

# The Move, It Wasn't My Idea To Dance

The people throwing pennies in my soup  
Expecting me to be ashamed of you  
Now my needs are growing and I'm groping round  
I am really groping round

We didn't break until the morning  
One dramatic glance  
Now it's too late to want your freedom  
It wasn't my idea to dance

The prince of thunder gave his warning speech  
His talons dared to grasp you from my reach  
Once again you clutch me to your warming breast  
Now I lay me down to rest

We didn't break until the morning  
One dramatic glance

Now it's too late to want your freedom  
It wasn't my idea to dance

As dawn is nearing  
I'm hearing tearful music

So I have given you the will to weep  
For now you're at your last and final peak  
Dangerously the past it explodes about by ears  
Loudly ringing through my ears

We didn't break until the morning  
One dramatic glance  
Now it's too late to want your freedom

It wasn't my idea to dance  
It wasn't my idea to dance