

The Magnetic Fields, With Whom To Dance?

Moons in June I've given up on that stuff
Arms have charms but I've no hope of falling in love

The rest of life pales in significance

I'm looking for somebody with whom to dance
With whom to dance? With whom to dance?
I'm looking for somebody with whom to dance.

Rings and strings What use have I for these things?
Bells and carousels I'd just be fooling myself.

And you You look like heaven

An angel who stepped from a dream
777 times lovelier than anything I've ever seen.