

# Elvis Presley, No Room To Rhumba In A Sports C

This was gonna be the night tonight  
I was gonna get to hold you tight  
But I guess we didn't plan it right  
I never stood a chance, we couldn't dance

Cause there's , no room to rhumba in a sports car  
You can't move forward or back  
There's no room to do what the beat tells you to  
Without throwing your spine outta wack

When a little kiss I want to steal  
I hit my head against the steering wheel  
Now I know the way a pretzel feels  
All I can do is shout...Hey let me out!!

Cause there's , no room to rhumba in a sports car  
You can't move forward or back  
There's no room to do what the beat tells you to  
Without throwing your spine outta wack

What a way to waste a day with you  
Nothing happens that can tell the truth  
Let's go out and find a telephone booth  
Yeah that's a better place, I like more space

Cause there's , no room to rhumba in a sports car  
You can't move forward or back  
There's no room to do what the beat tells you to  
Without throwing your spine outta wack