

Jeremy Enigk, Ballroom Dancing

Ballroom blitz on the way home
You made up my mind
Tall room within out in the yard
We were given some time
And I
Oh I remain sorta sick
Now that I know
What was written in stone

And i still believe if you were around
We'd go out on the town
Ballroom blitz fell on the floor
You made up my mind
Oh why didn't I?
Oh I remain sorta sick
Now that I know what was written in stone

We used to talk about
If everything was right
The way we spent our time
It's hard to believe
Grow toward the design
Glory and laughter
Hope high tide will be

Ballroom blitz on the way home
You'd made up my mind
Tall room within out in the yard
We were given some time