Dance With You

Ryan Star

I will not dance with you no more.

My legs, my feet, my face is so sore.

I have been loving you so long;

I have been loving you so wrong. I hold onto you as you hold onto me;

I'm afraid to come.

I wait there for you as you wait here for me;

I'm afraid to come.I will not dance with you no more.

My lips, my face, my dick is so sore.

Tell me who you'd rather be;

The fool in you, the king in me.I hold onto you as you hold onto me;

I'm afraid to come.

As I wait there for you, you wait here for me;

I'm afarid to come. Here, in my room, on the floor,

With the blade in your hand,

I see you bleed.

You always bleed.

These numbered days

Are on your skin. I hold onto you, as you hold onto me;

I'm afraid to come.

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