

Nik Kershaw, Don Quixote

cold and lonely, tired and bored
just like the day before
missing out on life's reward
of that you can be sure
so bring on the dancing girls
take off the cold night and the sad day
bring on the dancing girls
take off the twilight and the skies so grey
and they dance for him inside his head
soul destroyed by life's demands
with nothing to believe
our hero sits with head in hands
and heart upon his sleeve
so bring on the dancing girls
take off the cold night and the sad day
bring on the dancing girls
bring on the girls to dance his blues away
and they danced for him inside his head