

Bjork

"The Boho Dance"

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Down in the cellar
In the boho zone
I went looking
For some
Sweet inspiration
Oh well
Just another
Hard-time band
With negro affectations
I was a hopeful in rooms
Like this
When I was working cheap
It's an old romance
The boho dance
It hasn't gone to sleep

But even on the scuffle
The cleaner's press
Was in my jeans
And any eye for detail
Caught a little lace
Along the seams

And you were
In the parking lot
Subterranean
By your own design
The virtue of your style
Inscribed
On your contempt for mine
Jesus was a beggar
He was rich in grace
And Solomon kept his head
In all his glory
It's just
That some steps outside
The boho dance
Have a fascination for me

A camera pans
The cocktail hour
Behind a blind

Of potted palms
And finds a lady
In a Paris dress
With runs
In her nylons

You read those books
Where luxury
Comes as a guest
To take a slave
Books where artists
In noble poverty
Go like virgins
To the grave
Don't you get
Sensitive on me
'Cause I know
You're just too proud
You couldn't step outside
The boho dance now
Even if
Good fortune allowed

Like a priest
With a pornographic watch
Looking and longing
On the sly
Sure it's stricken
From your uniform
But you can't get it
Out of your eyes

Nothing is capsulized in me
On either side of town
The streets
Were never really mine
Not mine these glamour gowns

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