

Dance Hall

Danielle Bradbery

This week was hard, it's getting dark
The weeds are hot in my front yard
But it's Friday night and I don't really care

The moon is out, the crickets loud
A train went by, but it's gone now
So up and down the street, I sit and stare

You could say there's not much here for us
Nothing but a pile of dirt and dust
But, baby

We could string the stars over these corn stalks
We could turn your truck into an old jukebox
Just take my hand and baby, we could fall
Let's turn this open field into an old dance hall

(Do do do, do do do
Do do do, do do

Do do do, do do do
Do do do)

No neon signs, no bar on fire
It's just you and me in these headlights
Two-stepping in rolled-up Levi jeans

There ain't no band playing "Ramblin' Man"
No cowboys kicking old beer cans
Just a couple of cherry Cokes and a mix CD

Come on baby, just spin me around
When the sun comes out, we'll head back into town
But for now

We could string the stars over these corn stalks
We could turn your truck into an old jukebox
Just take my hand and baby, we could fall
Let's turn this open field into an old dance hall
We'll turn this open field into an old dance hall

Hey, baby, what do you say?
They're playing our song anyway

We could string the stars over these corn stalks
We could turn your truck into an old jukebox
Just take my hand and baby, we could fall
Let's turn this open field into an old dance hall
We'll turn this open field into our own dance hall

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