

## Daly's Gone Wrong "Bronx Dance Party"

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Thank God that you're dancing with me.  
Take my hand just grab carefully  
You're a pretty flower with a seed of destruction;  
I'm a rib cage with a heart of assumption.  
Please tell me that your down  
For the lights out when no ones around  
Can we paint a picture that resemble two lovers?  
Plaster our skin and sketch on each other, now?

Been some things that I've meant to say  
Ever since we started speaking again.  
"I love to rock I love to roll".  
I think I'm on fire this is out of control.  
You know your face has got that smile,  
Your hairs much longer but I ain't seen you in a while.  
"I love to rock. I love to roll"  
Take the mic and amplify my soul.  
Signal if you hear anything.  
Machines control the breathing.  
Your mouth is fading to blue.  
I think that I'm falling for...  
The sirens shake and crush my hands.  
Ain't doing better but I do what I can.  
"I love to rock I love to..." I love to... I love to.

Now please don't make me say those things that hurt.  
I adore the way you move so don't put me through our  
mix tape again.  
The situation turned critical.  
Don't make me read those words that hurt.  
I'm still in recovery. Why can't you see?  
Before we arm again... the situation turned critical.

Sometimes I take late night drives  
And pretend the radio is my best friend  
Singing songs of compassion and the love I haven't  
met yet.  
I don't speak of these moments except with the pen  
and paper that carry it.  
And you walk on and I walk on...

My life is a broadcast.

Peter Jennings is dead.  
Who will anchor me?

Don't make me say those things that hurt.  
I think that I'm falling for... you

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