

# Dangerous Muse, The Rejection

At two am, she jumped on me,  
said for five months she has loved ...  
"Okay, it's your turn. Say the same."  
I'd like to like you like you like me  
but I can't please understand.  
I'm not a jerk -- but I am.

She wept and wiped her face with one hand  
said that we can't be friends.  
"How could you not want me. I'm hot.  
Just tell me. It's okay."

Stop trying. I don't want you.  
You don't want to stop trying.  
You want me, well --  
I want to dance.

Stop trying. You don't want to.  
I don't want you. Stop trying.  
You want me, but --  
I want to dance.

Days do pass, still wants to talk,  
says for five months, she has loved ...  
Okay, you know I'm not the same.  
I'd like to like you like you like me,  
but I can't please understand.  
I'm not a jerk -- but I am.

She weeps and wipes her face with more tears,  
this time, with her other hand.  
"How could you kiss me there then just go,  
leave me a sample in a song."

Stop trying--trying--trying.  
I don't want you. You don't want to stop trying.  
You want me, well --  
I want to dance.

Stop trying. You don't want to.  
I don't want you. Stop trying.  
You want me, but --  
I want to dance.

Stop crying, I don't want you.  
You don't want to stop crying.  
You want me, well --  
I want to dance.

Stop crying, I don't want you.  
You don't want to stop crying.  
You want me, but --  
I want to dance.

So just dance.

Put on your boots and walk out the door.  
Forget the face that you watched before.  
(Don't love me.)  
It's not worth the time or worth the tears.  
Shut your mouth. Be a dear.  
(I don't want you.)

Put on your boots and walk out the door.

Forget the face that you watched before.  
(Don't love me.)  
It's not worth the time or worth the tears.  
Shut your mouth. Be a dear.  
(I don't want you.)

Arms up.  
Just dance.  
Arms out.  
Just dance.

Arms up. Just dance.  
Arms out. Just dance.  
Arms up. Just dance.  
Arms out. Just dance.

Just dance.

I won't say that I love you.  
I can't say that I love you.

At two am, she jumped on me,  
said for five months she has loved ...  
"Okay, it's your turn. Say the same."  
I'd like to like you like you like me,  
but I can't please understand.  
I'm not a jerk -- but I am.

So just stop.