

Lucero, Slow Dancing

smokin' cigarettes; more than i should
my hands won't stop shaking and that can't be good
i would forget you, if only i could
think about anything else
slow dance at the end of the night
everyone's looking; who cares if it's right?
your head on my chest; i held you so tight
don't care what they have to say
our feet were too drunk to keep step in time
but we held fast and we made it through fine
hell, you smiled a lot
chairs on tables; they're mopping the floors
but we were still dancing just like before
you held me tight
light from the disco ball surrounds us with stars
and i looked like trouble right from the start
you told me so
that slow dance didn't last very long
so now i guess i'll be moving on
but it was nice
god damn, it was nice