

## Another Dance

Where are all the little nothings  
I spoke to you  
when we were young?  
I want them back.  
You were so precious,  
sitting there on the porch swing,  
letting me put my hand up under  
the back of your blouse  
to feel the smoothness  
of female skin.  
Where is the femininity  
that I gave you through my fingers?  
I want it back.  
Where is the bitchy grouchiness  
that I gave you?  
I want it back. Give me it.  
I gave you my tools  
and now you do all the work  
and give me your laziness  
and bitch at me for it  
with the bitchiness I gave you.  
Take your laziness back.  
Give me back my tools,  
and go get your own.  
This is a dance we are  
dancing,  
and I don't want to have  
to step on your feet,  
so watch carefully  
as I lead you into leading me  
to lead you.  
This is a dance we are  
dancing.  
Oh, now it's over.  
Clap, clap, clap.  
But there'll be another.