

Great Lake Swimmers, Backstage With The Modern Dancers

Backstage with the modern dancers
She was stretching her arms,
Configuring her body.
While they were breathing, they were shouting.
She was concentrating on her breathing
And didn't seem to mind,
As I sat there on the couch,
And tuned my guitar,
And played a few chords
Like roses growing their thorns.
Getting ready to perform
With bare feet and painted faces,
They took their places,
On shivering legs beneath colourful gowns.

And out there on the wooden floors,
The sweat from their pores.
I'm writing a list
Of songs I can sing by myself.
Backstage with the modern dancers,
Who feel it, like I do.
Like I feel it, like I feel it.
Backstage with the modern dancers,
Getting ready to go on,
She showed me her spin,
With a beauty lit from within.

And all of these things,
I don't think they should be released