

# Dancing Days

Ron Pope

One, two  
A-one, two, three

I woke up with my head on fire  
My eyes are bloody red  
Oh last night echoes in my ears  
It's time to raise the dead  
And the girl I love won't look this way  
I've got apologies to make  
I was born beneath a troubled sign  
That I cannot escape

All my dancing days  
They ain't done yet  
On my father, son  
You know what that says  
All my dancing days  
They ain't done yet  
Know my turn will come  
But it ain't come yet

I went down on that city street  
Just trying to catch my breath  
But I watched my neighbour run away  
I wondered what I said  
Got a problem keeping my mouth shut  
But man, it serves them right  
When they throw us out  
We'll sleep on that couch  
Let 'em fight another night

All my dancing days  
They ain't done yet  
On my father, son  
You know what that says  
All my dancing days  
They ain't done yet  
Know my turn will come  
But it ain't come yet  
Play it man

All my dancing days  
They ain't done yet  
On my father, son  
You know what that says  
All my dancing days  
They ain't done yet  
Know my turn will come  
But it ain't come yet

Keep on dancing  
Keep on dancing  
Keep on dancing  
Yeah alright

Oh, keep on dancing  
Keep on dancing

Keep on dancing  
Yeah alright