

The Mission, And The Dance Goes On

It's no shot in the dark
And no trick of the lights
You tease me, adore me
Talking dirty, sitting pretty
Lay me down and anoint my wounds
Dust up, bust up, let's get down to the nitty-gritty

You call on favours promised and sworn
Changing names and changing places
The blade digs deep
And the cut begins to sting
There's more to this than reason
Or the old familiar rhythm and rhyme
Take me shake me lead me
To the floor and hey let's swing

And the dance goes on
And the dance goes on and on
And the dance goes on
And the dance goes on and on and on and on

We're going up in flames
We're burning up in a blaze of glory
Don't put fire into the hands
Of the weak and faint, the weak and frail
Tripping the light fantastic
Let's celebrate our great escape
For goodness sake, it's all the same
The sinner and saint, heaven and hell

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