

Tay Zonday, Demons On The Dance Floor

See that woman walking through the doorway
Swinging her whole body like it's her day
'Grinin at your smile if she sees you
Like she been-there-done-that and it ain't true

Cause she's 'spendin dollars at the dime store
Ain't nobody fool enough to stop her
Yeah she spendin dollars at the dime store
'Runnin 'outta credit 'til she get more

People 'lookin at her funny but she don't care
Got some blue extensions for her red hair
Gallon of mascara for a buck five
'Savin as she's 'spendin on the good life

'Mornin is at midnight when she 'round town
Cock-a-doodle-doo and find a new clown
Wants to take her home but she be too smart
Cause she on a mission when the beat starts

(Chorus)
Yeah she got her demons on the dance floor
'Doin the devil's duty to defeat her
'Stompin out her demons on the dance floor
'Kickin all her sorrows out the back door
(Repeat)

Dreams of French vanilla when she's in bed
Always superstitious when she wears red
Has a secret fetish for cartoon porn
Keeps a naked Martian in her top drawer

Yaking through the sunrise on her cell phone
Says she was a baby when she left home
Cussing like a sailor over e-mail
'Bout the man who hit her now he's in jail

Put stuff in her body that she regrets
Always 'puffin on another cigarette
'Tryin to straighten out and get her life on
Studies for a license at the salon

On the broke-and-narrow for the long haul
Only 'eatin ramen from the strip mall
Can't afford a cover but she's got friends
Every night the bouncer lets her sneak in

(Chorus)

Sorrows out the back door
Demons on the dance floor
Sorrows out the back door
Demons on the dance floor