

St. Vincent, Slow Slow Disco

I sway in place to a slow disco
And a glass for the saints
And a bar for the road

am I thinking what everybody's thinking
that I'm so glad I came
but I can't wait to leave

slip my hand from your hand
leave you dancing with a ghost
slip my hand from your hand
leave you dancing with a ghost

but there's blood in my ears
and a fool in the mirror
and the bay of mistakes couldn't get any clearer

slip my hand from your hand
leave you dancing with a ghost
slip my hand from your hand
leave you dancing with a ghost

don't leave me to slow dance to death
don't leave me to slow dance to death
don't leave me to slow dance to death
don't leave me to slow dance to death