

The Ballroom of Romance

Nits

In the ballroom of romance
Bridie's waiting for a dance
With her back pressed to the wall
She lets the lamplight stripe her hands
She smells the perfume of her friends
"Soir de Paris"
No news from France
No news at all

Secret glancing, the little schemes
Have proven false elusive dreams
We kissed, he said good-bye
Sent away to foreign shores
He's writing home, he dances no more
No news from France tonight

Maybe sad they sent him off
To fight in some far distant land
Maybe sad to see us part
Baby said the last dance is saved for me
And for some quick romance
The last waltz lingers in our heart

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