

Anima

"Dancer"

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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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