

## **Cr?xshadows**

### **"Ballrooms Of Mars"**

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You're gonna look fine  
You're primed for dancing  
You're gonna trip and glide  
All over the trembling planes  
Your diamond hands  
Will be stacked with roses  
And the wind and cars  
And people of the past

I'll call you thing  
Just when the moon sings  
And place your things you stole  
Upon every star  
And gripped in the arms  
Of the changeless madman and  
We'll dance our lives away  
In the Ballrooms of Mars

You talk about day  
I'm talkin 'bout night time  
When monsters call out  
The names of men  
Bob Dylan knows  
And I bet Alan Freed did  
There are things at night  
That are better not to behold

You dance  
With your lizard leather boots on  
And pull the strings  
That change the faces of men  
You diamond browed hag  
You're a gutter- gaunt gangster  
John Lennon knows your name  
And I've seen him  
I've seen him

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