

# What They Say

## Maya Jane Coles

We climb out of bed like the rest of you  
Post afternoon and we don black suits  
But all of us aren't quite as goth as they say we are  
We just like fast cars  
And we can dance like the best of them  
As long as the lights stay low  
And the jockey knows what she's doing  
And we can dance like the best of them  
As long as the lights stay low  
And the jockey knows what she's doing  
Don't think aloud, so what if our teeth protrude  
More than yours do and we perch on stoops  
And all of us aren't quite as mean  
As the drama queens and the static cling  
And we can dance like the best of them  
As long as the lights stay low  
And the jockey knows what she's doing  
And we can dance like the best of them  
As long as the lights stay low  
And the jockey knows what she's doing  
Noch keine

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