

# Wax Tailor, Our Dance

Lets begin...

The turn of the day

When all music fools come out to play

Until the drunk turn of night

So many stories to hear

So many cheeks to greed

And beautiful faces unseen

So many stories to hear

So many cheeks to greed

And beautiful faces unseen

What they were building, noone could say

Ha, ha, ha...

Ha, ha, ha...

Ha, ha, ha...

At the turn of the night

Real wonder and juggleing lights

Until every floor is soaked thru

Crazy behaviours

Such noise in our ears

Dance orgies

Crazy behaviours

Such noise in our ears

Dance orgies

A real need to express something

But I don't know what it is I want to express

And how to express it

Ha, ha, ha...

Ha, ha, ha...

Ha, ha, ha...

Before this night ends

I will mingle and find you

Until your hand is in my hand

So much swet and laughter

So much electric beats

And sparc when you come so sweet

So much swet and laughter

So much electric beats

And sparc when you come so sweet

Thank you for a loveling evening

Thank you for a loveling evening

Goodnight, it's been charming

At the turn of the day

When the words become syllables

Will you remember at this

I ask myself that question all the time

At the turn of the day

When the words become syllables

Will you remember at this

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