

You Wanna Teach Me to Dance

Tina Dickow

I was never much of a dancer
I never found the way to move
With legs like strangers
And these arms that never had a clue
No I was never much of a dancer
I keep the music in my head
I keep my head on my shoulders
And shake what I've got inside

Instead
My mind is my dancefloor
My feet never get sore

But now you wanna teach me to dance
And try and get me on the floor
You want me to start using my hands
Wanna show me that there's more (to music)
More (to music)
More (to music)
More (to music)

No, I was never much of a dancer
I keep the rhythm to myself
And my groove is my heartbeat
And take tempo from no-, no-

No one
If my mind is my dancefloor
And my feet they never get sore

But now you wanna teach me to dance
And try and get me on the floor
You want me to start using my hands
Wanna show me that there's more (to music)
More (to music)
Yeah, there's more

(To music)

Now you wanna, wanna dance
And try and get me on the floor
You want me to start using my hands
Wanna show me that there's more
And now you wanna teach me to dance
And try and get me on the floor
You want me to start using my hands
Show me that there's more
And now you wanna, wanna dance
And try and get me on the floor
You want me to start using my hands
Wanna show me that there's more (to music)
More (to music)
More (to music)
More (to music)