

## 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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