

Don't Dance

3OH!3

Tongue in cheek, till a hole burns out her mouth
And fingers crossed like the promise of cub scouts
And we know that the picture in her heart shaped locket
Is far from an inanimate object Shes as dark as the blood pulsing under her skin
Still afraid of the bogey man under her bed
And we know that the ashes in the urn was a person
And we never should have burned him Shake it, shake it like you bouts to get paid
Boom slaggaboom, like you got's a peg leg Im game, youre game, youre the main attraction
And the way you fit your jeans it makes me ready for action
Break it down to a fraction
Im doing decimal subtraction to find a reaction This is for the C, oh 3, oh free, my people
Weve got the music that you cant stand still to
And even if you dont dance
Ive gotta get you out and take this chance I caught her cornering the pictures in her purse
A white reflection of the window of his hearse
And she knows not to be another wife in waiting
So shes just a widow that Im dating Rolled up sleeves with a carton in its fold
A rusted chain with a cross that once was gold
And I look from a distance as the coffin closes
And disappears below the roses Shake it, shake it like you bouts to get paid
Boom slaggaboom, like you got's a peg leg This is for the C, oh 3, oh free, my people
Weve got the music that you cant stand still to
And even if you dont dance
Ive gotta get you out and take this chance

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