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