

John Foxx, Dancing Like A Gun

Oh, do you get the smell of burning metal?
Can you feel that heartbeat under the sea?
Well it's just me and Oppenheimer waltzing
With crowded streets in chromakey
And all the glow boys in their lipstick and shadows
And gold leaf on their delicate skins
Well they can filter through your curtains like nerve gas
They leave their laughter on the wind
And we're dancing
Yes we're dancing
We're dancing like a gun
Nothing I can see looks like an exit
So I'm making you into a door
You've been a guaranteed constant companion for so long
I'll almost miss you when I go
And there's silence in your silver passing
And stardust scattered over your breasts
Then I looked around and found
All the faces of the world
As the ballroom floor gets fused to glass
And we're dancing
Yes we're dancing
We're dancing like a gun
We'll walk in the silent places
In the wake of the storms
Swim through our own cathedral
Trailing the dawn
Dresses of light and ashes
Proud in display
Lovers and enemies
All waltzing in the waves
Oh we're dancing
Yes we're dancing
We're dancing like a gun