

Whitesnake, Dancing Girls

I dont need a doctor, I dont need a priest,
I dont need no superstitious cures for my release.
Im flesh an blood, skin an bone.
A little petticoat company cant get me stoned.
So just gimme the night,
Skin it back to the bone,
Turn on the spotlight.
Cmon, bring on the dancing girls,
Bring on the dancing girls,
Bring on the dancing girls.
You can dance, dance,
Dance for me,
Dance for your daddy all night.
I got a one track notion on a feminine squeeze,
A sackfull of love an a mindful of fantasies.
A midnight rider on a stallion steam,
I got an old mans weakness hanging on a young mans dream.
So just gimme the night,
Skin it back to the bone,
Turn on the spotlight.
Cmon, bring on the dancing girls,
Bring on the dancing girls,
Bring on the dancing girls.
You can dance, dance,
Dance for me,
Dance for your daddy all night.
(Solo)
So just gimme the night,
Skin it back to the bone,
Turn on the spotlight.
Cmon, bring on the dancing girls,
Bring on the dancing girls...