

Infernal Poetry

"The Next Is Mine"

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Evening lady, what's up lady?
Are you ready? Are you steady?
Don't be shy
I know you
You wanna try
Are you ready? Are you steady?

Down-skirt, up-pants
Just think of dance
Keep your body for the next chance
Down-skirt, up-pants
Just think of dance
Dry-your-legs!
May I have the next dance
Beneath this sick fake moon?
Yes I swear: yes I'll get
And I'll forget it soon

Cheek to cheek
Elbows flow
Let me lead
Want you to follow
Cheek to cheek
I need to lead

Down-skirt, up-pants
Just think of dance
Keep your body for the next chance
Down-skirt, up-pants
Just think of dance
Dry-your-legs!
May I have the next dance
Beneath this sick fake moon?
Yes I swear: yes I'll get
And I'll forget it soon

The next is mine
The next is mine
The next is mine
The next is mine

Yes I had the last dance

Beneath this sick fake moon!
I swore: I got, and I forgot it

Soon
Soon
Soon
Soon

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