

All About Eve, The Empty Dancehall

Ribbons from your dancing shoes
In shreds and threads and feeling used
Are hanging up our yesterdays
Down the street, the empty dance halls
Due to empty circumstance
All seem to be closed down today
And through the silence

I hear the word for love
I hear the word for death
But I don't hear any answer
While death can talk of 'la mort'
And love can whisper 'l'amour'
The floor has lost its dancers

Take your partner by the hand
And dance the ghost of a sarabande
Moving like a miracle
Shoe to shoe and cheek to cheek
Every day of every week
Step by step by century
Through the silence