

Tickle Me Pink, We Still Dance

When I gaze into those pearly blues,
the dried up piece that I once knew,
haunts me from our past.
It's like a sickness that you can't delude.
There's nothing more to hold onto,
but the memory's fading fast.
We'll still dance tonight.
God, it feels so right,
to sing this song as I force my mind to sleep.
We'll still dance tonight,
if the moment's right.
I'll sing this song 'til I force my mind to sleep.
In case you didn't know this,
it's like this every night.
We're both pretending this is something,
but we're nothing in the end.
Tomorrow is a new day,
but every day's the same.
We're la-la-la-la-learning nothing
from our ways.
If the bludgeons all we hold onto,
what's the point pretending to
have hope for what's been lost,
hope for what's been lost.
Although I know it's never real,
I still have an urge to feel
closer than we are.
We'll still dance tonight.
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to sing this song as I force my mind to sleep.
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Tomorrow is a new day,
but every day's the same.
We're la-la-la-la-learning nothing
from our ways,
from our ways.
It's ok.