

Kate Bush, Heads We're Dancing

You talked me into the game of chance.
It was '39, before the music started,
When you walked up to me and you said,
"Hey, heads we dance."
Well, I didn't know who you were
Until I saw the morning paper:
There was a picture of you
A picture of you 'cross the front page.
It looked just like you, just like you in every way.
But it couldn't be true.
It couldn't be true.
You stepped out of a stranger.

They say that the Devil is a charming man.
And just like you I bet he can dance.
And he's coming up behind in his long
Tailed black coat dance,
All tails in the air.
But the penny landed with its head dancing.

A picture of you, a picture of you in uniform,
Standing with your head held high,
Hot down to the floor.
But it couldn't be you.
It couldn't be you.
It's a picture of Hitler.

He go "Do-do-do-do-do"
He go "Do-do-do-do-do"
He go "Do-do-do-do-do--
Do you want to dance?"

Well, I couldn't see what was to be,
So I just stood there laughing.

A picture of you, a picture of you in uniform,
Standing with your head held high,
Hot down to the floor.
But it couldn't be you.
It couldn't be you.
It's a picture of Hitler.

He go "Mmh-mmh-mmh-mmh-mmh"
He go "Mmh-mmh-mmh-mmh-mmh"
He go "Mmh-mmh-mmh-mmh-mmh--
"Heads we're dancing."