

Bernadette Seacrest and her Yes Men

"Tango"

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Darkness falls and the wind dies down
The city puts on it s twinkling crown
The roses in the garden
Whisper over to you

Step into the evening light
Despite your intuition
A touch of madness, your thoughts disturbed
Seeing clearly, you're out of sight

Silently, you melt away

Find you're way down towards the brink
Something slipped into your drink

Distorts the people, twists the shapes
The rising moon begins to sink

The sound of footsteps, the sound of drums
Drives you past the restless slums
Alley figures scurry through
Watching eyes look over you

But silently, you melt away

Carnival rides spinning round
Draws you in towards the sound
Dancing devils, confusing forms
Twist your feelings towards the ground

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