

It Wasn't My Idea To Dance

Electric Light Orchestra

The people throwing pennies in my soup
Expecting me to be ashamed of you
Now my needs are growing and I'm groping round
I am really groping round

We didn't break until the morning
One dramatic glance
Now it's too late to want your freedom
It wasn't my idea to dance

The prince of thunder gave his warning speech
His talons dared to grasp you from my reach
Once again you clutch me to your warming breast
Now I lay me down to rest

We didn't break until the morning
One dramatic glance
Now it's too late to want your freedom
It wasn't my idea to dance

As dawn is nearing
I'm hearing tearful music

So I have given you the will to weep
For now you're at your last and final peak
Dangerously the past it explodes about by ears
Loudly ringing through my ears

We didn't break until the morning
One dramatic glance
Now it's too late to want your freedom

It wasn't my idea to dance
It wasn't my idea to dance