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
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