

Stacey Kent, I Won't Dance

(she)

Think of what you're losing
By constantly refusing to dance with me.
You'd be the idol of France with me!

And yet you stand there and shake
Your foolish head dramatic'ly.
While I wait here so ecstatic'ly
You just look and say emphatic'ly
Not this season! There's a reason!

(he)

I won't dance! Don't ask me;
I won't dance! Don't ask me;
I won't dance, Madame, with you.
My heart won't let my feet do the things they should do!
You know what? You're lovely,

(she)

And so what? I'm lovely!

(he)

But oh! What you do to me!
I'm like an ocean wave that's bumped on the shore;
I feel so absolutely stumped on the floor!

(she)

When you dance you're charming and you're gentle!
'Spec'ly when you do the "Continental".

(he)

But this feeling isn't purely mental;
For heaven rest us, I'm not asbestos.
I won't dance! Why should I!
I won't dance! How could I?
I won't dance! Merci beau coup!
I know that music leads the way to romance:
So if I hold you in my arms I won't dance!