

# She Can't Dance

Marshall Crenshaw

Well now baby's gone out of control  
Body and soul  
She got to cut loose living only for the sound  
Of the baddest sounds around  
And baby's spent all of her dough  
On countin' on clothes  
Every look every fashion that comes on strong  
Baby just wants to belong  
She can't dance  
She can't sing  
But she's got to be part of that pop music thing  
Well now baby's only trying to lose  
All of her blues  
Down in her heart 'cause she's only seventeen  
And she means to cause a scene  
She can't dance, she can't sing  
She can't dance, she can't sing  
But she's got to part of that bang bang head bang music  
She moves to the radio  
Every night and day I can hear her say