

Anberlin, Dance, dance christa paffgen

She's got the time
says she got time on her side
Commanding the late boys eyes
She runs around, knows all the streets by name
So mysterious, shadows meet James Dean
She's intoxicating, soon your favorite drink
Your black dress in disarray
Only dance floor prayers can save you
Temperatures rise and I start to move
But it's you that's coursing through my veins
Say she's got hope
Took shelter to the Hollywood list, taking control
Wanted my heart but I gave her my soul
She's like a Paige Davis with a Monroe kiss
Disappeared today, left no trace
But someday I'll know your name
Don't need no drugs, you're my chemical
Now I'm dependent, swear I'm clinical
Addicted to those glances, taking chances tonight
I need a fix in those heroin eyes
Don't need no drugs, you're my chemical
Now I'm dependent, no not cynical
Addicted to those glances, taking chances tonight
I need a fix in those heroin eyes
She's no saint but she'll take you to your knees
Try her boy, but she'll still do what she please
Do you beleive in science? She prefers chemistry
She wanted my love but I gave her the rest of me
Dear Stephen Patrick:
You'll adore me before the night is over
If London's calling don't you dare pick up the phone
Only you entwined
could make this orphan feel at home
Lips that need no introduction, but now waiting for your call
if picture's worth a thousand words
Then your touch is worth them all