

Tango Til They're Sore

Holly Cole

...this is a dark dance

Well you play that tarantella,
the hands they start to roar
boys all go to hell
the cubans hit the floor

they drive along Parkline
they tango till they're sore
Take apart their nightmeres and leave them by the door

Let me fall out of the window
with confetti in my hair
just deal out jacks are better
from a blanket by the stairs
I tell you all my secrets, but I lie about my past
so send me off to bed forever more

Sure they play my theme song
I guess daisies'll have to do
get me to New Orleans and paint shadows on the pews
turn the spit on that pig, kick the drum that let me down
put my clarinet beneath your bed till I get back in town.

Let me fall out of the window
with confetti in my hair
just deal out jacks are better
from a blanket by the stairs
I tell you all my secrets, but I lie about my past
so send me off to bed forever more

Sure, she's dressed in Calico, the color of a dog
wave that flag on Cadillac day, a skillet on the walk
cut me a switch or hold your breath,
till the sun goes down
write my name upon the hood, send me off to another town

Let me fall out of the window
with confetti in my hair
just deal out jacks are better
from a blanket by the stairs
I tell you all my secrets, but I lie about my past
so send me off to bed forever more

so send me off to bed forever more