

## **Dance Steps**

Deaf, blind  
Telephone lines in his eyes  
The man is killing the time with a small gun  
Everything counts, do the math  
Add  
Call your best friends and say hi

Stop  
No one is ready to fly  
High  
Lie to yourself and have fun  
How?  
Now you are ready to hide  
Why?  
No one is safe while you 're young

Fill the files  
Tax every move that you've done  
Fast  
Turn on the radio

Dance with me  
Show me the new steps you learnt from TV  
Make me forgive and believe in me  
We don't behave like they did  
Here, there's nothing to lean on

Hurry up  
They won't let you feel like us  
Stamps gracing letters that you'll write  
While you become that man  
Who kills the time with a small gun