

Rivermaya, Ballroom Dancing

I imagine ballroom dancing
'neath your tight synthetic shirt
There will be chairs there will be tables,
there'll be spoons,
but there'll be no/but baby one else

I imagine ballroom dancing
beneath your tight electric shirt
Now tell me don't that sound romantic
better than love in the attic years ago

Don't tell me I'm crazy
I dreamt the sun was radiating blue
But doctors have cleared me
It's just a case of too much missing you

I'd die for a maybe,
but pardon me I'm not a desperate man
Just paranoid lately,
you'll never know, they drop the bomb,
it's the end