

## Dance Medicine

Some girls are lucky  
They know what they want  
Others are feral  
They don't have horizons of gold  
Some girls get weary of life when they're young  
Burnt up and scattered  
They don't have a need for hope  
For hope

Dance medicine, dance  
When you get off  
You're in the arms of something good  
Girls who grow up, girls who get lost  
Girls who run out of time  
Out of time

And who can tell who are the sick  
And who are the well?  
Sometimes it's not the fittest that survive  
And what remains of that little girl who played  
Dress-up and charades?  
Waltzing across the kitchen floor

The tragedy is we all have reasons of our own  
Some more than others  
They don't have horizons of gold