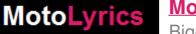
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## Anima

## "Dancer"

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Edit This Page A dancer who got high in a field found a moment Took a breath on his way home He saw trees that rotted north He felt envy for the little kinds of heavens He hoped his girl would have flowers in her hair

And the dancer who got hired 'cause his feet had good rhythm

Found himself away for weeks

That passed slower than a sloth

On the grill he cooked his heart in orange embers He hoped his girl still had flowers in her hair

He said, "Sometimes I guess I'll have to miss my wife"

Am I the little dancer who is missing you while you're gone

And am I the funny dancer who is singing this funny song

Does the dancer look at me and does he recognize all that's wrong

Do I write about myself because I won't be this way very long

To hold you in time

And the dancer who came home from his field felt kinda awkward He felt happy, he couldn't wait He burst open that good lock He felt ecstasy and little pins of heat He saw his girl still had flowers in her hair

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