

Sticks, Stones, And Techno

All Time Low

You spin your words like a record in motion,
step into the party, step out a commotion,
with stars in your eyes,
and with fire at your fingertips,
burn down this city and everyone in it,
singing, "Oh, we are the dancers!"
Show me the skyline and I'll show you decadence,
a subtle reminder of hearts filled with loneliness,
give me your worst words and I'll bring the sticks and stones,
I'd hate to use them,

you can't shake it with broken bones...
Oh we are the dancers!
Don't complain if you can't win,
its just something we live for,
and we do it well as you'll see by the way that we,
rock and we roll over state-lines and dollar signs...
Oh you dance like its your job.

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