

# Dirty Dancing

## American Diary

Direct your attention up front this is your song, the glare from the transparent space. Mixed with the sun isn't good enough, I need to see your naked eyes melting in mine, I can't help this loose feeling like that first drop baby.

I wanna hold your hand on top of the bar, but I think it's time that we should let go.

Keep the noise down low, if you'd like to lead, well pretend we don't care, that this hurts so good, but it feels so wrong, I'll try to keep my voice down. Breathe out, breathe out.

Breathe out, breathe out, push the hesitation, let your anger at me, unleash, you still, turn me on, and now your in my song, about tragic ways to end a simple love story, and this lifeless girl gone horribly wrong.

Can you feel my breath against your lips, a hint of confidence this night time scene, we've been through once before. Our love exists between the sheets. Spread out across the hotel floor. She always smiles in pictures, Am I worth a thousand words or at least one more

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