

Sally Can't Dance

Andrea True Connection

Sally dances on the floor
She says that she can't do it anymore
She just gave up her dancin' craze
She eats natural food every night at my place

Well, Sally can't dance no more
She can't get it off of the floor
Sally can't dance no more
They found her in the trunk of a Ford
Yeah, she can't dance no more

No, No, No, No

Sally is loosing face
She lives on St. Marks Place
In a rent controlled apartment, eighty dollars a month
She has lots of fun, She has lots of fun

But Sally can't dance no more
Sally can't dance no more
It takes too much meth to get her off of the floor
And Sally can't dance no more

More, More, More

She was the first girl in our neighborhood
To wear tied-dyed pants like a city girl would
She was the first girl I've ever seen
That had pretty flowers sewed on her jeans
She was the first girl in our neighborhood
To have a house in Tompkins Square, She would
She wears a sword like Napoleon
And she kills all the boys and acts like one

But Sally can't dance no more
No, Sally can't dance no more
She can't get herself off the floor
You know now Sally, she can't dance no more
Whoo!

Sally became a big model
She moved up to Eighty and Park
She had a studio apartment
And that's where she used to call folk singers

Sally can't dance no more
Sally can't dance no more
She can't get herself off the floor
You know Sally, she can't dance no more
Whoo!

(Sally can't dance, Sally can't dance)
(Sally can't dance, Sally can't dance)
(Sally can't dance, Sally can't dance)
(Sally can't dance, Sally can't dance)