

Herman Brood, Dance On

When everything around you turns to shit
and all your friends have split
all your lovers have gone
from this - to a life of bliss

I don't deserve to die stinkin' like this
I don't deserve to die stinkin' like this

Though she's gone
I dance on
Though she's gone
I dance on

When everything around you turns to shit
and all your friends have split
all your lovers have gone from this
to a life of bliss

I don't deserve to die stinkin' like this
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Though she's gone
I dance on
Though she's gone
I dance on

(guitar solo)

I don't deserve to die stinkin' like this
I don't deserve to die stinkin' like this

Though she's gone
I dance on
Though she's gone
I dance on (I dance on)

Got to dance on
gonna dance on - (dance - dance yeah)
never mind that she's gone
got to dance on (I dance on)

I dance on (I dance on)
gonna dance on (I dance on)
(I dance on)
I dance on (I dance on) I dance on

got to dance on (I dance on)
gonna dance on (I dance on) on
gonna dance on (I dance on) gonna dance on
I dance on