

# Patti Smith, Dancing Barefoot

she is benediction  
she is addicted to thee  
she is the root connection  
she is connecting with he

here I go and I don't know why  
I fell so ceaselessly  
could it be he's taking over me...

I'm dancing barefoot  
heading for a spin  
some strange music draws me in  
makes me come on like some heroin/e

she is sublimation  
she is the essence of thee  
she is concentrating on  
he, who is chosen by she

here I go and I don't know why  
I spin so ceaselessly,  
could it be he's taking over me...

[chorus]

she is re-creation  
she, intoxicated by thee  
she has the slow sensation that  
he is levitating with she ...

here I go and I don't know why,  
I spin so ceaselessly,  
'til I lose my sense of gravity...

[chorus]

(oh god I fell for you ...)

the plot of our life sweats in the dark like a face  
the mystery of childbirth, of childhood itself  
grave visitations  
what is it that calls to us?  
why must we pray screaming?  
why must not death be redefined?  
we shut our eyes we stretch out our arms  
and whirl on a pane of glass  
an afixiation a fix on anything the line of life the limb of a tree  
the hands of he and the promise that s/he is blessed among women.

(oh god I fell for you ...)