Dancing Choose

TV on the Radio

He's a what? He's a what? He's a newspaper man
And he gets his best ideas from a newspaper stand
From his boots to his pants to his comments and his rants
He knows that any little article will doThough he expresses some confusion 'bout his part in the plan
And he can't understand that he's not in command
The decisions underwritten by the cash in his hand
Bought a sweater for his weimaraners tooNow I'm no mad man but that's insanity
Feast before famine and more before family
Goes and shows up with more bowls and more
Cups and the riot for the last hot meal eruptsCorrupts his hard drive through the leanest months
Shells out the hard cash for the sickest stunts
On aftershave, on gasoline
He flips the page and turns the sceneIn my mind I'm drowning butterflies
Broken dreams and alibis, that's fine
I've seen my palette blown to monochrome
Hollow heart clicks hollow tone it's timeEye on authority, thumb prints a forgery
Boy ain't it crazy what the lights can do
For counterfeit community every opportunity
Wasted as the space between the flash tattooAnd the half-hearted hologram posed for the party
Now he gloss full bleed on a deaf dumb tree
Cod liver dollar signs, credit card autograph
Down for the record but not for freedomAngry young mannequin, American apparently
Still to the rhythm better get to the back of me
Can't stand the vision, better tongue the anatomy
Gold plated overhead blank transparencyIn the days of old you were a nut
Now you need three bumps before you cut
Not that I should care about, nothing I ain't scared of
But I guess, you had to be thereIn my mind I'm breeding butterflies
Broken dreams and alibis, that's fine
I've seen my palette blown to monochrome
Hollow heart clicks hollow tone in timeI see you figured in your action pose
Foam injected Axl Rose life size
Should something shake you and you drop the news
Lord just keep your dancing shoes off mine

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