3OH!3, Don't Dance

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 boogey 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 gots 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 gots a peg leg.
This is for the C oh 3 oh free my people,
Weve got the music that you cant stand still to,
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