

# The Spill Canvas, Catching Sparks

Slip, trip, and fall  
Well I'm down for the count  
I can feel the numbing in my fingertips  
I'm catching sparks  
And they're tickling my cheeks  
From the chemistry between us  
The colored lights are spilling on your face  
And the swaying of your hips leaves me speechless  
The dance floor's empty as my heart begins to race  
Please don't stop 'cause I need this  
I'm floating  
I can feel it  
Higher and higher  
I'm floating  
I can feel it  
Seventeen inches off the ground  
Slip, trip, and kiss me  
Oh I'm gaining back my senses  
tasting the air that surrounds you  
I'm catching sparks  
And they're tickling my cheeks  
From the chemistry between us  
The colored lights are spilling on your face  
And the swaying of your hips leaves me speechless  
The dance floor's empty as my heart begins to race  
Please don't stop 'cause I need this  
I'm floating  
I can feel it  
Higher and higher  
I'm floating  
I can feel it  
Seventeen inches off the ground  
I place my hand behind the small of your back  
and we're dancing  
I place my hand behind the small of your back  
and we're dancing...we're dancing  
I place my hand behind the small of your back  
and we're dancing...we're dancing  
I place my hand behind the small of your back  
and we're dancing...we're dancing  
I place my hand behind the small of your back  
and we're dancing