

(No More) Dancing In The Street

John Hiatt

Out in the street
They're tryin' to arrest my friend
They put him on ice now twice
But he's back again

Well he did that dance in Harlem
All across the USA
From the (Tapanzee[?])
To the Golden Gate
He was an animal all the way

But now there's no more dancin'
No more dancin' in the street
Now there's no more dancin'
No more dancin' in the street

Martha and the Vandellas
Told you how to do as you please
Now all of you idiots
Are dancin' with the Bee Gees

When they introduce their latest record
You're as thrilled as a rat in a maze
(You gotta do your stuff[?])
Now you're sexless and dull
What ever happened to the latest craze?

Now that there's no more dancin'
No more dancin' in the street
Now there's no more dancin'
No more dancin' in the street

And it's 1, 2, 3, 4
Don't imagine any more
And it's 5, 6, 7, 8
Have another empty plate

Aww, just when things were gettin' funny (fun[?])
You had to reconsider all of the rules
Now consumer affairs
Has got you dancin' in pairs
Dressed up like a bunch of fools

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