

Fish, A Gentleman's Excuse Me

Do you still keep paper flowers in the bottom drawer with your Belgian lace
taking them out every year to watch the colors fade away?
Do you still believe in fairy tales, in battlements of shining castles
safe from the dragons that lie beneath the hill?
Are you still a Russian princess rescued by a gypsy dancer
to anyone who'll listen is that a story you tell?
You live a life of fantasy, your diary romantic fiction.
Can't you see it's hard for me, can you see what I am trying to say?
It's a gentleman's excuse me so I'll take on step to the side.
Can you get it in your head I'm tired of dancing?
For every one step forward we're taking two steps back.
Can you get it in your head I'm tired of dancing?
I know you still like old fashioned waltzes
your reflection in the mirror that you flirt with as you glide across the floor
but if I told you the music's over would you want to hear
that your dance card is empty that there's no-one really there?
Do you still believe in Santa Claus, that there's a millionaire
looking at your front door with a key to a life that you'd never understand?
All I have to offer is the love that I have, it's freely given
you'll see its value when you see what I've tried to say.
It's a gentleman's excuse me so I'll take on step to the side.
Can you get it in your head I'm tired of dancing?
For every one step forward I'm taking two steps back.
Can you get it in your head that from this one step forward
there's no turning back?
Can you get it in your head I'm tired of dancing?
We're finished dancing.