

THE LONG DANCE

Am *Dm*
The little king is rising,
 E7 *Am*
Looking sideways for a wing to beat,
 Dm *E7*
Leaning ever forth to etch his name
 Am
Into the surface of the sea.

Chorus

(Am) *F* *Am*
It's going to be a long dance tonight
 E *Am*
Across the shavings of a drowning moon;
 F *E7*
And we may just forget almost all of the steps,
 Am
But the tune, oh, the tune,
E7 *Am*
Filling us in like a feasting balloon,
E7 *Am* *E7* *Am*
Teetering on the Boom.

You can't hear the little king for the sound of,
The din of the pounding of shoes
And that old pound of flesh that beats in your chest
Is unlacing and bracing to choose.

And his long trail shines like crumbs in the moonlight,
Bread bred everywhere and not a speck to eat;
One oar in the water, another in the sand,
Starting fires just to hear the sirens.

{*Chorus*}

The little king is rising,
Looking sideways for a wing to beat,
Leaning ever forth to etch his name
Into the surface of the sea.

The little king is rising
And sliding on a sturdy pair of skates,
Praying for an ice-cap in this latitude of one
To steady-up that unfaithful horizon.

{*Chorus*}