

Franco Battiato, I Want To See You As A Dancer

I want to see you as a dancer
Like the desert gypsy women
Whit candelabras on their heads
Or like the balineses
on their holidays

I want to see you as a dancer
Like dervishes tourneurs
Who twist around around their back-bones
To the sound of ankle bracelets of Katakali

The walls are turning turning all around us
As we are dancing
Dancing
The walls are turning turning all around us
As we are dancing

And radio Tirana's playing
Music fro Balkan
For Bulgarian dancers
With bare feet they dance on burning embers

In the oriental island
In sunny summer dance halls
Couples of old folks are dancing
To a rhythm in seven-eight

The walls are turning turning all around us
As we are dancing
Dancing
The walls are turning turning all around us
As we are dancing

In the rhythm of the heath
-the key
Of old tribal magical rites
Kingdoms of the Shamans
And rebel players on the road again

Down across the plainlands
In sunny summer dance halls
Couples of old folks are dancing
A classical Viennese waltz