

## **Bubblemath**

# **"Dancing With Your Pants Down"**

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It's a bright, fine day, but we're buried here alive  
against the tide  
Of our magazines and TV screens' electron spray  
And I can't believe we ever came inside

Leave us alone! Why should we bother to be sittin'  
pretty?  
Get out of the way! It's time, now everyone's hip to  
gettin' gritty

Run from the house, roll into the garden  
We wouldn't want to have to try not to fall, and we don't  
like bruises  
And when the sweaty clothes around our ankles start to  
stiffen and harden  
We'll have another little party trying to keep our  
balance, and we're gonna see who loses

Dancing with your pants down, down

Clutching at each other, as you fall over  
Dancing with your pants down, down  
Broken backs and heart attacks, surrounded by clover

Sun in our eyes! Cool breeze, the sweet smell of  
chlorophyll on leather  
It's all that we need! One hill, and hundreds of people  
stuck together

Now that we're down, we better get busy  
You know we got a lot of ground to cover, and we gotta  
keep ourselves lubricated  
And every time we turn around, we find each other  
dripping and dizzy  
Just think of all the many minutes that we went and  
squandered all those days we waited

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