

## Four Tapping Shoes And A Kiss

Her Space Holiday

When I'm down  
And filled with gloom  
And feel like I can't compete  
I slip into my old tap shoes  
And dance around with two left feet

With one click of my heels  
Scrape of my toes  
The walls of my room unglue  
And on that marquee  
It says that you love me  
The shows sold out  
So it must be true  
To everyone in the room

The house lights dim  
The curtain is raised  
It's just me and that empty stage  
The crowd explodes with a glorious roar  
That tells me everything thing is OK

With one tip of my hat  
The orchestra plays  
That timeless Vaudeville tune  
And to my surprise  
I notice your eyes  
Following my every move  
We got nothing to prove

So I reach out my hand  
And pull you up to me  
A brush on the cheek for luck  
With a confident smile we sway for awhile  
Until we float high above

The stress of the day  
The weight of the world  
That things that we felt as a kid  
All there is now  
Is the glorious sound  
Of four tapping shoes and a kiss

Cause that's what I miss

The house lights dim  
The curtain is raised  
It's just me and that empty stage  
The crowd explodes with a glorious roar  
That tells me everything thing is OK