

The Boys

"Stop Stop Stop"

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See the girl with cymbals on her fingers
Entering through the door
Ruby glistening from her navel
Shimmering round the floor
Bells on feet go ting-a-ling-a-linging
Going through my head
Sweat is falling just-a like-a tear drop
Running from her hair
Now she dancing, going through the movements
Swaying to and fro
Body moving, bringing back a memory
Thoughts of long ago
Blood is rushing, temperature is rising
Sweating from my brow
Like a snake, her body fascinates me
I can't look away now
Stop, stop, stop all the dancing
Give me time to breathe
Stop, stop, stop all the dancing
Or I'll have to leave
Now she's moving all around the tables
Luring all in sight
But I know that she cannot see me
Hidden by the light
Closer, closer she is getting nearer
Soon she'll be in reach
As I enter into a spotlight
She stands lost for speech
Now I hold her, people are staring
Don't know what to think
And we struggle, knocking over tables
Spilling all the drinks
Can't they understand that I want her
Happens every week
Heavy hand upon my collar
Throws me in the street

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