

Good Life, The "Friction"

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friction!(x4)

night clubs and
night stalkers
fast women
fast talkers
loose lips
loose hips
the lovely loveless
sunset to sunrise
black dresses black eyes
tangles of tangos
hot hands hot thighs

hey, why can i never get to you
there's a sea of bodies between us
i recall the first time i saw you
not a dance hall, but a crowded bar
pressed against the center stage i sweat

friction!(x4)

vampires and witches
to bloody red kisses
go-go boots
italian suits
they always dress to kill
they spin their umbrellas
they dance taratella
but i'm not here for them
i only come here to watch you

i want to make your acquaintance
to escort you
to be a gentleman
i want to rub up against you
like the scoundrels
like those wolves do
they run in packs and *stop men as you beat*

all these burning dances clubs

theres friction between us
how you throw your body
you start moving
but never toward me
still, i always seem to read between the beat

fricton!(x4)

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