

I Can't Dance

Allan Sherman

I Can't Dance
I can't dance.
I can't dance.
Besides, I'm two feet shorter than the girls are.
All these dancing parties are just plain dumb.
When they asked, I should have said, "I can't come."
There's a girl with braces,
Standing by the punch bowl and she's making funny faces.
I guess she wants to dance.
I can't dance.
I can't dance.
Besides I look so awful in these braces.
If that boy wants me to dance, I'll just die.
I'm so tall, and he's about three feet high.
Ever since September,
I've been taking dancing lessons, now I can't remember
How the heck to dance.
Pardon me.
My name's Jeff.
And I don't mind if you are tall and skinny.
And those braces on your teeth,
They're real neat.
Thank you for the compliment, Gee you're sweet.
Your name is Carlotta.
I met you last summer when we went to Camp Granada.
We oughta try to dance.
Right foot first.
Left foot next.
I think you're sposed to do it to the music.
You don't really look so bad, just your ears.
When do you take your braces off?
Four more years.
By the time your teeth are ready,
I'll be two feet taller, and I'll ask you to go steady.
Then we'll dance