

## **Lopez On The Runway**

### **"Latvian Dance Pt. 3"**

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"Latvian Dance pt. 3 in ¾ Time"

Your coat falls to the floor  
And your nightgown caught the door  
And you were more beautiful than the day before  
But you don't mean a thing, to me anymore

Your long hair was caught in the rapture  
And I struggle to find my way home  
Through grottos and ghettos and alleys and valleys  
Just to enthrone myself next to you, life was alright

I was a railway you were my train  
And you walked on my back most every day  
I thought it beautiful, your feet caressing  
A back torn by toenails, I am your route

Your skin was a fabric woven in pity  
And I was that winter colder than summer  
My foe, my enemy, took his mighty stabs at me  
Take your fabric, I want nothing to do with it

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