

The Creatures, Dancing On Glass

With your mouth around the bottle -- then you smash it on the hearth
reach out for another one -- don't look back on the past
a chair through the window -- then through the looking glass
the crystal splinters shimmer -- bathe the pavement in moon-dust

laughing in the crimson rain -- we feel no pain
with shards in our soles we'll dance again and again
oh again and again amidst the laughter in the crimson rain

with your mouth around the bottle -- then you smash it on the hearth
forget tomorrow's mess -- because right now is the best...
I guess we're dancing on glass...