

David Byrne, Dance On Vaseline

I'm taking back the knowledge
I'm taking back the gentleness
I'm taking back the ritual
I'm giving in to sweetness

Come preacherman, shoot me with your poisoned arrow
But I dance on Vaseline
And I'm tripping out working on a revolution
You don't let the music in

I'm taking back the children
I'm taking back the ceremony
I'm taking back my offerings
And I'm taking back what you mean to me

You're dangerous, shoot me with your poisoned arrow
But I dance on Vaseline
And I'm slipping out I'm working on a revolution
Don't let the music in

And war is all around us
Your Gods are dead and buried underground
I was a silly putty
Your big ideas are useless to me now

My baby saw the future
She doesn't wanna live it anymore
Its lousy science-fiction
It's on your skin and seeps into your bones

Come preacherman, shoot me with your poisoned arrow
I dance on Vaseline
And I'm tripping out working on a revolution
Don't let day begin

And you're dangerous, shoot me with your poisoned arrow
But I dance on Vaseline
And I'm slipping out working on a revolution
Don't let the music in

It started in Oklahoma
You always think it happens somewhere else
This madness is attractive
Until the day it happens to yourself

And power might seem sexy
But check her in the cool grey light of dawn
A legislative body
And all at once your lust for her is gone

And I'm tripping out working on a revolution
Don't let the day begin
We'll turn you down time to time for evolution
Don't let the music in

And I'm tripping out working on a revolution
Don't let the day begin
We'll turn you down, make a time for evolution
Don't let the day begin