

Jane Siberry

"Map Of The World (Part III): Are We Dancing Now?"

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You mentioned La Pieta
The dotted line
The holy flapping dress
White legs carving darkness
And you traced your thoughts on the tablecloth
As you were speaking

So when you left
I grabbed the white and telling tablecloth
And I carried it out into the empty streets
And I and I laid it down to see what I could see

I led my horse along the latitudes
Across the folds and into white
And somehow along the way
My my horse slid off sideways and was gone forever

I mourned and then forgot about it
I resumed the line
The latitudes and longitudes are calling me
They're stringing me out across the seas forever

They say
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da
Da, da da
Map of the world

I run along the dotted line
And I grab my flapping dress
And the global winds rush past me
Shouting this is happiness
A quick fling to the global edge
That spans the vast expanse

To where the mountains meet like relay-runners
To where the snow caps do and the snow-fleurs try
I raise one arm up to the sky
To touch a speck - an eagle flies
And a stick-figure on the other side
He waves back to me

He said
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da
Da, da da
Map of the world

A stick-figure with briefcase and a business suit and tie
He walks across the perfect lawn
(You mean the perfect-perfect-perfect lawn?)
And he stands there at the foot
Of the golden office tower

He says, "I must get to work today
I have to get inside somehow"
But the golden office tower
Was just a cliff the sun was setting on
So he, so he ran up along the cliff and was gone
forever

He said
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da
Da, da da

You were with us when we held
Our meetings at the edge of the plains
La pieta, broad topics like life and death
Is dinner ready yet?
Yes, it's a map of the world

I run along the dotted line
Beyond the mountain tops
Past the far-flung ice floes
And the outlying Tundra
And I circle down to see what I can see

I can see ten men of the Kremlin
Ten pegs upon the plains
Ten men with stony faces
Facing west where night erases
Shadows in the places
Where the faces of the Kremlin used to be

Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da
Da, da da
Map of the world, map of the world, map of the world
Map

