

# Tom Russell, Dance Hall Girls

These dance hall girls, they treat you kind  
They give you their bodies, but you'll never touch their minds  
They'll fill you up, with lipstick lies  
Then they put you down son  
Don't be surprised  
Is this the way it always is here in Baltimore?

I held her mountains, I kissed her plains  
I touched her sunshine, Lord then I drank her rain  
But I went too far. Then I broke too fast  
I thought I had a winner picked  
I came in last, again  
Is this the way it always is here in Baltimore?

I must have chosen the wrong season to come down  
I never realized they call this sacred ground

My sense of time, a-hell I'm a week behind  
I sent a letter home, but this all takes time you know  
I wanna get some money, I wanna go back home  
But these dance hall girls  
Know how to make a man feel alone  
Is this the way it always is here in Baltimore?

I must have chosen the wrong season to come down  
I never realized they call this sacred ground

My sense of time, a-hell I'm a week behind  
They give you their bodies, but you'll never touch their minds  
They'll fill you up, with lipstick lies  
These dance hall girls say  
They can't stand to see a grown man cry  
Is this the way it always is here in Baltimore?  
Is this the way it always is here in Montreal?  
Is this the way it always is here in Baltimore?