

Monty Are I, Dublin Waltz

Liquor burns my tongue.
It stings to count to three and look to see a hand up on your waist.
But he holds you like he should.
Graceful, gliding, glimpse of Lover's kiss.
Another round of ale, and I don't believe this.
MOVEMENTS OF A DEMIGOD.
We're caught in a waltz, and I hope we dance forever.
A dream from which I'll never part.
And awake from your arms, I'd never, ever.
He whispers in your ear.
From what I see, it turns you on, sends shivers down your back,
like the violin runs.
Graceful, gliding, glimpse of Lover's touch.
I can dance with my gloves on, I think this has gone far enough.
Watch your steps and count to three.
Stare across the room with careful scrutiny.
Assess the situation.
Proof is what it needs, to show that I'm a man.
I know just what I want,
and have the liquid confidence to show her what I've got.
The man that never cared,
that never bottled up and hid from all the feelings that he had,
and all the things he never did.
I stop my slurring speech and expect the best reply.
"Will you dance before the night ends, just one more time?"
Adrenaline, the confirmation, losing to the charm... In my arms.