

# Adam Green, Emily

I just don't care about the evening news  
I never listen to the crackhouse blues  
They say the city is the place to be  
I wanna dance with Emily

Everybody come around the window shop  
I guess they never seen the moves I got  
I wanna be with what the people see  
I wanna dance with Emily

Emily, sweet baby, won't you be my wife  
Cutting me wide open with a kitchen knife  
Everybody said that she is underage  
Honky tried to shoot me with a 7 gage

Now I got the cookies that your momma sent  
I got permission from the government  
Someone should mention to the minister  
Now I gotta dance with Jennifer

Jenny's got a mousehole full of pigeon scum  
On top a mountain made of bubble gum  
Don't understand what all the grief is for  
Now I gotta dance with Eleanor

Eleanor, I wonder if we grew too slow  
Straight down the hatch beneath the streetlight's glow  
Baby when I get you on that persian rug  
That's the kind of movie that I'm dreaming of

I'll tell you something that you'd think I know  
I got two tickets to the sold out show  
Some of the fellas like to think I'm Greek  
I wanna love you maybe three days a week

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