Dancing Choose

[TV on the Radio](#)

He's a what? He's a what?
He's a newspaper man
And he gets his best ideas
From a newspaper stand
From his boots to his pants
To his comments and his rants
He knows that any little article will doThough he expresses some confusion
'Bout his part in the plan
And he can't understand
That he's not in command
The decisions underwritten
By the cash in his hand
Bought a sweater for his weimariner, too
Now I'm no mad man
But that's insanity
Feast before famine
And more before family
Goes and shows up with
More bowls and more cups
And the riot for the last hot meal eruptsCorrupts his hard drive
Through the leanest months
Shells out the hard cash
For the sickest stunts
On aftershave, on gasoline
He flips the page and turns the sceneIn my mind I'm drowning butterflies
Broken dreams and alibis
That's fine
I've seen my palette blown to monochrome
Hollow heart clicks hollowtone
It's timeEye on authority
Thumb prints a forgery
Boy, ain't it crazy what the lights can do
For counterfeit community
Every opportunity
Wasted as the space
Between the flash tattooAnd the half-hearted hologram
Posed for the party
Now he gloss full bleed
On a deaf dumb tree
Cod liver dollar signs
Credit card autograph
Down for the record, but not for freedomAngry young mannequin

American, apparently
Still to the rhythm
Better get to the back of me
Can't stand the vision
Better tongue the anatomy
Gold plated overhead
Blank transparencyIn the days of old you were a nut
Now you need three bumps before you cut
Not that I should care about
Nothing I ain't scared of, but
I guess you had to be thereIn my mind I'm breeding butterflies
Broken dreams and alibis
That's fineI've seen my palette blown to monochrome
Hollow heart clicks hollowtone
In timeI see you figured in your action pose
Foam-injected Axl Rose
Life sizeShould something shake you and you drop the news
Lord, just keep your dancing shoes
Off mine