

# A.C. Newman, Like A Hitman, Like A Dancer

Like a hitman, oh, like a dancer  
On the soul, on the soul  
Like the old champion about to go under  
Oh my soul, oh my soul  
You'd like a change, man  
Without a change, man  
You could've changed sides  
But you wanted to win  
Changed sides  
But you wanted to win  
Like a fourth wall, cop chase on blue screen  
All eyes roll, all eyes roll  
Like a snowfall that blankets a city  
Swallowed whole, swallowed whole  
You'd like a change, man  
Without a change, man  
You could've changed sides  
But you wanted to win  
Changed sides  
But you wanted to win

Like a hitman, oh, like a dancer  
On the soul, on the soul  
Like a balancing act or a stage whisper  
It's all I know, it's all I know  
You'd like a change, man  
Without a change, man  
You could've changed sides  
But you wanted to win  
Changed sides  
But you wanted to win  
Like a change, man  
Without a change, man  
You could've changed sides  
But you wanted to win  
Changed sides  
But you wanted to win  
Like a hitman, oh, like a dancer  
Like a hitman, oh, like a dancer