

Pere Ubu, The Modern Dance

The modern dance.
Down to the bus
into the town
our poor boy can't get around
Eight fifty-five
down at the show
she leaves early
He'll never know
Cuz our poor boy
believes in chance
he'll never get the modern dance
Under the door there's an eye on the place
He watches for the shadows race
Watch real close
Look real fast
He's in touch
It'll never last
Cuz our poor boy
believes in chance
he'll never get the modern dance