

James Taylor, Dance

Come on, baby, while the moon is high, kick up your heels and dance.
Don't be nervous, don't be shy and give yourself a chance. You can dance.
Kick off your shoes and lose your blues. Pick em up, Lord, put em back down
and around, and around, and around, and around.

Come on, baby, it must be fun to be dancing in the clear moonlight.
Otherwise, would everyone be out on such a cold and windy night? We can dance.
Throw yourself away, holy month of May, you can dance.

Listen to the music of the steel guitar, don't it sound good, hey now.
Nobody here tonight came to look at you, no, no.
Well I bet you five dollars that somebody starts a fire back in the woods, hey now.
Everybody here tonight came to boogie and have a good time, too

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If I could lose my mind, if I could throw myself away.