

Dance Semi-Macabre

Acid Drinkers

The clock strikes 5, night becomes day
It's not light yet, the sky is grey
How come the bell thrashes my skull
At such an hour early and dull??
Is it nightmare or is it real??
Something is wrong in town, I feel
A skeleton dance about to start
Dry bones will clatter, might fall apart
Morning is comin' just like a ghost
Grease all your joints, you'll need it the most

Look out the window, it's time to see
The congregation which, unlike me,
Looks to the altar - it's help they search
Patiently pacing into the church
Looks to the altar - it's help they search
Patiently pacing into the church

A skeleton dance about to start
Dry bones will clatter, might fall apart
Morning is comin' just like a ghost
Grease all your joints, you'll need it the most
A skeleton dance

Movements feline, far from grotesque
There's pas de deux and arabesque
Relaxed and full of unconstrained grace
Our pirouettes are simply ace
This phase carries me much like tide
My steps become more dignified
Shivers run through me just like a train
Tomorrow I will dance once again

A skeleton dance about to start
Dry bones will clatter, might fall apart
Morning is comin' just like a ghost
Grease all your joints, you'll need it the most
A skeleton dance.