

Of Montreal, Death Dance Of Omipapas And Sons

I want to dance so I don't have to think anymore
about the steam cleaned caterpillar in the pinafore
I want to dance till the meanings of words are replaced
by the snobbish foppish dandies with discriminating taste
taking lady's place and bouncing her face
up the escalator to inspect the fay new blonde
I want to dance to the voice of the phantom oboe
performing spritely melodies of a rococo
I want to dance to the rhythm of owls
in a plumb who have fashioned tiny instruments
plucked with their thumbs
no feeling is more safe
then when you embrace me dancing
we don't need to call any of our friends
because I don't even care who else is there
if dancing is your legs laughing,
choking is your throat heckling,
cement grapes are falling (falling falling)
ah but the limp nymphs are calling me to dance

I'm so sick and tired of always feeling down
yeah just sitting around yeah wasting my life
I want to dance I want to dance I want to dance