

Smog, No Dancing

There's always some bird-dog
Snuffling, choking
Looking like you came to collect
Something you said you owed
There's always some turtle snapping in my head
Saying you can't just waltz in here
Acting like nothing is wrong

No dancing, no dancing, no dancing
Not while the road is racing
No dancing, no dancing, no dancing
Not while the time is chasing

There's a poacher on the land
I recognize his hand
In the mail
He's fogging up the glass
The bird is on the last
And here he comes

Here he comes, oh

No dancing, no dancing, no dancing
Not while the wires are showing
No dancing, no dancing, no dancing
Not while the time is flowing

There's a poacher on the land
I recognize his hand
In the mail
He's fogging up the glass
The bird is on the last
And here he comes

Here he comes, oh

No dancing, no dancing, no dancing
Not while the time is flowing
No dancing, no dancing, no dancing
Not while your wires are showing