cement grapes are falling (falling falling)
Ah but the limp nymphs are calling me to dance

I'm so sick and tired of always feeling down
Yeah just sitting around yeah wasting my life
I want to dance I want to dance I want to dance

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