

# Robbie Robertson, Take Your Partner By The Hand

She walks alone down a sleazy backstreet  
Around a corner, up an alley to a dead end  
There under a small blue light  
She enters an unmarked doorway  
(A low heartbeat, a low pounding escapes into the night)  
This is a place she goes to fulfill a very basic need  
Something people have been doing since the dawn of man  
To communicate without talking  
If she needs something  
She makes a gesture with her hand  
And mouths what she wants  
She wants to make a connection  
A certain kind of connection  
No this is not about something from the black market  
This is about no questions  
This is about smoke and sweat and beats  
This is about no message

## CHORUS:

Take your partner by the hand  
He's a woman, she's a man  
What's so hard to understand  
Take your partner by the hand  
Mona in the promised land  
Take your partner by the hand  
Keep it simple if you can  
Take your partner by the hand

At the club they circle around some sex goddess like vultures  
Flashbulbs popping  
Like bees around their queen  
She is completely indifferent to all the commotion  
And orders some mango tango ice cream by sign language  
She's approached by some wild-eyed poet drunk with love  
I like her easy refusal, the way she shakes her head  
She lives these days in the attic of an old dance hall  
That's been shut down for years  
And swears there's times when she can hear feet shuffling below  
And can see the shadows swaying, moving to the music

## CHORUS (first half)

Elevator going up  
Fifth floor  
Lady's handbags, shoes, leather accessories, and electronics  
Wait a minute, where am I, on this elevator to nowhere  
Going up, going down  
Then like a hallucination  
I saw her out of the corner of my eye  
Studying some shoes very carefully  
She definitely had a particular purpose for these shoes in mind  
Then as quickly as she appeared, she disappeared  
Back into the slash and burn of New York  
Ah, stuck in traffic  
Crosstown, the stress of not moving  
She described it as like being locked in a car  
With a madman behind the wheel  
And the radio tuned to static

## CHORUS