

## Alabama Shakes

### "Tropic Of Cancer"

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The tropic of the cancer  
In every solitary dancer  
Is a line dividing dream  
From hard devotion  
Residing in the heart  
It stands destiny apart  
From all decision  
Though we stumble  
Through the motion

The country that we live in  
And all the names we have given  
A sky called blue and a love  
That speaks in English  
Stretched out between the poles  
All of this territory rolls  
The great blind empty  
Between the mind  
And whatever love is  
Love is

A ring around a rose  
The only dance the compass knows  
Trains the needle on a thing we cannot find  
A rose by any other  
Name a thing and soon discover  
The finest pin will never hold a butterfly

The heart as it relaxes  
Undressed upon it's axis  
Like a plain girl  
With all the paint rubbed off  
It whispers to our bones  
That we are everyone alone  
Of the word and by the word again forsaken

And still my restless tongue  
Caring nothing for the sum  
Begins the calculus of hope and intuition

A ring around a rose

The only dance the compass knows  
Trains the needle on the thing we cannot find  
In the hothouse of our passion  
So much striving and so much fashion  
When God alone will call a rose a rose  
God alone will call a rose a rose  
God alone will call a rose a rose

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