

# XTC, Yacht Dance

(Andy Partridge)

We, we will dance like tiny boats with cotton sails upon the tops of the seas,  
That would pull us down to the depths and crush us flat if given half a chance.  
No need to look back to pictures of lost, when all was rust.

We, we will skim across the surface of the mud as if we're spinning pebbles

Oh, in our yacht dance

Oh, in our yacht dance

We, we will dance like tiny boats with cotton sails upon the tops of the seas,  
Made of people stained with scorn who never see the light of real love.

No need to look back through diaries of lost now turned to dust.

We, we will skate across the surface of the storm as if we're wheeling sea-birds.

Oh, in our yacht dance

Oh, in our yacht dance

And how they'll be jealous of both of us!

In our yacht dance.

We, we will dance like tiny boats with cotton sails upon the tops of the seas,  
That would pull us down to the depths and crush us flat if given half a chance.

No need to look back to pictures of lost, when all was rust.

We, we will skim across the surface of the mud as if we're spinning pebbles

Oh, in our yacht dance

Oh, in our yacht dance