

Patti Scialfa, Spanish Dancer

Oh Mama there's this spanish dancer
whose steps I follow when he comes near
the red dress of temptation
over a long black slip of fear
will I fall beneath the shadow of some broken cross
my arms emptied and all my treasures lost
still like that spanish dancer I
throw my roses down for him
across these beds of darkness he
opens his arms and gathers them in

Oh Mama the bridges were burning
over a river black and cold
but I walked when love commanded me
up to the edges of his soul
but I'm still frightened of that dark divide
will I gain entrance or be denied
still like that spanish dancer I
throw my roses down for him
across these beds of darkness he
opens his arms and gathers them in

Oh Mama when you were a young girl
did you ever love a man so much
as if he were some fantastic jewel
that you should never be worthy of
but all those illusions strip and fall
and he is just a man after all
just like that spanish dancer I
throw my roses down for him
across these beds of darkness he
opens his arms and gathers them in

Just like that spanish dancer I
Just like that spanish dancer I