

Tell Her I'm Just Dancing

Hiss Golden Messenger

What catches fire
Brightens my eyes
Gathering joy to myself
Wrecking my light
What catches fire
Brightens my eyes
And those bottom-end boys
They clap on one and three
Yes, I built a wall - I cannot get over
You can't choose your blues but you might as well own them
For a little while, like the spirit of an older
Hey, Diamond Heel: Get your storm clouds open
Now how many miles to Birmingham?
I'm asking on a friend in the gathering wind
Old hatted cross
Rock hold me
If she asks where I am, tell her I'm just dancing
Yes, I'm just dancing - now I cannot get over
You can't choose your blues but you might as well own them
For a little while, like the spirit of an older
Hey, Diamond Heel: Get your storm clouds open
What catches fire
Brightens my eyes
Gathering joy to myself
It's a lucky thing

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