

# The Dancer

Rick Wakeman

The tension is there in the hall as they stand  
Soon the dancing will start  
To square old Syd Watter's band

Anticipation is calm, mainly under the arm  
As they wait for the dancing to start

Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow  
There's a plumber from Hackney with a hooker from Bow  
Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow  
What once held up high I'm afraid now hangs down low

The costumes are strange just like the people inside  
Some men four foot six tall, some women four foot six wide  
Still the floor's reinforced for the onslaught to come  
As they wait for the dancing to start

Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow  
Yes they glide round the floor just like hippos in snow  
Quick, quick, slow, slow, quick  
Here's the Irish contestants, yes it's Doreen and Mick

They each have a number so it's easy to spot  
Those who can tango and those who cannot  
With their arms in the air and their legs wide apart  
They prepare for the dancing to start

Good lord a couple out there are really having a go  
He's turned upside down, their bodies now intertwined  
What's their number, ay yes, sixty-nine

And Doris there who makes all her own clothes  
Unfortunately it's Sydney who's wearing them

Formation teams in a line  
Some full of hope and some full of wine  
You know the reason why they're there more or less  
And their idol's dress

And our solo tenor saxophonist has done for music  
What Walt Disney has done for blue movies  
Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow

Everyone's eyes are on the big silver cup  
Come in number seven, 'cos your time is up  
It must please one couple out there on their own  
'Cos everyone else has gone home