

# Floorshow

Baxter Dury

The bodies on the naked on the low damp ground  
In the violet hour to the violent sound  
And the darkness the blinding the eyes that shine  
And the voices and the singing and the line on line  
This is the floor show the clapping hands  
Animal flow from the animal glands  
In the violet hour to the violent sound  
Going round and around and around and around and around

I feel the bite I feel the beat I see the dancing feet  
I feel the light I feel the heat I see the new elite  
I see the final floor show I see the western dream  
I see the faces glow and I see the bodies steam

See them shimmy see them go  
See their painted faces glow  
Slow slow quick quick slow  
See those pagans go go go go go

This is the floor show the last ideal  
It's populist got mass appeal  
The old religion redefined  
For the facile futile totally blind

Mundane by day inane at night  
Pagan playing in the flashing light  
In the violet hour to the violent sound  
Going round and around and around and around and around  
And the bodies naked on the low damp ground  
In the violet hour to the violet sound  
And the darkness the blinding the eyes that shine  
And the voices singing line on line

See them shimmy see them go  
See their painted faces glow  
Slow slow quick quick slow  
See those pagans go go go go go

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