

# The Magnetic Fields, Nothing Matters When We're

Dance with me my old friend  
Once before we go  
Let's pretend this song won't end  
And we never have to go home  
And we'll dance among the chandeliers

And nothing matters when we're dancing  
In tat or tatters you're entrancing  
Be we in Paris or in Lansing  
Nothing matters when we're dancing

You've never been more beautiful  
Your eyes like two full moons  
Than here in this poor old dance hall  
Among the dreadful tunes  
The awful songs we don't even hear

And nothing matters when we're dancing  
In tat or tatters you're entrancing  
Be we in Paris or in Lansing  
Nothing matters when we're dancing