



dance, I am your ballroom (soundflakes 2004)

in a hole in the ground where filthy guitars growl
or laptop geeks in guarded upper-eastside-flats
they all do their fat frenzy tracks, tons of them
just one life to face, one bet to place
make it going, make it growing
it's so great to suffer in such an extraordinary melodic way
we are right – we know what all the lost souls like
like little ants we search for crumbs, chords, beats and sounds
and there is definitely a velvet underground
somewhere in a hole in the ground

every decade's looking for its own sound
so what's this row about? Come down, there is no throne
find a way to explain your own distracted shape
the first time I heard "red rain" and "birthday" it was like
having sex with my own guts and brains, a sound as if gods pray
it felt like getting born again
mother – don't take that wrong
but you never bore an A-major-seven-chord
I fought for every single snare and sound
for every word that slipped out of my baggy throat

Hey gods: this is zooney, I don't believe in you
I bevlieve in Iggy

Dance – I am your ballroom
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I would dance if there was a ballroom...