## (There's) No Room to Rhumba in a Sports Car

## **Elvis Presley**

This was gonna be the night tonight I was gonna get to hold you tight But I guess we didn't plan it right I never stood a chance, we couldn't dance

Cause there's , no room to rhumba in a sports car You can't move forward or back There's no room to do what the beat tells you to Without throwing your spine outta wack

When a little kiss I want to steal I hit my head against the steering wheel Now I know the way a pretzel feels All I can do is shout...Hey let me out!!

Cause there's , no room to rhumba in a sports car You can't move forward or back There's no room to do what the beat tells you to Without throwing your spine outta wack

What a way to waste a day with you Nothing happens that can tell the truth Let's go out and find a telephone booth Yeah that's a better place, I like more space

Cause there's , no room to rhumba in a sports car You can't move forward or back There's no room to do what the beat tells you to Without throwing your spine outta wack