

# Blue Öyster Cult "Dance On Stilts"

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On the outside I'm in the high rise  
Headin' for a meeting, shining up my greeting  
See me in a white suit with a mirror tie  
And you you-you-you  
Elevate me  
You throw off the shame  
And you dance on stilts with me  
And on the inside, I'm on my knees  
Crawling an aching mile, living on the Bowery  
Too sick to stand, to try to understand  
But you you-you-you  
Elevate me  
You lift me high, just high enough to see  
You you-you-you  
Elevate me  
You throw off the shame  
And you dance on stilts with me  
You throw off the shame  
And you dance on stilts with me  
And no one suspects a thing  
They're all hiding just the same  
They ache for an outbound train  
And the wheels stopped turning in their brains  
And you you-you-you  
Elevate me  
You lift me high, just high enough to see  
You you-you-you  
Elevate me  
You throw off the shame  
And you  
You throw off the shame  
And you dance on stilts with me  
You elevate me  
You elevate me  
Cmon baby, dance on stilts, dance on stilts with me  
You elevate me  
You elevate me

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