

# Demons In Her Dancing Shoes

Richard Thompson

Don't go walking down Chapel Street  
Down Chapel Street they'll jump you  
Cut your throat as soon as give you the eye

Those wholesome girls down Chapel Street  
They need some place to move their feet  
Before they soothe you with a lullaby

At Bridie's place the music's loud  
And there's my angel in the crowd

Well, she's the kind of squeeze  
That you can't refuse  
Bedroom eyes and demons  
In her dancing shoes

She's the kind of tease  
That means good news  
Bedroom eyes and demons  
In her dancing shoes

On Chapel Street the totters' carts  
Cry, old rags and lumber  
People gassing like the Tower of Babel

On Chapel Street there's coffee bars  
Where the villains meet the stars  
And money's changing hands under the table

We're gonna dance till they shut the door  
'Til they clear the floor, 'til they beg for more

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That you can't refuse  
Bedroom eyes and demons  
In her dancing shoes

She's the kind of tease  
That means good news  
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My girl, she's a piece of work  
She finally got my number  
Loves those cast-offs and those hand-me-downs

Dresses like a bride-to-be  
From some other century  
Stylish rags and ripped up wedding gowns

But you don't have to face the mess  
When every day is fancy dress

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That you can't refuse  
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Gonna dance, dance, dance, dance  
Gonna dance, dance, dance, dance  
Gonna dance, dance, dance, dance  
Gonna dance, dance, dance, dance

Let's dance