Friction!

The Good Life

Frictionnightclubs, nightstalkers
fast women, fast talkers
loose lips, loose limbs
the lovely loveless
sunset to sunrise
black dresses, black eyes
tangles of tangos
hot hands, hot thighswhy can I never get you?
theres a sea of bodies between us.
I recall the first time i saw you -
not a dance hall - but a crowded bus.
pressed against the scent of stale sweat -
friction!vampires and witches
steal bloody red kisses
in go-go boots, itailin suits;
they always dress to kill.
they spin their umbrellas,
they dance a tarantella..
but im not here for them
I only come here to watch you.
I want to make your acquaintance,
to escort - to be a gentleman.
I want to rub up against you..
like those scoundrels -
like those wolves do.
they run in packs -
in saabs and SUVS.oh, these pounding dance clubs.
this friction between us.
how you throw your body,
its so moving..
but never toward me.still, I always seem to read
between the beat.

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