

# Death Dance of Omipapas and Sons for You

of Montreal

I want to dance so I don't have to think anymore  
about the steam cleaned caterpillar in the pinafore  
I want to dance till the meanings of words are replaced  
by the snobbish foppish dandies with discriminating taste  
taking lady's place and bouncing her face  
up the escalator to inspect the fay new blonde  
I want to dance to the voice of the phantom oboe  
performing sprightly melodies of a rococo  
I want to dance to the rhythm of owls  
in a plumb who have fashioned tiny instruments  
plucked with their thumbs  
no feeling is more safe  
then when you embrace me dancing  
we don't need to call any of our friends  
because I don't even care who else is there  
if dancing is your legs laughing,  
choking is your throat heckling,  
cement grapes are falling (falling falling)  
ah but the limp nymphs are calling me to dance

I'm so sick and tired of always feeling down  
yeah just sitting around yeah wasting my life  
I want to dance I want to dance I want to dance