

(Hamill)

Frozen moment, cold blood time:
the Iguana lady is saying goodbye.
She's not quite ready, she wants to stay,
she wants to be perfect, but not in the way.
He tries to be cautious, one more cigarette,
he wants to be open, but the time is
not yet.

They talk about poetry, life-stories too;
he wants to know if she keeps a pet or two.
She's into lizards, she's into snakes,
he's into trauma - still got the shakes
from a lady who only talked dogs and cats
making love in the alley - she thought like that....
So he doesn't notice he's falling in
to a change in colour of chameleon skin.

And the sun beats down on the baking earth
in the land where the lizards play.
And the tongues flick out - though they want to touch
all the words get in the way.
And it's you and me and it's he and she
and it's everything I say.

Frozen vision, deaf and dumb:
still trying to work out what I've become.
I tried to reach you, I tried to score,
I shot the bolt on the open door...
the secret reaction, base metal to gold,
and all I felt was my blood froze...
I walked on water - I was wearing skis -
and now the water must dance on me.

Anyway, for all that, will you dance with me?
will you dance with me?

And the sun beats down on the baking earth
in the land where the lizards play.
And they shed their skins and at last begin
to find colours for the day.
Will you dance with me?