

# Lindsey Buckingham, Slow Dancing

Written by Lindsey Buckingham

The nighttime filled with the cold winter chill  
The rain is music on my window sill  
The days are short, the nights are long  
Won someone show me where I belong?  
I turn around when you walk by  
Youe just the kind of thing to catch my eye  
I come up fast, I go down slow  
So tell me darlin?do you want to go  
(Let go)  
Slow dancing in the moonlight  
(Let go)  
Want to slow dance with you all night  
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